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The 60th All-Americ

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The Cover

Quarterback Doak Walker hugs girl friend Norma Peterson at Southern Methodist University where Doak, twenty-two and a senior, made All-America in 1948. Miss Peterson, twenty-year-old junior at the same school, was Cotton Bowl Queen this year and Drake Relays Queen in 1948. She made Collier's cover on her own (July 23d issue) as one of two lovely swimmers. For one of the most unusual stories in the history of sports, see p. 16 and Doak's dramatic statement to the board of the American Football Coaches Association, which selected the 60th All-America football team for Collier's.

Week's Mail

Gambling & Politics

EDITOR: The only conclusion to be drawn from New Menace in Missouri (Oct. 29th) is that gambling must be legalized and controlled as was the sale of alcoholic beverages before and after prohibition.

Since people will gamble, a legal status appears to be the only safeguard against gangster domination of U.S. politics at every level.

Brought out into the open, taxed and controlled, gambling will cease to be the racketeer's gold mine. The public then might be educated to a temperate practice of the pastime in much the same way that the Licensed Beverage Industries attempt to inculcate temperateness in the use of alcohol.

Those who are morally opposed to gambling won't gamble under any circumstances. BLANCHE MORTON, Hialeah, Fla.

. . . Lester Velie's New Menace in Missouri should be read and understood by every American. To some degree, at least, the citizens of almost every larger American city seem to prefer to submit to political crookedness rather than to exert the effort necessary to maintain honest men in office.

It is hard to believe that those we should admire the most could be the supporters of the Pendergasts and the Binaggios and what they stand for.

GERALD LONGSTRETH, Tacoma, Wash.

It Got Results

EDITOR: Gordon Schendel's article, To the County Home to Die (Oct. 8th), has been more productive of genuine interest in rectifying the situation here than the original publicity.

Many local organizations are inquiring as to what can be done to correct the conditions that allow for such mismanagement, and I look for concerted action reaching to laws requiring the placing of qualified persons instead of political hangers-on into such responsible positions.

The News-Sentinel in editorials and news articles is keeping the pot boiling. I have been told by mail and by personal contacts that many out-of-state counties have made investigations of their own county homes since the publication of your provocative article. NOAH ZEHR, M.D.,
Fort Wayne 6, Ind.

Flying Farmers

EDITOR: W. L. Gresham's article, "Doc" Dorton: He Makes Our Hearts Gay at the County Fair (Oct. 15th), is fine indeed. But as a matter of information may I refer to a statement on page 80: "In Iowa the fair managers are talking about landing fields near the grounds for flying farmers."

Here in Kansas the talking stage is past. We have the landing field not near but actually on the state fairgrounds at Hutchinson, Kansas. This landing field was in operation during the state fair held September 18-23 this year. We claim this is the first state

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

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December 10, 1949

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COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 124, No. 24.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A.. Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Demuerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.
ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail. Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.
MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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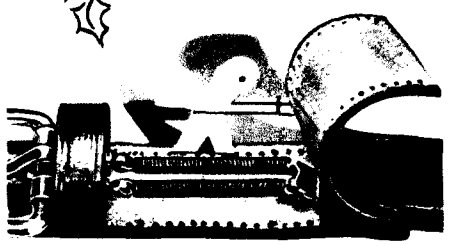

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fair in the United States to provide such facilities.

Kansas also has the largest Flying Farmer Club in the United States, with an active membership of nearly 1,000.

H. R. MILLER, Topeka, Kans.

Old Tiger Man

EDITOR: Could it be that Steve McPherson (What Gives in Rasslin', Oct. 29th) doesn't know about John "Ol' Jawn" Pesek? I'll venture to say none of the boys he mentions could have licked the Nebraska Tiger Man in his prime in a *real* rassle. In fact I doubt if any of them could do him too much harm today, even though he has a son who is a pro wrestler!

No one seems to know how old the Ravenna, Nebraska, bone-bender really is, but it doesn't seem to matter, since he still appears in the skull-crushing exhibitions.

JERRY PULLIAM, Grand Island, Nebr.

Free Care for Visitors

CHON DAY

"You'll need an expensive operation. Of course, you might move to England, become a citizen and let the government do it"

EDITOR: Having just returned from a six-week visit to England, the attached cartoon (Oct. 22d) struck me very forcibly. Just in case no one else has called your attention to the matter, it might be well to mention that you do not have to become a citizen to enjoy (?) an expensive operation, but merely visiting the country entitles you to full medical service.

As a matter of fact, it was reported in the press while I was there that numerous Canadians and French citizens as well as others were flocking to England on their vacations and getting medical attention while there. W. P. ELLIOT, San Diego, Cal.

They Want More

EDITOR: In How Much Government Can Free Enterprise Stand? (Oct. 22d), Senator Taft concedes for the first time on the part of any leading Republican that *the issue is one of degree.*

It seems to me that readers of Collier's would appreciate it very much if the senator, in a follow-up article, would now address himself to the first real issue confronting the Republicans: Resolved, that for the last 18 years Republican leadership has *not* been a leadership of double-talk and of sabotage of all considerations of the merits for partisan purposes.

In proportion as this can be established in the minds of the voters it will be more likely that the senator's generalizations regarding the degree of government desirable —generalizations far too superficial for anyone at all familiar with the difficulties attending every specific question of government regulation of business—may be heard.

STUART CUTHBERTSON, Santa Barbara, Cal.

. . . As an advance (and sincere) request, can we look forward to an answer to How Much Government Can Free Enterprise Stand? by Senator Robert A. Taft?

A possible title: How Much Monopoly and Concentrated Wealth Can Our Democracy Stand?

VIRGIL R. YOUNG, SR., Del Mar, Cal.

. . . Perhaps you could prevail upon Senator Taft to tell us in a future issue what we can do in 1950 to get statesmen instead of officeholders in Washington.

L. G. PORTER, Dallas, Texas

Theory & Query

EDITOR: Reading The Senseless Killing of Margaret Mitchell (Oct. 22d), you may tell Duncan Aikman that the good lady killed herself.

Same thing happened to me, almost; me a cardiac, too. Halfway across the avenue at night, some eager one comes barreling around the curve too fast and my wife jumped back and ran for the curb we had left. Happened, me just out of the hospital, I was clinging to the cuff of her cloak. I clutched tightly and plunged ahead, hauling her to safety like a hog on a rope.

The driver can miss one person, like a bullfighter, but not two. My fellow shrieked his brakes, skidded, got behind us and disappeared. A whole lot of the highway deaths come from people, mostly women, hesitating and backing up.

Here was a driver, a poor one say, going too fast. But if the dear lady had kept her head, clung to her husband and not split the target, you can be sure he never would have hit it.

L. RAY CARROLL, Billings, Mont.

. . . I read with deep interest the article entitled The Senseless Killing of Margaret Mitchell. Why did that article omit the very important fact that Hugh Gravitt was a *drunken* driver?

Did the fact that this issue contained three pages of beer advertisements and five pages of whisky advertisements have any connection with the above omission?

HAROLD A. CRANE, Temperance League of New Jersey, Newark, N. J.

By way of answer, Collier's reprints below the reply to a similar letter from Mr. Crane which was sent to Mr. Aikman, the well-known writer on national affairs who is an occasional contributor to Collier's, but not a staff member.

Dear Mr. Crane:

In reply to your letter of October 19th, Collier's offered me neither instructions nor suggestions as to how I should treat the drunken-driving-charge phase of the Hugh Gravitt case in Atlanta. I was told nothing —and knew nothing—of the volume of beverage advertisements in the issue of the magazine carrying my article until you so thoughtfully counted the pages for me.

I decided to omit discussion of the subject from my article for what seemed to me, as a reporter on the ground, good and sufficient reasons. The charge was made on a technicality which under the Georgia law permits anyone to be charged with drunken driving when the police report that alcohol can be detected on the breath. No scientific tests for drunkenness were given to Gravitt, or are given in Atlanta at all. Neither the local newspapermen who saw Gravitt immediately after the accident nor the police authorities seemed in any way convinced that intoxication—or alcohol—played a part in the accident.

I did not feel warranted—then—as you apparently do, in anticipating the verdict of the courts on such an extremely doubtful point in the case.

I hope this answers your question—as well as your somewhat fancy-free charges against my professional ethics. In fact, to swap insinuation for insinuation, I am tempted to ask a question on my own account.

How much does your positive assertion that Gravitt "was a drunken *driver" have to do with the fact that you are the paid agent of "the successor to the Anti-Saloon League of New Jersey"? Sincerely yours,*

DUNCAN AIKMAN

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It tells, for example, of plate glass all around you for clear, undistorted vision—*safety* plate glass for your protection.

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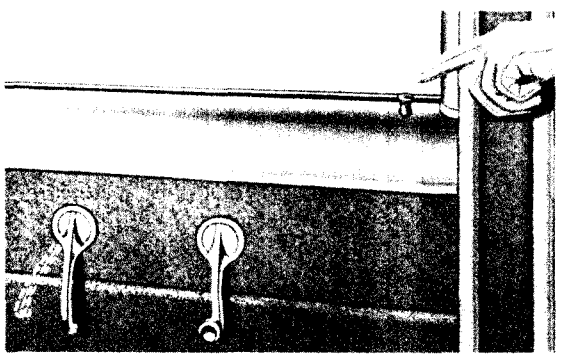
It tells you, in short, that this is a Body by Fisher—a body so well built that you can see and feel and hear the difference that good craftsmanship makes.

Look for this Body by Fisher emblem, this token of solid construction and solid value, on the next car you buy. Be sure it is a General Motors car—for *only* General Motors cars have Body by Fisher!



SAFER FOR YOUR CHILDREN

At your option, your car dealer can adjust the rear door-handles of current Fisher Bodies so that they are in "free wheeling" when the door locking buttons are pushed down. As long as the locking buttons are down, little folks cannot operate the door handles.

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On General Motors cars only: CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC

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Florsheim Shoes

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The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

YLLA

England's Duke of Bedford owns 254 descendants of China's strange deer herd

One day in 1865 in Peking, China, Père David, a French missionary, impelled by curiosity, climbed the wall of the heavily guarded Imperial Park and saw a herd of strange deer. He reported his find to the outside world. No one ever learned the original habitat of this deer or the reason why no specimens, evidently, had existed outside of this park for centuries. Of the some 275 Père David's deer living today, 254 are owned by the Duke of Bedford in England. The other twenty-one animals belong to zoological gardens in New York, London, Munich and Sydney, Australia.

In the early 1900s, George Barr McCutcheon, the American novelist, wrote three colorful romances whose locale was "Graustark," a small mythical kingdom in the Balkans. As the books were novels, the author never expected them to be taken as factual. Yet thousands of readers were so convinced the country actually existed that they planned to go there on their next trip to Europe. Being unable to find Graustark on maps, they wrote to McCutcheon for its exact location and travel directions. A number even wrote to tell him that they had been to Graustark and had visited the royal palace and other places which he had mentioned in his stories.

An incredible case of persecution was that suffered by Joseph Bolton at the hands of his wife, Mildred, in Chicago in the 1930s. Mildred thought he was untrue to her, and her jealousy developed into such intense hatred that she began doing anything "to hurt and embarrass him." She slashed him with knives on many occasions and caused him to lose job after job by creating scenes at the places where he worked. She attacked Joe's friends, fellow employees, and others who happened to be at hand when she was in a vicious mood. Consequently, she was arrested scores of times and became a notorious nuisance. Her kind and patient husband finally moved to a hotel and filed suit for divorce. Incensed, Mrs. Bolton walked into Joe's office and shot him to death on the afternoon of June 15, 1936. Mildred Bolton was tried, convicted and sentenced to die in the electric chair. But 30 minutes before the execution was to have taken place, her sentence was commuted to a 199-year term in the women's prison in Dwight, Illinois, where she committed suicide in 1943.

The Metropolitan Opera's annual spring tour of this country is a tremendous undertaking. This year, for instance, the company consisted of 325 members, was on the road 8 weeks, traveled 9,745 miles and presented 17 different operas in 60 performances before 300,000 persons in 14 cities. The transportation of the company and all the scenery, costumes and other necessary equipment required 38 railroad cars.

Since the seventeenth century, countless stories and pictures have kept alive the belief that pirates used to dispose of their unwanted prisoners by making them "walk the plank" over the sides of their ships. But men who have written histories of the sea claim there has never been an authenticated case of such an execution.

A recent survey of elevators in the United States shows that New York City has 47,700, or 21 per cent of the total number, and operates them in 950 miles of shafts or 35 per cent of the total length of these shaftways. As the New York cars serve some 17,000,000 passengers and travel 110,000 miles daily, the city renders virtually 50 per cent of the country's elevator service.

A collection of more than 600 stories from this column is now available in a book, Keep Up with the World (288 pp., $2), published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

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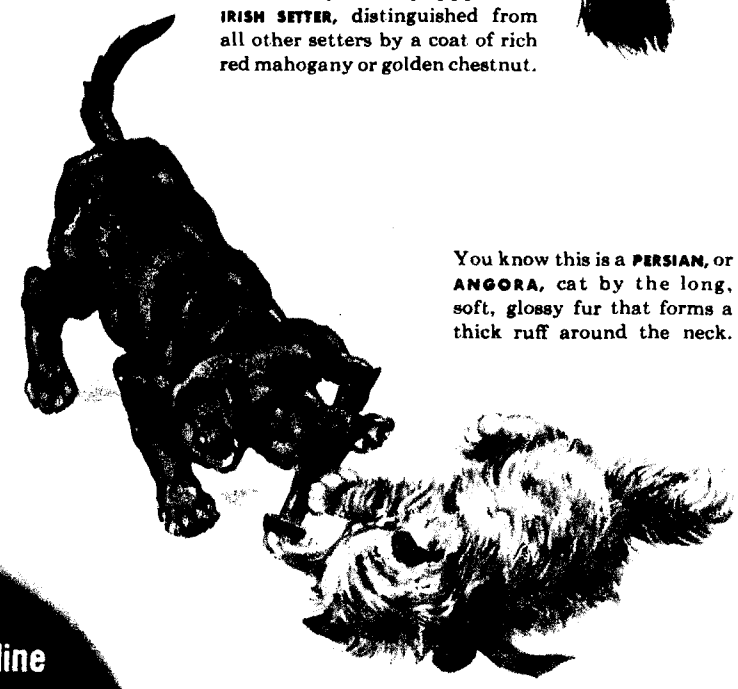
*Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History.

Traditional guardian of children, the gentle **SAINT BERNARD** is readily identified by its great size, massive head, wrinkled brow and characteristic sad expression.

Did you know that **RACCOONS** are kept as pets? They are identified by a club-shaped tail ringed with black, and a dark mask on the face.

This frisky little puppy is an **IRISH SETTER**, distinguished from all other setters by a coat of rich red mahogany or golden chestnut.

You know this is a **PERSIAN**, or **ANGORA**, cat by the long, soft, glossy fur that forms a thick ruff around the neck.



When you get a pet for Christmas

THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

identify it for you

The **SHETLAND PONY** is easy to identify — it looks like a miniature draft horse.

When you buy gasoline

THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"

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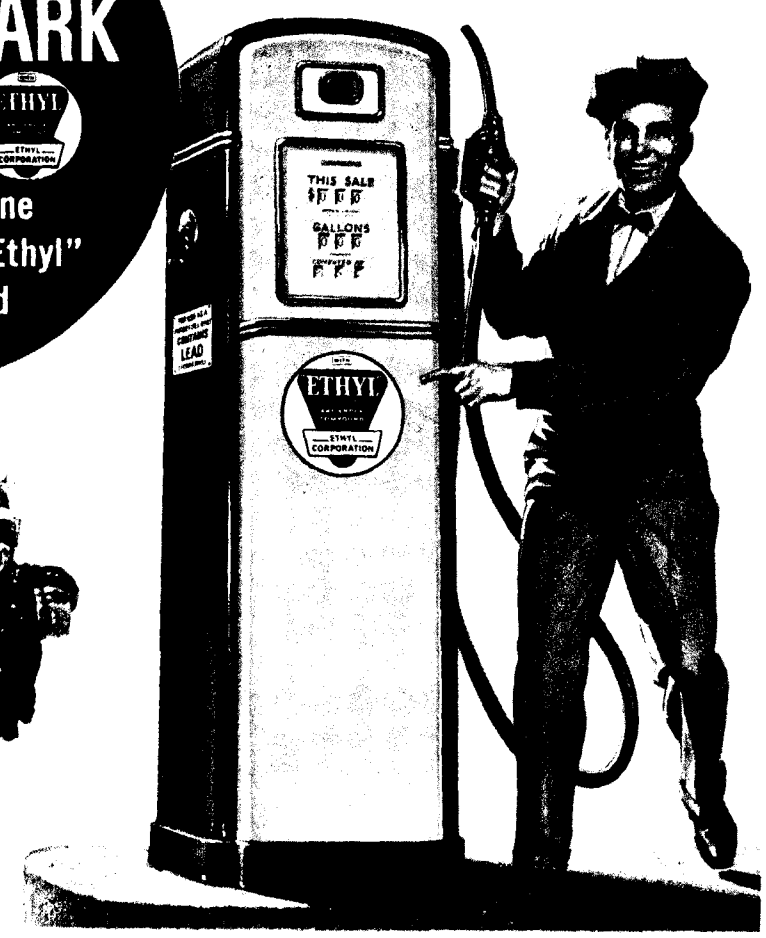

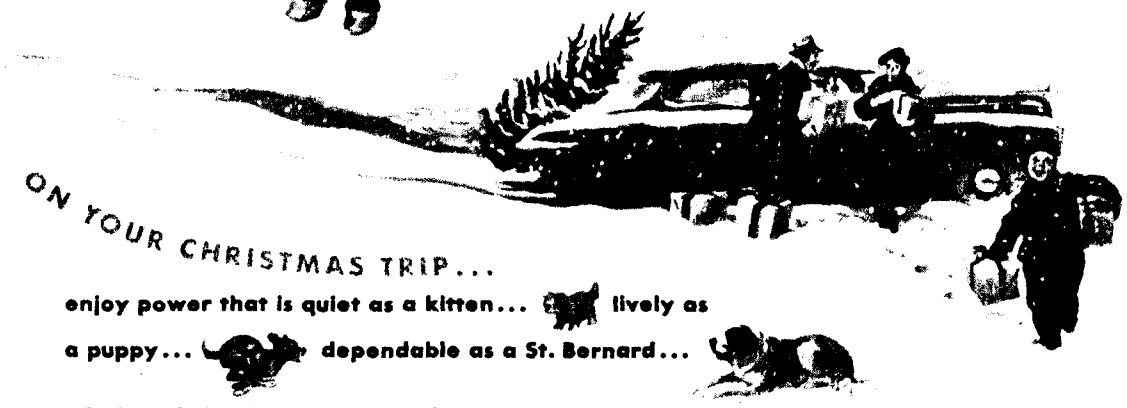

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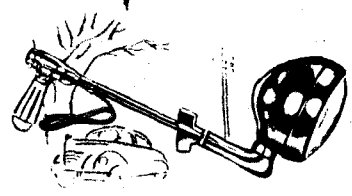
Give SAFER . . . EASIER . . . NIGHT DRIVING!



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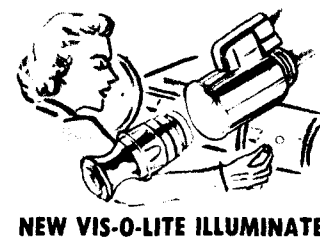

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Automatic pop-out lighter with illuminated well that guides the lighter swiftly back. Eliminates fumbling in the dark . . . prevents scratched dashboard . . . keeps eyes on the road. $2.75

Now on sale at Car Dealers, Auto Supply Stores, Garages & Service Stations.

CASCO

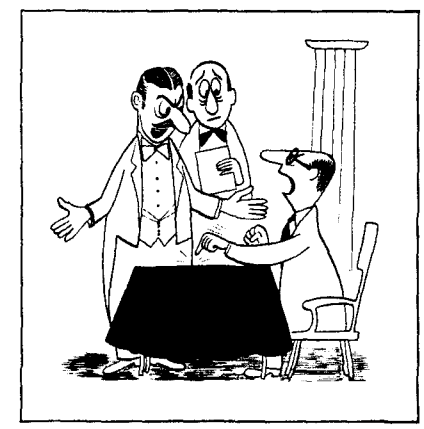
CASCO PRODUCTS CORP., BRIDGEPORT 2, CONN., Mfrs. of Appliances & Auto Accessories for over 25 years.

SHORTICLE

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

AFTER years of fighting against it and wincing whenever anybody used it, a couple of weeks ago I finally broke down and used a word that I loathe(d). I called up some friends, the Oscar Trapeziuses, and said to them, "Come on over for *brunch* on Sunday."

It came out just like that, and for a second I was horrified. Then, the more I thought about it, the more sensible it seemed. There are a number of occasions, like Sunday breakfast-lunch, for which words, such as *brunch,* ought to be invented. And



"I want some brupper!"

the next thing I knew, I was inventing some.

Suppose, as happens sometimes, a man gets up around five in the afternoon (this happens to me more often than I like to suppose). His first meal, then, comes at six, the ordinary, old-fashioned time for supper. But since this meal is actually his breakfast, shouldn't it be called *brupper?*

Now let's suppose this same man gets up, say around eight in the morning, eats breakfast as usual, but somehow misses lunch. That means his lunch and supper will come together, making *lupper.* (I originally thought this meal might be *sunch,* but I'm glad I changed my mind.)

If this hypothetical man calls lunch "dinner," as some people still do, his first meal after his breakfast—here again, assuming he's skipped lunch—is going to be *dupper*—or, maybe, if he likes to dunk, *dipper.*

A further complication now arises. Let's imagine our hero as a man who calls his meals breakfast, lunch, and dinner, with his supper, if any, coming as a kind of late-at-night extra. Well, suppose he gets his breakfast and lunch, all right, but doesn't eat dinner until his customary suppertime. This would mean that he would be eating *sinner.*

The midnight snack also must be taken into consideration. Ever since becoming a *brunch* man, I've been nettled by the awkwardness of that phrase. Why can't we apply the same principle and call it *misnack?* Or, if that sounds a little too much like a newly patented soda cracker, how about just *mack?*

If the *misnack,* or *mack,* ever takes the place of supper around our house, I'm ready for it, too: *suppack,* I'll call it, or, on evenings when I'm in a hurry, just *spack.* There's no stopping a thing like this, I've found. Since it started in the kitchen, so to speak, it's begun to spread around the room. As of now, my garbage can is going to be called the *garan*—although, come to think of it, that reminds me a little too much of a gun I used to carry in the Army. Maybe plain *gan* is better.

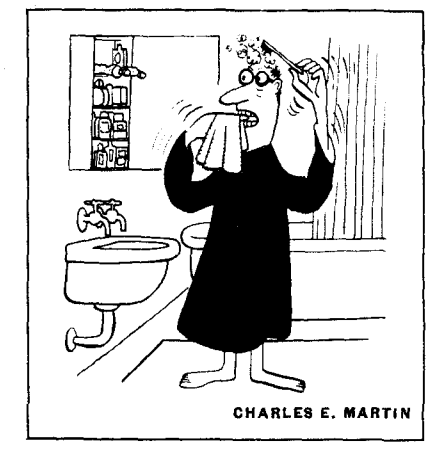
Similarly, can opener, a sharp and ugly word at best, is going to be *copner,* or possibly *coper.* (The latter probably is better, since I usually don't open a can, I cope with it.)

In the future, when my wife says to me, "Hand me the frying pan," I'll ask her please to call it *fran.* The double boiler is going to be *douler,* or perhaps *doiler,* and the paring knife will be *parife,* or *pife.* Likewise, kitchen sink will be shortened to *kink;* breadbox to *brox,* or, for the musically inclined, *brebox;* and gas stove, naturally, to *gove.*

There's no keeping this thing in the kitchen; like living mold, it creeps to other rooms in the house. At night, I relax in my *echair,* which is not pastry, but simply my new word for easy chair. When I retire and want to read, I switch on the *blamp,* which I once prosaically referred to as the bed lamp.

The periodical I read in bed was selected, as you might well guess, from the *marack* (a lot more descriptive, I feel, than the old, clumsy magazine rack).

And just before I go to bed, I make sure that I take off my *broolippers* (a neat three-word portfolio, there), and place them on the bedroom rug, so my feet won't be cold when I awaken in the morning. Oh, I almost forgot:



"I'll scrub with a warag"

almost every night before I go to bed, I sip a *hoddy.*

I could go on like this indefinitely, as indeed anyone could. But, since it's around four in the afternoon (or, as it should be called, the *aoon),* and since I just got up a little while ago, there are a couple of things I must do.

First, I think I'll go into the baroom, take off my old-fashioned nirt, and throw it in the dirty clamper. Then I'll use my toosh on my teeth and scrub my face with my warag. After that, I'll put on my brobe and wander into the diroom, where my wife will be waiting for me with a nice brupper of haeggs. THE END

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Van Heusen gives you a musical *beat* with a new kind of neckwear harmony that's sweet music for your wardrobe. These smart, orchestral motifs in lustrous satin have been composed with famous Van Heusen sewmanship . . . in fine fabrics that stay knotable . . . stay in shape . . . stay smart. Van Heusen scores a new high note in tie patterns—12 in all. $1.50 each.

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Van Heusen ties

REG. T M

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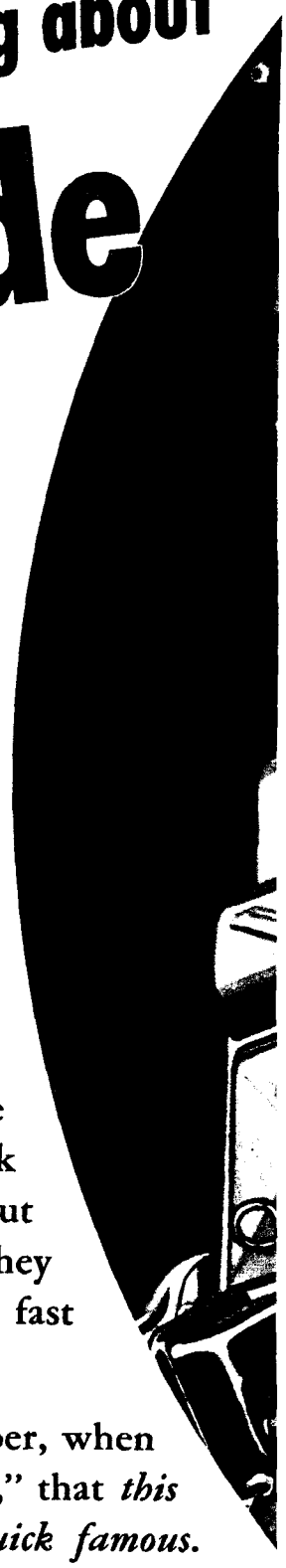
When you talk about VALVE-IN-HEAD you're talking about

The Power that made Buick Famous



IF you want to know what's "the newest thing" in automobile engines, look at the Buick engine pictured here, and you'll see the words "valve-in-head."

But it happens that this isn't new with Buick. As a matter of fact, the valve-in-head engine was invented back in 1902—U. S. Patent No. 771095—and immediately, Buick adopted the principle, which became the first in a long string of "Buick firsts."

Not everyone went for the idea—then. In spite of the fact that this engine "breathes" more freely—gets fuel in and exhaust gases out more easily—others hung onto their pet ideas.

Then came the airplane, with its need for maximum power from every drop of fuel—and every maker of internal combustion airplane engines adopted the valve-in-head principle.

And more recently—with the hope that higher-octane fuels will become available for motor cars—a lot of automotive engine designers are taking a new look at the valve-in-head idea.

But just for the record, we'd like to point out the simple fact that Buick got there first.

And ever since, Buick has gone steadily ahead, building up a name as "valve-in-headquarters." Buick engineers reshaped pistons to put Fireball wallop in these engines. They stepped up compression ratios as fast as better fuels came along.

So perhaps you'll want to remember, when you hear the term "valve-in-head," that *this is the type of power that made Buick famous.*

If others want to climb on the bandwagon, we say "more power to them"—and no pun is intended.

But Buick has been doing more with valve-in-head right from the start.

And—we might add—it stands to reason that Buick is not through making this type of engine better and better.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening

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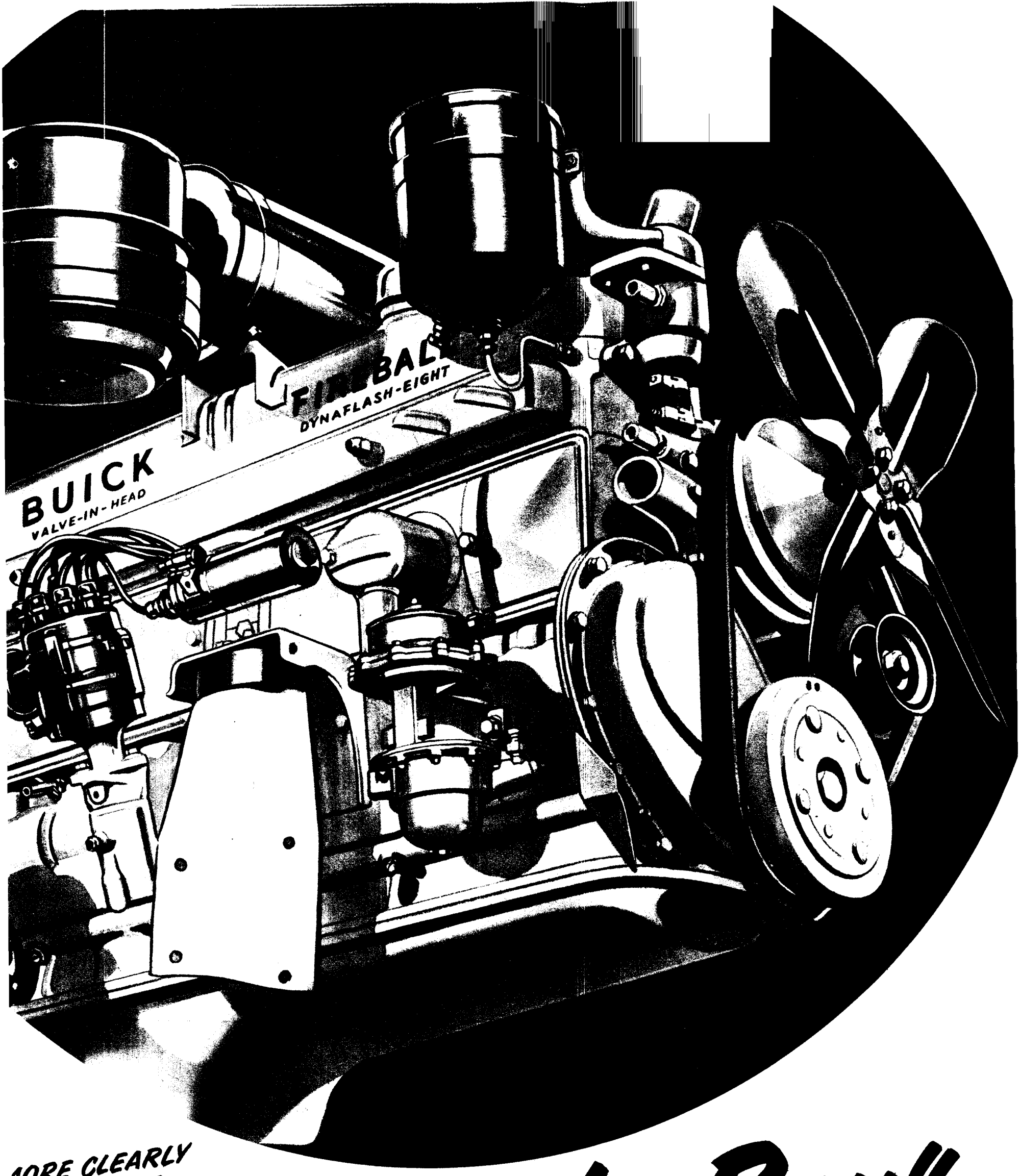

ORE CLEARLY
THAN EVER

"Buick's the Buy"

YOUR KEY TO GREATER VALUE

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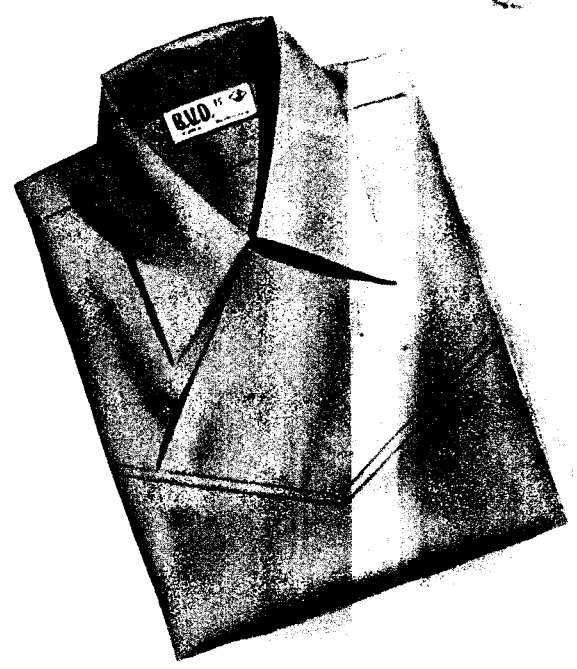

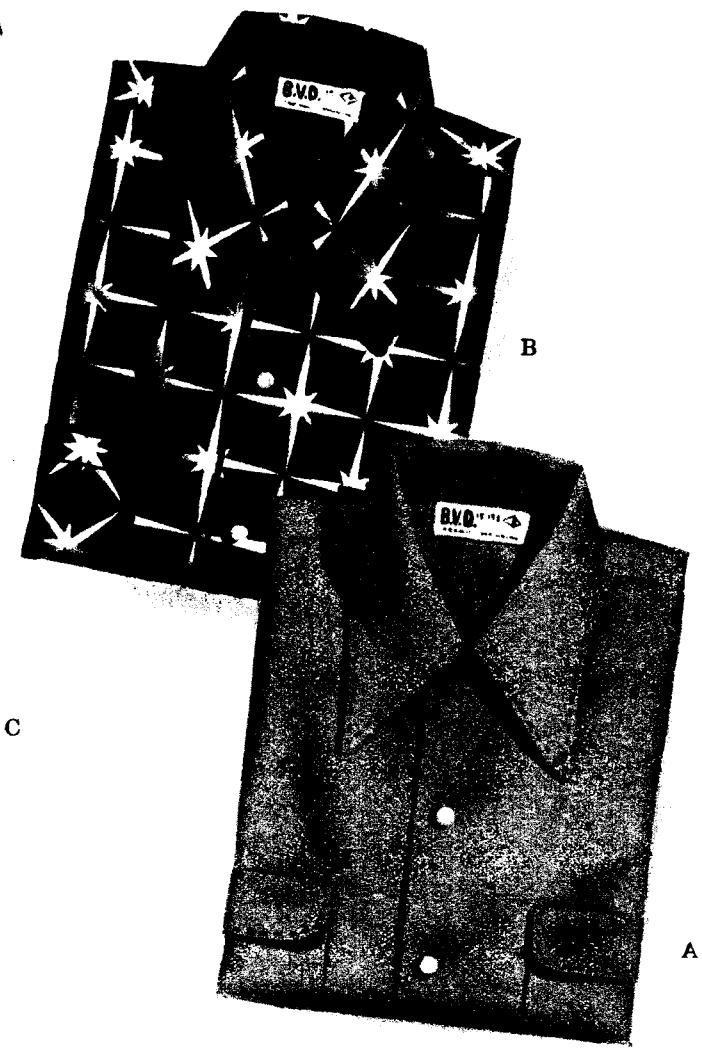

A. Barathea gabardine, collar and pocket flap with stitched edges. Individually gift-boxed, $5.95.

B. Stellar Tone gabardine . . . like all Ruggers shirts is smart with or without a tie. Washable, $5.95.

C. B.V.D. Hollywood Rogue gabardine *Spectacular* pullover worn in-or-out, $4.95.

D. The Host pajama. Paisley body, solid color long point collar, cuffs, pocket, $4.95.

E. Pastel body pajamas, trim in black and gold colors—spacious, smooth, smart, $4.95.

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branded for XXXXXmas...

B.V.D.
BRAND

Give him B.V.D. gifts for Christmas...then pucker up and see how well he reads your lips! It's a grand old name for quality and for value —with brand new ideas in men's styles. Now when a man says "Next to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best!", he's thinking about "B.V.D." sport shirts, pajamas, socks, tee-shirts, shorts—everything in good-looking men's wear.

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THE 60th ALL-AMERICA

Selected by the American Football Coaches Association

THE 1949 ALL-AMERICA LINE-UP

POSITION	NAME	TEAM	AGE	WEIGHT	HEIGHT	HOME TOWN
End	LEON HART	Notre Dame	20	245	6′4″	Turtle Creek, Pa.
End	JIM WILLIAMS	Rice	21	197	6′	Waco, Tex.
Tackle	WADE WALKER	Oklahoma	25	203	6′	Gastonia, N.C.
Tackle	LEO NOMELLINI	Minnesota	25	255	6′2″	Minneapolis, Minn.
Guard	ROD FRANZ	California	24	205	6′1″	San Francisco, Cal.
Guard	BERNIE BARKOUSKIE	Pitt	22	197	5′10″	Kulpmont, Pa.
Center	CLAYTON TONNEMAKER	Minnesota	21	240	6′3″	Minneapolis, Minn.
Quarterback	ARNOLD GALIFFA	Army	22	190	6′2″	Donora, Pa.
Halfback	LYNN CHANDNOIS	Michigan State	24	195	6′2″	Flint, Mich.
Halfback	CHARLIE JUSTICE	North Carolina	25	167	5′10″	Asheville, N.C.
Fullback	EMIL SITKO	Notre Dame	25	180	5′8″	Fort Wayne, Ind.

See Next Page for HONORABLE MENTIONS

By BILL FAY

THE complexities of selecting the nation's best college football players have increased at least 60 times since Walter Camp picked the first All-America team 60 years ago. When Camp originated the All-America tradition in Collier's, there were only three major football powers: Yale, Harvard and Princeton.

Camp had personal, firsthand knowledge of the five Princeton, three Harvard and three Yale players named on his first All-America team in 1889. He had watched them compete against one another. He knew what they could do.

But Camp began to experience selection difficulties in the early 1900s as football expanded rapidly westward. It became physically impossible for one man to observe hundreds of All-America candidates on scores of strong teams. Camp solved the problem by setting up a network of coach-advisers who reported sectional developments periodically throughout the season.

"If you want to know how good a football player a boy is," Camp remarked, "only one person can give you an authoritative answer. That person is the boy's coach."

The balloting system employed by the American Football Coaches Association in selecting the 60th All-America football team, announced on these pages, is a logical expansion of Camp's original method. Each week during the season, 300 members of the Coaches Association reported directly to Collier's on the performances of outstanding All-America candidates in key games. Each report was based on information known only to coaches

ARNOLD GALIFFA, *Army*

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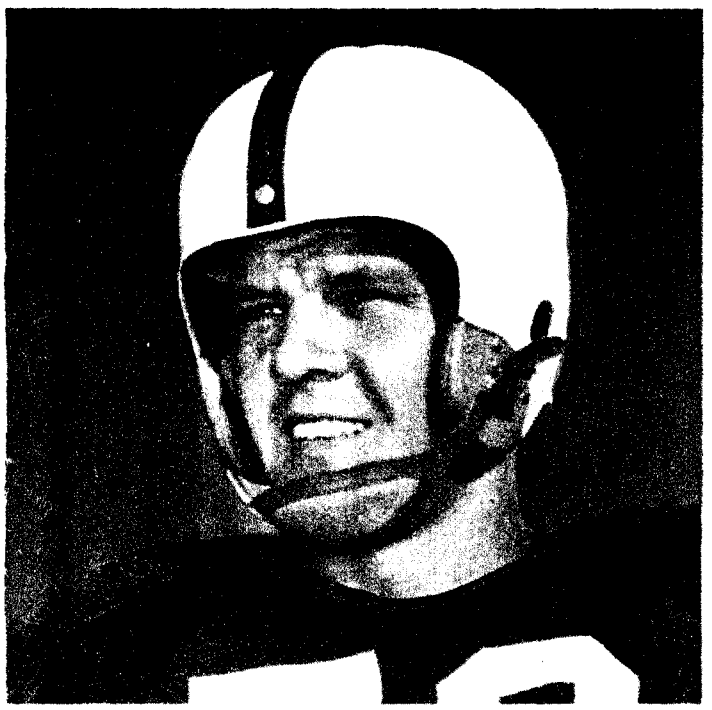
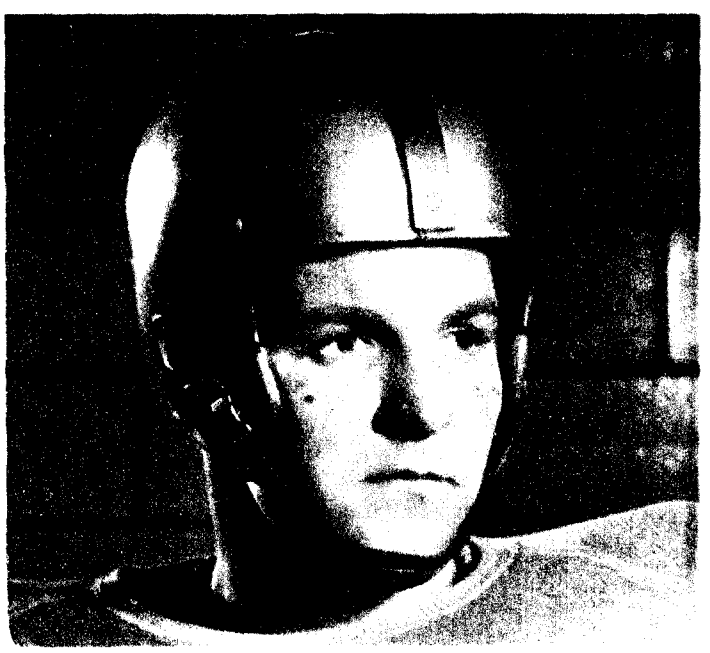
CHARLIE JUSTICE, *North Carolina*



WADE WALKER, *Oklahoma*

BERNIE BARKOUSKIE, *Pitt*



—scouting data, on-the-field observations, and analyses of game movies.

These exclusive, authoritative reports were consolidated and studied by Collier's All-America board of famous coaches, which includes Matty Bell of Southern Methodist, Lou Little of Columbia, Frank Leahy of Notre Dame, Tuss McLaughry of Dartmouth, Dutch Meyer of Texas Christian, Carl Snavely of the University of North Carolina, Ray Eliot of Illinois and Jeff Cravath of Southern California.

The All-America board, appointed by and representing the Coaches Association, named Collier's five sectional All-Star teams (All-East, All-Midwest, All-South, All-Southwest and All-Far West) announced last week. These sectional teams formed a super squad of the nation's 55 best college players. After making additional studies of the 55 sectional stars, comparing All-South guards with All-East guards, All-Midwest backs against All-Southwest backs, and so on through the 11 positions, Collier's board picked the best of the best —this 60th All-America team.

Why review the capabilities of each player in slow-motion game movies before selecting the All-America?

"Modern football," says Dutch Meyer, president of the Coaches Association, "often moves too fast for the eye to follow. A motion picture camera is the only instrument which can record the actions of 22 players on a swiftly executed play. For this reason, coaches do not try to analyze a Saturday afternoon game until Monday morning. Then, by running and rerunning the game movies 8 or 10 times, they pinpoint the strength and weakness of each player and learn why certain plays succeeded or failed."

In balloting for the 60th All-America, the coaches made maximum use of motion picture studies of every important game.

Four members of the 1948 All-America were eligible for the '49 team, but only two of last year's stars—Charlie Justice, UNC halfback, and Leo Nomellini, Minnesota tackle, retained All-America rating. Alvin Wistert of Michigan, who shared All-America tackle honors with Nomellini in '48 was replaced this year by Wade Walker of Oklahoma.

Doak Walker of Southern Methodist, the '48 All-America quarterback, was playing the most brilliant football of his spectacular career when a leg injury, complicated by an attack of influenza, forced him from the line-up in midseason. But while Walker was in the hospital, Southern Methodist upset previously unbeaten Kentucky.

"The team won that one for Doak," Coach Matty Bell commented. "From his bed in the hospital—as an inspirational force—Walker contributed as much to our victory as any man on the field."

Although Walker was out of action approximately one third of the season, many coaches believed Doak's over-all value to his team merited All-America recognition. It was a debatable issue, but Walker anticipated and eliminated possible controversy by withdrawing his name from consideration. It was an unselfish act of sportsman-

HONORABLE MENTION

Ends:	Dan Brown, Villanova; Dan Foldberg, Army; John O'Quinn, Wake Forest; Jimmy Owens, Oklahoma; Art Weiner, North Carolina; Bob Wilkinson, UCLA; Bob Wilson, Wisconsin.
Tackles:	Lou Creekmur, William & Mary; Holland Donan, Princeton; Bob Gain, Kentucky; Thurman McGraw, Colorado A&M; Volney Peters, Southern California; Jim Turner, California; Gerald Walters, Brown; Alvin Wistert, Michigan.
Guards:	Ed Bagdon, Michigan State; Jim Crawford, Mississippi; Lew McFadin, Texas; Don Mason, Michigan State; John Schweder, Penn; Vern Sterling, Santa Clara; Stan West, Oklahoma; Bob Ward, Maryland.
Centers:	Leon McLaughlin, UCLA; John Pierik, Cornell; Harry Ulinski, Kentucky; Joe Watson, Rice.
Quarterbacks:	Eddie LeBaron, College of the Pacific; Vito Parilli, Kentucky; Bob Williams, Notre Dame.
Halfbacks:	Lindy Berry, Texas Christian; Lou Cecconi, Pitt; Hillary Chollet, Cornell; Chuck Ortmann, Michigan; Herb Rich, Vanderbilt; Bob Sanders, Oregon U.; George Thomas, Oklahoma.
Fullbacks:	Leon Campbell, Arkansas; Bill Martin, Southern California; Eddie Price, Tulane; Gil Stephenson, Army; Ollie Matson, San Francisco.

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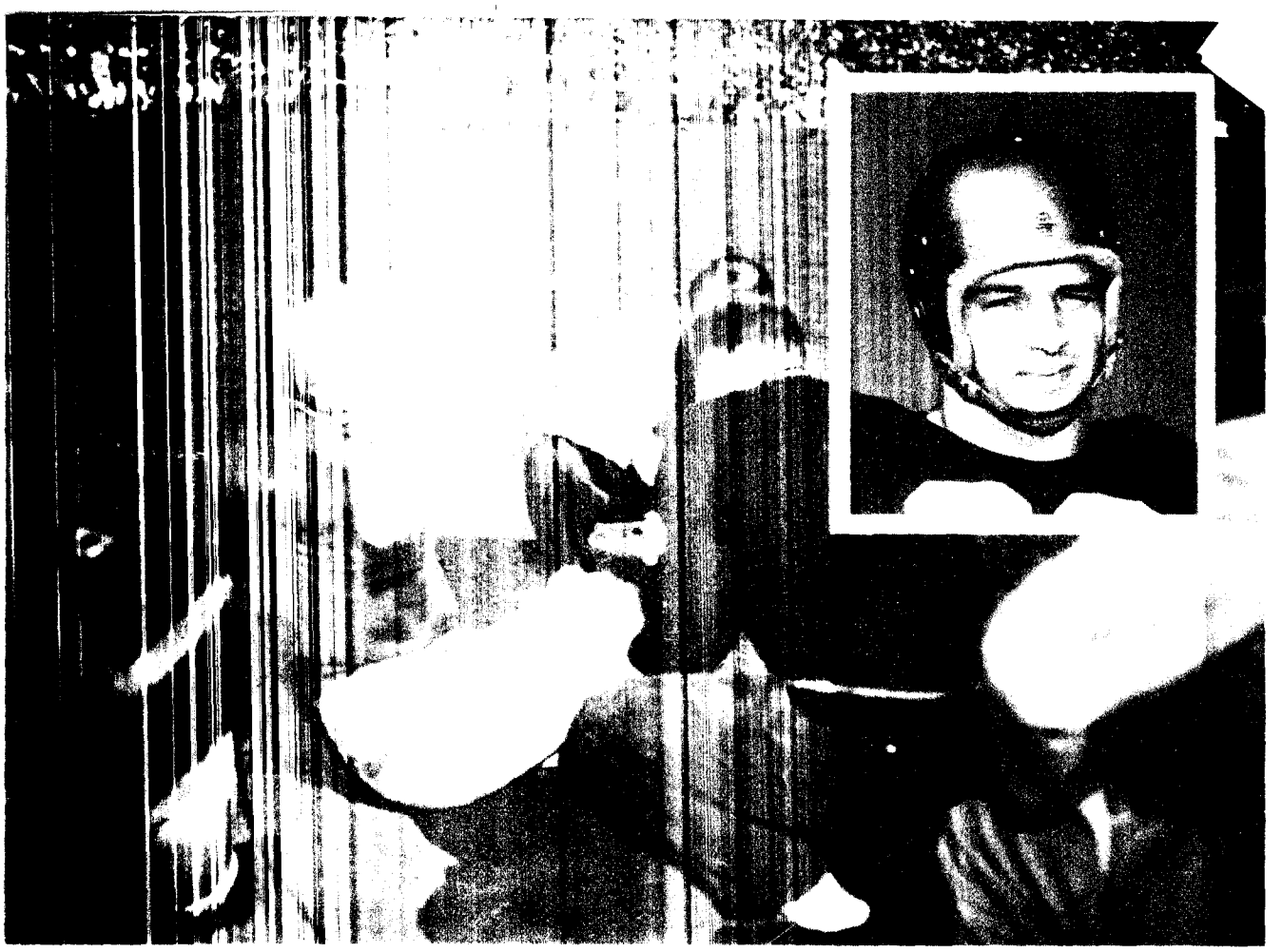
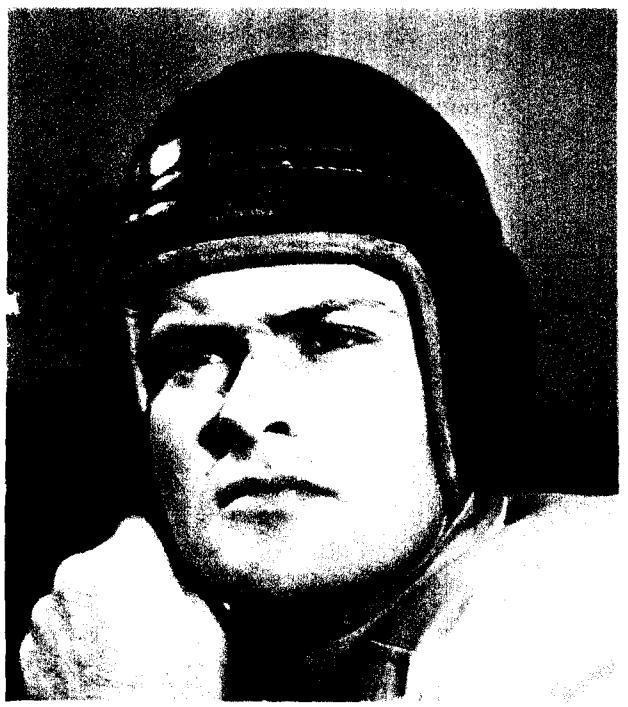
LEO NOMELLINI, *Minnesota*



LEON HART, *Notre Dame*



ROD FRANZ, *California*

JIM WILLIAMS, *Rice*

CLAYTON TONNEMAKER, *Minnesota*

EMIL SITKO, *Notre Dame*

HANDLEY, *Michigan State*

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ship without precedent in 60 years of All-America tradition (see letter on this page).

Arnold Galiffa of Army succeeds Walker at quarterback in the 1949 All-America line-up, but it should not be inferred that Galiffa's selection was contingent upon Walker's withdrawal. Galiffa was the outstanding ball handler, blocker and passer among T-formation quarterbacks. Walker, a brilliant runner and passer, was given additional quarterback responsibilities because of his sharp play-calling sense. Basically, Walker was a halfback in SMU's single wing attack. Any coach fortunate enough to possess both Galiffa and Walker would have experienced little difficulty in co-ordinating their varied talents in the same backfield.

One point cannot be overemphasized. The 1949 All-America is a team, not a collection of individual stars. "This year's All-America," says Frank Leahy, "is composed of 11 lads who possess the offensive and defensive skills required for complete team performance. They have weight, speed, endurance. Barring injuries, they could play 60 minutes of top-speed football as a unit."

Before evaluating this year's All-America players individually, let's see how they look as a team, offensively and defensively.

Offensively, Galiffa was fast enough to lead the blocking on sweeps when Army varied its attack with split-T sequences, and big enough (at 190 pounds) to knock down the ends and line backer-uppers.

In the All-America backfield, Galiffa would be calling plays for three tremendous ball carriers—Justice, Chandnois and Sitko. Perhaps tremendous is a pallid adjective. Each of the three has *gained more than one mile* during his college career. Each of the three has a vital offensive skill which would complement and increase their striking power as a unit.

Justice has whippet speed around end, cuts back devastatingly, and is an accurate passer on the run toward the right side line. Sitko, who accelerates faster than any back in college football, is a touchdown threat every time he hits between the tackles on a quick-opening play. Chandnois is the big, crunching type of runner—invaluable for short yardage when a first down is essential. Chandnois also is an excellent *left-handed* passer. On sweeps to the left, he would be a constant threat on running passes, the perfect counterbalance for Justice's right-handed tosses on sweeps to the right.

And it should not be overlooked, in numbering the team's offensive assets, that the '49 All-America line-up conceals a *fifth* back. That would be Leon Hart, the 245-pound end, who was one of Notre Dame's most effective ball carriers on surprise end-around maneuvers.

Hart and Jim (Froggy) Williams of Rice, the other All-America end, would make ideal pass targets for Galiffa, Chandnois and Justice. There may have been ends this season who were more proficient pass catchers than either Hart or Williams, but the selection of such specialist-receivers would have weakened the over-all effectiveness *(Continued on page 75)*

Player of the Year — for Sportsmanship

Mr. Bill Fay
Sports Editor
Collier's
250 Park Avenue
New York City

Dear Mr. Fay,

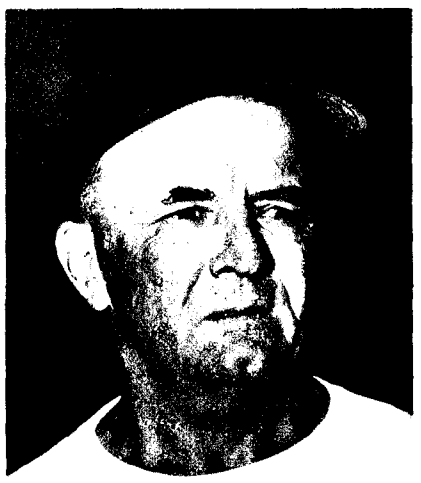
I deeply appreciate the fact that the coaches are considering me for the 1949 All-America football team, even though illness and injuries have kept me out of the line-up so much this season. However, I believe there are other All-America candidates who have seen more action and therefore are more deserving of consideration.

Being selected on the coaches' team last year gave me one of the biggest thrills I've ever had in football. I know the players who are named to the 1949 All-America will be just as appreciative of the honor.

Sincerely yours,

November 10, 1949 Bobby Walker

The All-America Board



MEYER, *Texas Christian*

ELIOT, *U. of Illinois*

LEAHY, *Notre Dame*

BELL, *Southern Methodist*

LITTLE, *Columbia*

CRAVATH, *Southern California*

McLAUGHRY, *Dartmouth*

SNAVELY, *North Carolina*

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For love-

For two hours she lay on the bed, staring. No thoughts came; only a heavy lump pinned her heart down

By PHILLIP BONOSKY

Harriet loved her husband; it took the disruption of her marriage to show her she had loved him as no woman should

FOR Harriet Morgan the world grew suddenly quiet and she could hear China. Thus it began with the memory of a child's game, when she had willed a deep silence so that she might listen to the sounds from another world. She stood in the room, which had been so ordinary before, and realized that it had become portentous: it had grown enormous, the walls flew apart, the ceiling gave way to the sky. She dwindled in the room that boomed with her heartbeat; and hanging from her hand—heavy as if hooked to her heart—was the letter.

Not even this would make her cry out, for the children were asleep in the next room. Even if she had been told, *He's dead,* Harriet would probably have come to the door with her finger to her lip, saying: *Come back later, heartbreak, come later . . .* She closed her eyes.

("Oh, Harriet!" the child had cried, while the fireflies looped through the summer air. "Close your eyes, close your eyes! Tight, tight! Quiet! I can hear Africa, I can hear Persia, I can hear—China!" "What do you hear in China?" "I hear Lotus Leaf, the emperor's beautiful daughter, crying, 'Oh, oh, oh!' ")

Oh, the letter said, *how I missed you Monday when you left! Friday seems so far away! I keep watching every night for the bus, hoping that you'll be on it even though I know . . .*

She folded it and put it back into the envelope, but she couldn't replace the scent of lilac; it drifted insolently through the room looking into everything, as *she* would, Harriet thought, perhaps not really seeing, not caring.

Now she walked quietly to the corner and sat down in the easy chair, rubbing the rubbed arm, poking back the torn thread into the ruptured pattern. She sat for a moment, haunted by the perfume which had clung to *her;* she had carried it across the room to the chair.

She could hear the water dripping in the kitchen; with a remembering gasp, she got up and uncovered the tub beside the sink and began to pull out the diapers and wring them. She opened the door to the outside porch, her arms loaded with twisted clubs of diapers. When they were all hung, flapping softly in the small wind, she continued to stay on the porch, gazing through the screen across the gully to the far woods.

She said to herself carefully, "This is the most important moment of my life, and I must think clearly."

Then calmly, as if testifying to someone, she thought: You see, we were married when Ted was twenty-one and I was nineteen. We were childhood sweethearts—you've seen us often: we were the two kids in high school who always went together, and it was understood by everyone that for us the question was closed. We only had to wait on Time. And when I was nineteen (it would have been eighteen or even seventeen but Ted had to go to the Army), we were married.

In exactly ten months, Ruth was born. From that moment on, I was no longer nineteen, or twenty, or twenty-three: I became ageless. I became *mother;* even wife became secondary, but *mother* I was. A year later, when Charlie came, I was given over to motherhood. I began to plan, from that moment on, for the years between thirty-six and forty when I would give up being mother, and be—what would I be? Ted's wife? Harriet Morgan? I'm not so sure now. Perhaps I was always waiting just to be me, Harriet *Thomas.*

I'll have to go and see her and say, "Do you understand what you're doing? I am a young mother with three children. How can you break up our home?" "For love," she'll say proudly; or maybe she'll cry, "For love, for love, don't you understand? For love!" And when she utters that word, I shall have to stand back *(Continued on page 61)*

ILLUSTRATED BY AL BRULÉ

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Winter of RECKONING

With the defiance he has shown before against Russia, Yugoslavia's marshal digs in for what may be his final test. Stalin is determined to smash him, by might or artifice, before spring. . . . An eyewitness describes Tito's amazing program of defense—and delay

BELGRADE

ROST comes early to the mountains that mark the frontier between Yugoslavia and Albania.

On an autumn night a few weeks ago, when the cold was cutting sharply through the greatcoats of the border patrols, eight Yugoslav soldiers, chins dug deep into upturned collars, slid behind giant boulders that marked the narrow path. Clasping tommy guns against their chests, they waited.

A fleeting movement crossed the stony silence in front of them. Shadows rose on the trail and gradually took the shape of men—three men, in bulging civilian clothes, arms wrapped around their waists.

Tito's soldiers waited until the intruders were 50 yards inside Yugoslav territory. Then they closed in—with their tommy guns leveled.

As the strangers raised their hands, the bulges vanished from their clothes. Bundles of paper sheets, tied together with a string, dropped to the trail. A soldier pounced on them, making sure none was whipped away by the wind before the patrol marched off with its prisoners.

Printed on the paper sheets, in heavy black type, this warning ran:

"Yugoslavs! Together we will crush Tito and his traitorous regime this winter. Together we will show our solidarity with the Soviet Union. This winter we will be victorious!"

None of those pamphlets was seen by other eyes than Tito chose. But a few days later a scattering of similar handbills found their way onto the doorsteps and into the mailboxes in the very heart of Belgrade.

If there were any mistaken interpretation of those leaflets, it was almost at once dispelled by the voices of the Cominform led by Rumania's squat Foreign Minister, Anna Pauker, chief hatchet lady in Stalin's long war against Tito.

Over the radio from Bucharest, Madame Pauker broadcast her own ominous message. Tito, she said, would not be around to enjoy the spring blossoms of his country home; with the end of winter, his memory would be just a bad dream for eastern Europe.

In short, Russia's family of satellite nations is committed to the destruction of the Yugoslav government and of the man who dared to insist on practicing his own brand of homemade Communism. The Kremlin has served notice on Tito that the might and artifice of the Soviet Union will be combined in a grand attempt to blast him out of the way during the five months of ice cold that will wash like an arctic wave over the Balkans this winter.

What form the attack will take can only be guessed. It could be full-scale war, although no well-informed person in or outside Yugoslavia really expects that. Historic Communist tactics are much more likely—large-scale sabotage and slashing, terrorizing raids inside the Yugoslav borders. As a matter of fact, probing raids already have occurred on a small scale.

Whatever tactics the Russians choose to carry out their purpose, they know that if they don't destroy the apostasy of Titoism now, if the Yugoslav marshal hangs on through this one winter, he will be there to stay. He will be there to plague the Kremlin and to threaten Stalinist Communism for a long, long time.

Why is this winter so crucial?

Because by spring $50,000,000 in American and British loans will have enabled Tito to build a Yugoslavia which never existed before, a country with industrial power as conveniently concentrated as that of the great American state of Pennsylvania.

The natural makings of an industrial empire—coal, iron and water power—have lain untouched for centuries in Bosnia and Herzegovina, not even known to the poor unlettered shepherds who grazed their sheep and goats on the rolling hills. Tito is putting these resources to use for the first time.

Around the town of Sarajevo, which most of the world recognizes only as the spot where World War I began with the assassination of the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand, scores of new communities have sprouted and are already black with the soot of factory chimneys, pitted with the shafts of mines, and straddled by the limestone walls of power plants.

Geographically, with its backbone of mountains, valley towns and farms, this once somnolent, pastoral region bears a striking resemblance to the once rural land called Penn's Woods. Tito's revamped industrialized province is even called "Pennsylvania" by Sima Babic, a tall, dour assistant minister in charge of construction.

Here Tito started from scratch. During a visit to Sarajevo this autumn, I watched factories being erected painfully, primitively by hand. "Volunteer" brigades of unskilled workers toiled under the tutelage of experienced builders, carpenters and steeplejacks to hoist plant equipment over partly finished walls with wire-reinforced ropes.

Power cranes? There were none in sight.

While boys and girls tugged at pulley ropes to lift machines, their comrades in upper floors fended off the swaying cargo with their hands, lest it smash against the slowly rising building.

Picks and shovels cleared a road to one plant site. Twenty boys worked for three days on a job one bulldozer could have done in two hours.

The hardiest American contractor would have quit cold after one look at the equipment I saw for the start of a new, three-story building.

There were a horse and cart to bring bricks, a wooden vat that had been built the day before to mix cement, a big, hand-hewn wooden paddle for the vat, and an assortment of hammers and nails. And that was all.

I stood around for a while to see what would happen. Soon a brigade marched up, shouldering picks, shovels and crowbars. "They'll get a start now, anyway," said Midhat Samic, my Bosnian Communist guide. "By the time they've finished with the foundation here, another building will have been completed somewhere else and they can take over a few more tools."

In Belgrade I saw more brigades of boys and girls passing bricks from hand to hand in human chains for the walls of a new building.

The proposed new capital, Novi Belgrade, just outside the present capital, is being put together the same way.

I found blond, fourteen-year-old Iva Pikil, from Slovenia, chopping rocks down to size for a foundation. There were 200 other boys and girls from fourteen to twenty working on that project with her. Having no rock-crushing machinery, they just pounded away by hand.

"It will go up this winter," Iva said proudly, "and in this building there will be a part of each of us."

In a workshop near the shaft of a coal mine in Macedonia, I watched three men who were busy melting the muzzle of an old Turkish cannon that had been abandoned 200 years ago.

"We have to repair the carts used for hauling coal in the mine," Fei Vojislan, who was shaping the molten iron into wheels, explained. "Until we receive parts and machines from America, we must do the best we can. This old cannon will hold up for a few months until the spring."

With things like this happening all over Yugoslavia, it does not take much imagination to picture what a tremendous change will occur if Tito has the credit and the time to buy and put into action even a fraction of the bulldozers, tractors, cranes, cement mixers and stone crushers he hopes to order and employ this winter.

Tito's break with Moscow hasn't brought him any closer to Western ideologies. He is still a Communist, and a dictator. He needs our material help to remain in business as a ruler. With it, however, he will continue his fight with the Cominform. His battle has already eaten into the monolithic unity of the Soviet world. That is the point where much important opinion holds his preservation to be of value to us. *(Continued on page 70)*

On the Eve of Crisis

Seymour Freidin was for three years chief correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune in eastern Europe and the Balkans. Prior to that, he was a war correspondent and a member of the same newspaper's New York staff. Freidin is one of a team of three correspondents (William Attwood and David Perlman are the others) on assignment in Europe for Collier's. In this significant and timely article on Yugoslavia and its dictator, he tells of the gathering crisis he saw on a recent tour of that nation

DRAWING BY BIRNEY LETTICK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for TITO

By SEYMOUR FREIDIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'WE LIKE CORN, on or

Continuing THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SEARS, ROEBUCK

For more than a half century, Sears has been considered a homespun friend of the nation, as truly rural as an R.F.D. box beside a country road. But while it retains some of the flavor and color of its early years, this gigantic enterprise has now become one of the world's six biggest businesses. It has been both urbanized and internationalized. Last week's opening installment of this series traced the growth and current scope of the company's operations from the day in 1886 when the North Redwood, Minnesota, station agent, named Richard Sears, began selling cheap watches by mail, to the ultra-modern organization of today, whose sales of merchandise in 1948 reached a total of $2,300,000,000

PART TWO OF FOUR PARTS

ALVAH CURTIS ROEBUCK, the dreamier member of the original Sears, Roebuck partnership, never cared much for money. He was quite content to continue working as a salaried employee for years after he had dropped out as an actual member of the firm. He was very happy tinkering with various projects in the new "entertainment division" of the mail-order house.

Among other occupations, this division was concerned with promoting that fascinating new device, the stereopticon, and saturating the country with slides depicting the Alaska gold rush, the opening of the Cherokee strip, Dewey at Manila, and other stirring events. Roebuck fiddled with the stereopticon, and finally came up with a gadget which converted it to a rudimentary movie projector capable of showing The Perils of Pauline and the old Mack Sennett comedies. Though crude, the invention was a big success and Roebuck presently formed his own company to produce it, with Sears remaining his best customer.

A few years later Sears, Roebuck fell heir to the Emerson Typewriter Company, acquired as part payment on a defaulted loan, and Roebuck was persuaded to head the business and undertake to improve the product. After another period of tinkering he brought out a new and superior typewriter which he called the Woodstock—the forerunner of the celebrated machine which figured so prominently in the trial of Alger Hiss. But this was no sooner on the market than Roebuck's original partner, Richard Sears, died, and his widow promptly installed her son as president of the company. Whereupon Roebuck went back to his projector business.

This prospered modestly for a while, and Roebuck became a fairly prominent figure in the movie industry, once being elected a governor of the Society of Motion Picture Engineers. However, competition was getting tough, and in 1924 he sold out for $150,000, all of which he invested in Florida real estate. He did as well as most other Florida speculators as long as the boom lasted, but Roebuck was almost predestined to be wiped out in the crash, and of course he was. Early in the thirties word reached Chicago that the aging cofounder was dead broke and literally starving.

It isn't entirely clear whether the company approached Roebuck, or vice versa; in any case, the cofounder was back in the company again in 1933, holding down a minor job in the clerical department. Roebuck freely admitted that the business

A few of the Hollywood stars wh

ELYSE KNOX

GEORGIA CARROLL

ANITA COLBY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

off the COB'

By FRANCIS SILL WICKWARE

had grown so vast that he couldn't even recognize it, much less understand it; and to fellow workers he would reminisce by the hour about the good, simple old days when he and Dick Sears were selling watches from a grubby one-room office.

Then someone in the advertising department had an inspiration. Sears and Roebuck were names known to the ends of the earth. Here they had Roebuck in the flesh and, instead of using him, they had him buried. Why wasn't he good for some publicity? Vice-presidents conferred, and the cofounder was summoned from the clerical department.

First they groomed him to look like a big businessman instead of a clerk, and then—with appropriate fanfare—sent him forth as a roving ambassador of good will.

The new job suited Roebuck right down to the ground, and in no time he was blooming like a daffodil. He loved going around the country to address salesmen's and store managers' conventions, talking endlessly about the old days to rapt audiences, giving fatherly advice to new employees, greeting customers at the gala openings of new stores, and everywhere being treated with the solemn respect due a founder, a glorious example of free enterprise and the American Way.

Roebuck's supreme moment came in 1935, when Governor Ruby Laffoon of Kentucky made Roebuck a colonel. Thereafter he was always referred to as Colonel Roebuck, and just inside the main entrance of the Chicago plant a big sign was hung: "Meet Colonel A. C. Roebuck, Cofounder." At a desk beneath it sat the beaming Colonel, bowing and shaking hands with all comers, relating quaint little anecdotes from the past, and sometimes telling jokes culled from Joe Miller's source book.

"I make them laugh," Roebuck once said. "They say I'm funnier than Will Rogers."

Some time before his death last year, Colonel Roebuck, the small-town watchmaker who threw away a fortune by selling out so early in the company's history, was asked the standard question once more: Wasn't he bitter about his lack of foresight?

The Colonel laughed heartily, and said, "Sears made $25,000,000—he's been dead 34 years. Julius Rosenwald (who financed the company's early expansion and organized it efficiently) made $100,000,000; he's been dead 16 years. Me, I never made anything, and I never felt better in my life."

A Treasure for Social Historians

No account of the origins of Sears, Roebuck & Company could be complete without a glance at the famous catalogue which Richard Sears created, and many a social historian has spent enchanted weeks and months in its study. Better than shelves of books or files of yellowed newspapers, the catalogue not only mirrors the swift transition of the Republic from an agrarian to an industrial economy, but underscores certain national traits and habits which seem to endure all changes.

Outside of the company's own archives in Chicago (where the interested visitor may peruse Photostat or microfilm copies of the old books) there is no complete collection of the catalogues anywhere in the world. It would be hard to put a price on one if it suddenly turned up.

Walt Disney is supposed to have the best private collection known, and his catalogues frequently are on loan to other movie makers, since they provide invaluable reference material for authentic costumes and props used in period pictures. Likewise, the sets and costumes of many Broadway productions have been designed around the catalogue.

Of the hundreds of models whose faces and forms have helped boost Sears sales through the years, many went on to real success and wealth in Hollywood.

The list of famed catalogue alumnae includes such names as Norma Shearer, Joan Caulfield, Susan Hayward, Elyse Knox, Georgia Carroll, Mona Freeman, Anita Colby and Lauren Bacall.

Originally Richard Sears sold his books at $1 per copy (usually making a profit on them). But, until 1904, the catalogue was a less important advertising medium than his impassioned circulars and extravagant newspaper and magazine campaigns. Once he placed 67 ads in a single issue of a magazine, and at times he had space commitments with more than 6,000 publications, including 2,000 rural weekly papers.

All the Sears ads followed a typical pattern. In eye-stopping type they screamed: "Hear Ye! Hear Ye!" or "Hurry, Hurry, Hurry!" or "Come One, Come All!" or "Biggest Bargain Ever!" And invariably they featured the *(Continued on page 73)*

ve modeled for Sears catalogues

ANITA LOUISE JOAN CAULFIELD SUSAN HAYWARD

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Kiss Her Like You Meant It

By S. W. M. HUMASON

Everyone thought William was a great lover on the stage. Can you blame him if he forgot he was only pretending?

WILLIAM CONOVER walked home from the office on a cold November evening. It was drizzling and almost freezing. He was thinking about the living-room fire, and a book, and his feet up, and quiet and warmth, but he was thinking about them in reverse, as one thinks of snow in August. These pleasant embellishments of a home were not to be his that evening. His living room would be full of firelight all right, but it would also be full of members of the Curtain and Cue Club, Inc., rehearsing for their coming production of Heat Lightning.

He reflected bitterly that his house was too small. He couldn't think of any place in it where he could go. He couldn't think of any place out of it. All his poker-playing pals were unaccountably busy and the only movie in town that he hadn't seen was Tarzan's Children. So, wet and cheerless, cold and friendless, annoyed and, to all intents and purposes, homeless, he climbed his front steps and picked up the evening paper, which was wet and came apart in his hands. He carried its remnants into the living room where a fire crackled. But the room had already been transformed into "The Town Apartment of the Murrays. Time: The Present" and nothing was in its proper place. His favorite chair was not by the fire but in the middle of the room, foursquare to the east wall. The only chair near a lamp was a straight-backed imitation Windsor. He sat in that.

His wife came in and said, "Hi," but her eyes, carefully surveying the room, obviously didn't see him in it.

"Are you in this thing?" he asked.

"Stage manager. I told you. Get up, Bill. That chair needs to go a bit farther downstage."

He got up. She moved the chair downstage so that it, too, was too far from a lamp. With a wistful glance at what he liked to think of as the center, or heart, of his home, William went into the kitchen and mixed himself a Martini.

He had only half finished it when Grace came in and said, "Supper's ready. Yell for the boys." They ate at the kitchen table, which was much too small for the purpose.

"You men wash up for once, will you?" said Grace. "I want to work on my chart."

He resented the for once. He and the boys often washed up, quite cheerfully, but tonight the cloud of his martyrdom was thickening about his head and he answered questions briefly and clattered the

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"Wonderful!" said Mr. Pascoe. "Most amateurs walk around a kiss, the first time, as if it were a hooded cobra." Not William. His heart was in it

dishes, breaking one plate and the handle of a cup. The boys departed, each to his own room and his own radio. Two radios made a lot of noise but they made less noise than the boys did if they had to share one. William stood in the middle of the kitchen and considered. The kitchen, he knew from past experience, would be the "wings" and actors would keep popping out there to go over lines and wait for cues. The boys' rooms would be full of radio; his and Grace's bedroom would be full of hats and coats. There were two bathrooms but the one off the master bedroom would be in use from time to time, and if he sat in the one between the boys' rooms he'd hear both radios at once.

He went and found Grace, who had set up a card table on the side of the living room unoccupied by furniture and was studying a piece of cardboard.

"I guess I'll watch the rehearsal," he said.

"Sorry," said Grace. "Mr. Pascoe doesn't allow any visitors for the first two weeks. This is only our second rehearsal."

"Well, blow me down," said William. "Mean to say this guy says I can't sit in my own living room?"

"Oh, Bill," she said, "don't be difficult."

"Well, where am I going to sit?"

"For Heaven's sake," she said, "you've got the whole house."

He thought of drawing her a diagram proving that he didn't have the whole house or any part thereof, but it seemed futile. The doorbell rang. William grabbed his detective story and went back to the kitchen. The wind blew a fierce burst of sleet against the window. For a second he was visited by a hope that nobody else would come. But the doorbell rang again—and again—and he remembered that these people were in Show Business. "Neither rain nor hail," he quoted incorrectly. He couldn't remember the rest of it and anyway it was about postmen.

A bald man named Eldridge and a sandy-haired girl named Hawley came out in the kitchen, said hiya briefly and started reading lines at each other.

William fled down the cellar stairs. There was a painted wooden chair by the washing machine and an empty orange crate on top of the woodpile. He carried them in by the furnace, tipped the chair back against the wall, put his feet on the crate and lighted his pipe. There was an unshaded bulb overhead and the furnace didn't give off any red glow or crackling, but it was warm there and quite cozy. Not bad at all, thought William. Why didn't I think of this before? He was warm, comfortable, quiet, private and full of a wholly unexpected contentment.

HALF an hour later, Grace appeared suddenly and said, "Bill! I've been looking all over the house for you."

She startled him so he dropped his book.

"We need you," she said.

"What do you mean, you need me? You've got enough men to move furniture."

"Not that," she said. "Johnny Prescott couldn't come. He's got the flu."

"The show must go on flu or no flu," said William. "Doesn't Johnny know that? I'm surprised at him."

"Don't be silly," she said. "But Johnny's the lead. We need somebody to read his part."

"Oh, no," said William hastily, picking up his book. "That I will not do. Give up my living room and my bedroom and my bathroom and my kitchen to you, yes. Do the dishes so you can draw charts, yes. Take refuge in the coal cellar"—it was an oil furnace, he remembered, hearing his own measured oratory—"yes, but act—no."

"It isn't acting. It's just reading Johnny's lines."

"You read 'em. You can read."

"It's much better if it's a man."

"Let Pascoe read 'em."

"He's the director. He has to block the action. Please, Bill."

"No," said William, finding his place, "I've just got myself settled. I'm all right here in the coal—in the cellar. You needn't worry about me. Use my living room and kitchen—"

"You said all that," said Grace.

"And bedroom and bathroom," went on William, unable to stop the mechanism, "but leave me my little corner. That's all I ask, and it isn't much. I've bought tickets for your shows. I even on one occasion pulled the curtain—"

"You pulled it too soon," said Grace.

"There, you see? I'm just no good at that sort of thing. It's not my line. I just want to be left to read my book. It's nice and quiet and cool—I mean warm—down here, and I'm enjoying myself. Be seeing you at bedtime."

Grace went away, making a slight boiling noise, but stopped with her foot on the bottom step.

"He is a well-set-up man, handsome and active," she read from the script in her hand, "a former football star. Women are mad about him but in general he maintains his independence with ease and charm."

"Whassat?" said William.

"Author's description of the character. Mr. Pascoe said after he met you tonight that he was sorry you hadn't tried out for the part."

When she had reached the top of the stairs, William put down his book and caught up with her in the kitchen.

"Help you out any, I'll come and read it," he said.

So he followed Grace *(Continued on page 42)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY LUHRS

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A black figure hurtled through space, end over end. I wanted to close my eyes and scream

Young Man with a Harpoon

By GEORG NELSON MEYERS

My job was to get pictures of the hunt. The job got bigger than that as I saw what the white men—and a woman—had done to the hunter

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

THAT'S the way this job works. One broiling night you're having a cool beer in the mildewed taproom of a tumble-down lodge surrounded by miles of California vineyards. Five mornings later you wake up shivering under a tent of walrus hides on the ice pack of the Arctic Ocean, waiting for a whale.

All this is made possible by those twin boons to mankind and magazine editors, the flying machine and the long-distance telephone line.

I had a hunch when the bellboy herded me into the telephone booth who it was going to be. It was.

"How goes it, Nickie?" he led off, with that cushiony build-up you learn to identify when something is stirring. "How goes the Wine Pageant?"

"Fine," I said.

"Everything in good shape?"

"So far so good," I said. "Miss Champagne for 1949 hasn't even been chosen yet."

"Excellent," he went on, obviously ignoring anything I had to say. "Jake Campbell will be there in the morning to polish it off. I want you to grab the first plane for Alaska. I need a layout on Eskimos harpooning whales. The full treatment. At least four pages."

"What's Jake Campbell got against Alaska?" I asked.

"No, Nickie. I want you. You know the country."

"Like I know the taste of castor oil," I said, remembering two years of misery the Army dealt me on an abandoned moose pasture from which on a clear day, it was alleged, you could see Nome.

After I hung up, I went back to finish my beer, feeling so sorry for myself that I ordered another beer. That was when I remembered Richard Nusungiya. And because I happened to think of Richard then, I also happened to wake up in his skin tent on the morning the whale was sighted, several days later.

It cost the front office about two hundred and fifty dollars for my airplane tickets from Fresno to San Francisco to Seattle to Fairbanks to Nome and to the Eskimo village of Ikpikpuk. The pictures I got at Ikpikpuk were worth it. Whatever else I got there, you can chalk up to education.

Between dozes on all the airplanes I had to ride to get to the arctic, I thought a lot about Richard Nusungiya. He was still in the Army at Nome when I drew my notice to go home and change clothes. But that was three years ago, and by my reckoning he should, by this time, be back harpooning whales at the old stand. It was a close guess.

When the old plane that I had to charter out of Nome landed on a flattish patch of snow on the beach near the village, I could spot Richard Nusungiya immediately. He was the rangiest, handsomest, most powerful-looking Eskimo I ever saw. If that was the entire population of Ikpikpuk that came swarming down the beach to meet the plane, then my old friend Richard, I decided, should be the great sachem of the tribe. He stood a foot higher than the others. It was the first time I had seen him in anything except government issue, and the sight of his caribou mukluks and the dirty-white muslin parka flapping in the wind gave me a little jab.

Sitting there looking out through the streaked isinglass, I remembered a long, low, knocked-together wooden barracks with an oil stove complicating the smells which men wearing heavy clothing bring with them into a hot room. A bunch of inductees had just come in from their physical examinations. Richard and three other bucks from his village were among them.

"This all the baggage you got, Nusungiya?" a sergeant with a fistful of papers asked him.

"That's all of our baggage."

"You mean all four of you got all your stuff in one suitcase?"

"Yes."

"Well, you better dig your own stuff out. The others are going back home." The sergeant jerked his head and said to everybody in the place, "How do you like that? Four guys living out of one suitcase!"

Everybody laughed. I guess I did too.

Richard Nusungiya squatted over the suitcase to open it, and everybody jostled into a circle to see what was in it. Inside were four neat stacks of spare mittens and mukluks, and on top of each stack was a Bible.

"Well, how do you like *(Continued on page 56)*

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Barney is up to his neck in his clients' mail. Around him, left to right, are radio's Jack Barry, Bill Slater, Gary Stevens, Bluma Goodson and Bert Parks

Dear Sir, You Cur-

When the radio-listening public writes in anger, Barney O'Donnell does the job of answering. To the flood of letters that plague the clients of his Radioland Mail Service he turns away wrath with friendly replies—5,000,000 of them a year

A LADY in a towering rage sat down at her dressing table and wrote a letter, every sentence of it exploding with indignation:

"Dear Bert Parks:

"You called me on the telephone six weeks ago and I identified the song and you said you were sending me an electric dishwasher as my prize. The dishwasher hasn't arrived. I know now you don't intend to send it. I've long suspected that all radio programs are fakes and no prizes are ever sent out. Now I'm sure of it. If I don't get my prize by Tuesday of next week, I'm going to expose you and the whole radio business to my congressman and the Federal Communications Commission and I'll put you out of business."

This gentle missive to the master of ceremonies of the Stop the Music program is just one of 70,000,000 letters radio listeners—some of them angry, some pleased, some curious and many just lonely—will write this year to radio stars, radio stations, radio networks or radio sponsors. It's typical of the more savage ones.

Bert Parks probably never saw the letter, nor, for that matter, ever heard of it. Along with thousands of others it was tossed in a mailbag and trundled by station wagon out to the Radioland Mail Service in Hollis, Long Island. There a clerk opened it, read it, and threw it into a basket marked "Special Problem"—meaning that it contained a specific rather than a general complaint. It might have gone to any one of nine letter answerers in the office but, as it happened, it landed on the desk of the founder and president of Radioland Mail Service, Inc., Barney O'Donnell, who is possibly the world's greatest expert at mollifying angry radio listeners.

"Dear Mrs. X," Mr. O'Donnell wrote back soothingly. "Bert asked me to write you as he is extremely busy this week with several shows. I have checked all the telephone numbers we called on the day you mentioned, as well as for several weeks before and after that date, and find no record of a telephone call to you. As a matter of fact, there was no call to your city that Sunday.

"I'm afraid, my dear Mrs. X, that you have been the victim of a very unfunny practical joker. This sort of thing has been happening all over the country. I can assure you that you would have received your prize promptly had Bert Parks actually called you. I can well understand your disappointment and bitterness and Bert is very sorry that any prankster should use his name to cause you such undeserved unhappiness.

"Bernard O'Donnell
"Stop the Music"

A few days later O'Donnell got a letter from the lady apologizing for her *(Continued on page 68)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GILES

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"Lonnie," Uncle Bud said, "don't you let Ruby find out about this. She sent me word not to sell you no more. She'll peel my hide off with a pair of pliers"

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Caesar needed a Gun

By JOHN WATSON

Cy Shelby undertook to instruct his son in the hard principles of the barter system, and found that the young learn too fast for comfort

IN ALL the nine years of his life, Caesar had never wanted anything the way he wanted that air gun. He had seen it and the .22 rifle—both secondhand—in the window of a pawnshop over in Silver City two weeks before. He had told his father about it every day since, and he had dreamed about it every night. But Cy Shelby had the name of being the tightest man in Chaparral County, if not in all of Texas.

"Don't let me ketch either one of you gals givin' that boy ary a dime to buy a gun," he had told his wife and her sister Dulcie, who lived with them. "I'm tryin' to train him now. I'm tryin' to learn him how to make his own money."

The women hadn't said they would or they wouldn't. Dulcie had glared at him contemptuously. "Hah!" she said. "Who's givin' who orders around here?" She was a tall, rawboned woman of about thirty. She had never married. Ever since Lonnie Gilmore had jilted her five years before, she had waged constant war against all men. And she had sworn to get even with him.

Pearl didn't say anything. A neat, middle-aged woman, she was smaller than her sister. Folks around in the neighborhood had always wondered why such a pretty girl had married a crummy old buzzard like Cy Shelby.

Cy glared back at Dulcie with his good eye. Then he went on and got the jug out from under the bed and took it over to Uncle Bud Bohannan's cabin for a refill to celebrate his birthday, only two days off. Caesar followed him.

Cy Shelby was a dried-up little weasel of a man with a stringy mustache and one eye badly out of line. He was walking a bit unsteadily that afternoon, because he had already had two drinks with Uncle Bud down on the river. When they stopped under the live oak tree on the way home, he raised the jug for another little sip and Caesar said wistfully, "Pa, it's a peckerwood up there. If I had the air gun—"

"Seven fifty is a heap of money," his father said. He replaced the cork in the jug and started on across George Bilers' mesquite pasture. "You will have to earn the money yourself, workin' for folks or sellin' them some'm you got and they want. I done told you that half a dozen times."

Before Caesar could reply, his father had seen the turkey buzzard circling around over the pit and had left the trail to go over and investigate. They found a cone-shaped hole about twenty feet across and fifteen feet deep, where the old mine tunnel had caved in. Down at the bottom a half-grown yearling stood looking up at them.

"I don't believe he's hurt," Cy said. He set the jug down and walked around the rim, trying to focus his good eye. "I wonder if George Bilers would sell him cheap, down there like he is." Before he realized what was happening, he had got too near the edge and the loose gravel was slipping away under his feet. The next thing he knew he was sliding down into the hole, fanning the air wildly like a man riding a bucking bronco.

When he got to the bottom Cy stood up. He reached down and recovered his old black felt hat and dusted the seat of his faded blue overalls with it. Then, chewing his stringy mustache in silent fury, he started climbing up the side on his hands and feet. But the gravel was loose and he couldn't make any headway. After a few attempts he gave it up.

"Caesar," he said, "you run over to Lonnie Gilmore's and tell him to come help me git out'n this durn' ditch."

Caesar didn't say anything. Standing up there on the rim in those too-big overalls that his father had discarded a year before, he shuffled his bare feet in the gravel. He glanced up at the buzzards—three now—circling around in the cloudless sky. His freckled face looked serious, as if he might have been making some kind of calculation in his head.

"What you waitin' on?" Cy said.

And then Caesar looked down at his father and spoke in a businesslike tone. "I reckon I got some'm you want now," he said, "and I reckon you got the money in your pocket to pay for it."

"Sho," Cy said sarcastically. "All right. How much?"

And Caesar said, "Twenty-five cents. Them buzzards look like they ain't et in a coon's age."

"I meant other folks!" Cy screamed at him. "I never meant for you to skin your own flesh and blood kinfolks, your own daddy. I'll give you a nickel to do it and not a red cent more."

"All right," Caesar said. "Let me have it."

Cy Shelby took the purse out of his pocket and fished for a nickel. He tossed it up to his son scornfully. "That's pore tradin'," he said. "Can't I never learn you nothin'? I told you time and agin not to never let nobody beat you down on your price."

Caesar pulled the overalls up far enough to reach the side pocket and dropped the nickel in it.

"Slide me that jug down here," Cy said. "Wedge the stopper in good and tight first."

And Caesar said, "All right. That'll be two bits."

His father looked at him as if he would have wrung his neck if he could have reached him. But he finally paid off and Caesar pushed the jug over the edge. "I got a good mind to take the buggy whip to you," Cy said. But Caesar was already gone.

Half an hour later the yearling was standing in front of Cy watching him *(Continued on page 34)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

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Treat those DRUMSTICKS

This big-city man made good on the farm—by outwitting a suicide-bound flock of turkeys

By ALFRED TOOMBS

HOBART NORMAN is a tense, lanky man with thinning hair and a faintly worried expression, whose working hours are devoted to preventing turkeys from committing suicide. This is a task which requires ingenuity and eternal vigilance, since self-destruction is one thing for which the turkey, a notoriously stupid fowl, shows a real talent.

Norman's extraordinary success in eliminating untimely death from his flocks has made him one of America's most successful turkey farmers. Until 10 years ago he was a city man. Since then he has converted a run-down farm, Charlotte Hall, Saint Marys County, Maryland, into one of the most modern and pretentious gobbler factories in the country.

Keeping turkeys healthy and happy is a job that involves some very special risks and problems. There is the menace represented by a piece of paper blowing around the farm when the moon is full; it might cause a disastrous stampede. There is the turkey's suicidal penchant for making friends with carniverous creatures. There is the problem of keeping the gobbler's ego high and his blood pressure low.

To be successful, a turkey farmer has to make certain that the young birds do not get too cold or too hot, that they don't catch their heads in crevices and strangle or catch their feet in wire and contentedly let the others trample them to death. If they get the opportunity, they will starve themselves to death or will let the other birds pick them to pieces.

Norman is on hand 24 hours a day to see that such disasters are avoided.

It was a draft on the back of his neck that got Norman out of the city and onto a farm, in the first place. The draft hit him when he was operating a grocery store in Washington, D.C., and gave him so many colds his doctor recommended that he get into some business where the cash register wasn't so close to the door. An independent soul, not caring to work for anybody else, Norman decided to move to a farm where he would be his own boss.

So he bought an old farm, consisting of 200 acres of nothing much, and moved out of the city in 1940. That year he planted corn and tobacco, the southern Maryland staple crops, and, as an afterthought, bought a few turkeys from his neighbors. Having no illusions about making a living off the land, he would get his chores out of the way early in the morning and spend the rest of the day selling brushes from door to door around the countryside. Homespun and sparing in his use of adjectives, Norman was a success as a salesman with country folk—who are wary of high-pressure talk.

"I enjoyed selling brushes," he recalls. "Made a hundred dollars every week I worked. But when I added up the books on my turkeys at the end of the year, I found my profit on them came to only $49.20."

Some men, finding they had so much influence with people and so little with turkeys, would have made an obvious choice. But the following year Norman's neighbors saw a flock of 50 expensive purebred turkeys on his farm. They came to the conclusion that he must have been very successful with his first birds. One of them suggested as much to Mrs. Norman.

"No," she replied, in the amused-but-admiring tone she uses when discussing her husband's temperament, "we did poorly with last year's turkeys. That's just it—they made him mad, so he bought some more. Says he's going to show them something this time."

Norman's victory in this matter has been conclusive. The original flock of 50 has multiplied to 7,000 birds. The old farmhouse has been remodeled into a colonnaded mansion, surrounded by lawn and stately shade trees. The colorful turkeys roam over acres of carefully cultivated pasture or take shelter from the heat in the woods at the edge of the range. Solidly built, bright white brooder houses, barns, refrigerating and power plants and an office building are within a short distance of the house.

"I don't know whether I'm a businessman on a farm or a farmer in business," Norman says, as he looks over his operation.

The turkey industry, which will market an estimated 41,000,000 birds this season for close to $400,000,000, is made up generally of specialists. These are men who breed turkeys, who operate hatcheries, who raise young birds to market size or who process and market the turkeys. Norman is one of the few big-timers who do all these things. He can convert the gleam in a tom turkey's eye into an oven-ready bird without leaving the farm.

Norman, a perfectionist about everything, supervises every operation on the place. A nervous man, who looks as if he might acquire stomach ulcers even on a farm, Norman watches his workers like a hawk to make certain they do things as he wants them done.

The economics of the turkey industry appear to be predicated upon a rags-or-riches basis. Theoretically, the turkey should be one of the cheapest kinds of meat since it converts feed into flesh with greater efficiency than almost any other domestic bird or beast. It is the turkey's unhappy habit of dying young which accounts for the high cost of Thanksgiving. These birds are subject to

Hobart Norman and his farm manager, Lyle Hessler, check flock for breeders, in fall test. Any flaw, from knock-knees to a surly look, will slate bird for the oven

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gently

practically every known disease and this, added to their ingenuity in killing themselves, makes raising them an uncertain venture. Everyone who goes into the business hopes to get rich, expects to go broke and is happy to come out even.

At the time Norman started out in earnest to show the turkeys who was boss, he was fortified with a library of information on the subject and, more important, his wife. Mrs. Norman, an attractive and friendly person, had been working in a Washington bureau. She knew as much about turkeys as she knew about the Paleolithic period, but she realized how important it was to her husband to be successful with them. Mrs. Norman now understands every phase of the operation of the farm, although she bows to her husband's superior knowledge in every detail except cooking turkeys. She works full time in the turkey business except for the hours she devotes to her bright, blue-eyed daughters, Jeanie, five, and Joanie, four.

When they moved to the farm, the Normans had only the furniture from their two-room city apartment. This gave them chairs and tables for only a few of the farmhouse's eight rooms. And they didn't have much of any equipment for raising turkeys. "So we used a spare bedroom for the incubator and another room for a brooder," Mrs. Norman recalls. "Sometimes I kept young ones under the stove in the kitchen so they'd stay warm."

New Germicide Was Too Efficient

One day Norman tried out a new germicide. Next morning he discovered the stuff had killed not only germs, but 90 of his young turkeys. It was a hard blow, but he persisted. After a couple of years of nursing his flock through sickness and danger, he was doing well enough to establish himself in the turkey business full time. As the money rolled in, Norman invested in new equipment and more buildings. He got more and more scientific in his efforts to prevent disease.

At this time Norman was breeding, hatching and growing birds which he sold at live-weight prices in Baltimore. A few days before Thanksgiving one year he was trucking his birds through downtown Baltimore when one of them escaped. He left the truck where it stood and pursued the turkey. The chase was soon enlivened by the addition of numerous pedestrians and two platoons of police. The first platoon was trying to help Norman catch the turkey. The second was simply trying to catch Norman. By this time his truck was surrounded by a crowd looking for free turkey, and the police accused him not only of blocking traffic but of inciting a riot.

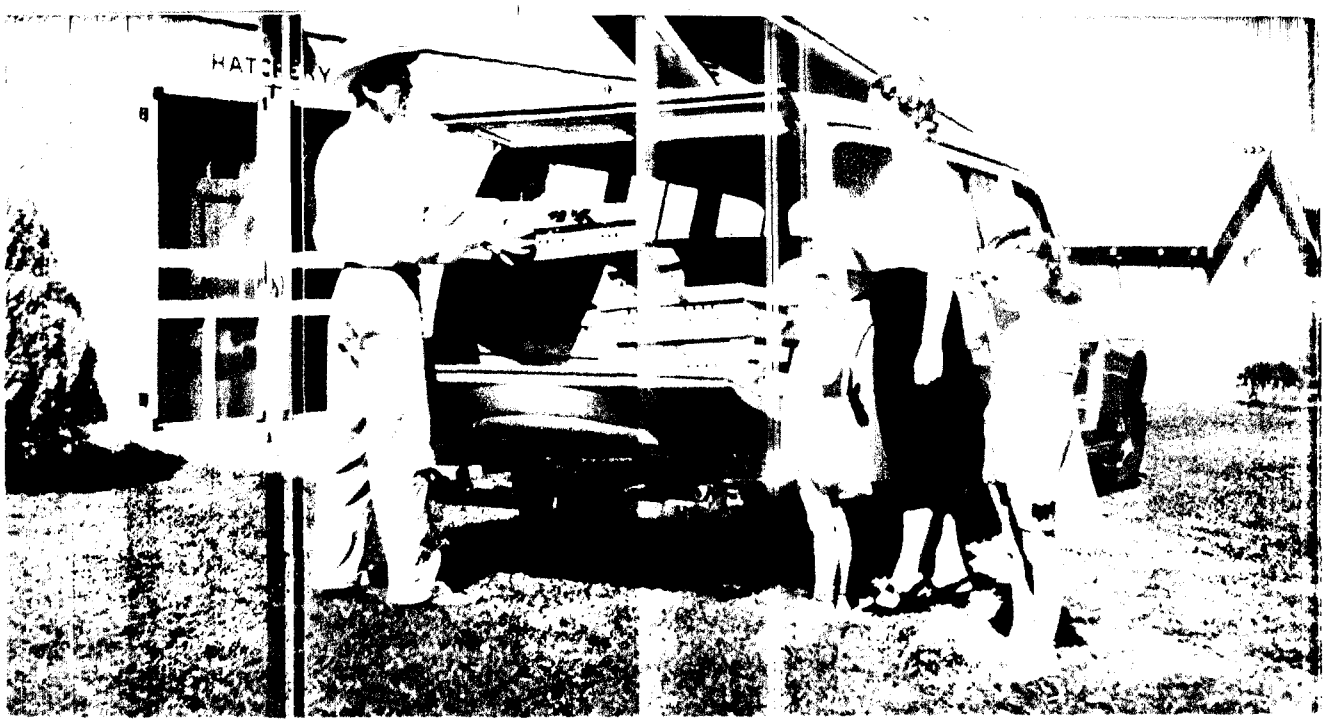
The turkey was finally recaptured, but Norman found that a parking ticket can reduce the profits. On the way home he kept comparing the price he had received for his birds with the price of turkey in the retail market. That year's profits were set aside for construction of a dressing and quick-freezing plant. After that, Norman not only grew his own birds but sold them oven-ready at retail prices. He's never chased another bird down a city street.

With Norman, there's no question about which comes first—the turkey or the egg. The backbone of his operation is the breeding flock. He raises only broad-breasted bronze turkeys, which carry a high proportion of white meat. He has developed a bird with the kind of feet, feathers and other characteristics he wants; it is known in the trade as the Norman strain.

Once he hatched a bird which had three legs. For a time he dreamed of getting on the market with a turkey that had not only ample white meat but three drumsticks.

"But it didn't live long," he says sadly.

Norman's breeding flock is selected with more care than are the members of a Yale secret society. He chooses new breeders every fall, examining



Hard working Norman sells thousands of day-old poults. Wife and daughters watch him load a shipment

After Hessler, right, records the weight on each wrapper, Norman packs the oven-ready turkeys for market

every bird from beak to toes. For reasons which could be explained only by a turkey psychiatrist, the toms cannot be touched in the process. Handling them damages their ego and makes them worthless for breeding. Norman will eliminate birds from the flock for any cause from knock-knees to a surly expression; these are sent to market. The 3,000 most nearly perfect birds are kept for breeding.

Normally, turkeys would wait until spring before they would start raising families but Norman practices a major deception by artificial lighting in December. By January the turkeys' days are getting longer and they are convinced it must be June. It takes the toms a little longer to get the proper dreamy-eyed spring look and so the lights are turned on in their pens three weeks earlier than in the hens'.

One year Norman turned on the lighting in the toms' and the hens' pens at the same time. This precipitated a crisis which the Norman business barely managed to survive. When the toms and hens were mixed, every hen in the flock was in the mood for love. They flirted and flung themselves at the toms, who paid no attention to them. When a few of the toms became aroused to the idea that spring had come early, they found themselves confronted with nearly 3,000 prospective brides.

These toms sallied forth and, first hen they came to, began their courting dance. About halfway through this ceremony, a tom would spot another flirtatious hen. He would promptly terminate his engagement to the first and run off to court his new love. Then the same thing would happen again. This went on for weeks, with dog-tired toms rushing madly from one prospective mate to another—completely unable to decide which to choose.

"It was six weeks before things straightened out," Norman recalls ruefully. "We finally got some eggs we could hatch, but by then we were way behind on orders."

The hens begin to lay eggs in January, and by February the flock is turning out 12,000 eggs a week. To Sid Ellis, quiet, good-natured hired man, falls the job of collecting the eggs from the nest. At the height of the season Sid does nothing else, making his rounds every 45 minutes.

"I figured up one day," said Norman, "that Sid walks between 8 and 10 miles every day just picking up eggs."

Ellis is a man of even fewer words than Norman. A conversation between the two will go something like this:

"Just ran over a turkey with a tractor," Ellis will say.

"Can't keep running over turkeys," Norman will reply.

"Nope."

"Make them stay out of your way."

"Yup."

Before the eggs have even been laid, growers have contracted with Norman for his entire season's output of day-old poults. It's when he puts the eggs in the incubators *(Continued on page 77)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LOU SIMON

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Cinderella Rides Again

Continuing the story of a girl who didn't need a fairy godmother

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

The Story: When JOHN V. MERRYWEATHER, the eccentric society editor of the New York Chronicle, drew up a list of the girls who were candidates to become the wife of CYRUS SAYRE FALKLAND, the country's richest young bachelor, he had never heard of BESSIE KEEGAN of Tuckapack, New Jersey. Bessie was an added starter, and none of the wealthy, famous and beautiful young women who would gladly have married the handsome Cyrus knew what serious competition Bessie was destined to be. She was an obscure little hairdresser, working in the Rosebud Beauty Salon in Tuckapack; but Bessie hated the poverty and shabbiness into which she had been born, and her ambition was to marry money. An ambition with Bessie was no mere dream: she had good looks and a scheming brain and was not burdened by scruples. One day in the Rosebud she learned that MRS. MYRA MATTHEWSON, wife of MOOSE MATTHEWSON, the country's leading amateur sportsman, needed a maid. Bessie, who wanted to study the ways of the rich, applied for the job and got it. The Matthewsons were close friends of young Falkland and of his mother, MRS. ANTOINETTE FALKLAND, famous and beloved for her many philanthropies. Bessie's Papa, JAMES KEEGAN, a hard-working bricklayer, didn't think much of Bessie's new job; neither did JAKE FUCELI, who owned a garage in Tuckapack and wanted Bessie to marry him. But Bessie was not much concerned about their objections. At Suffolk Acres, the Matthewsons' estate near Tuckapack, she waited for a chance that would further her ambition. She thought it had come when Myra Matthewson gave her a letter to mail to CLIFF QUARRIER, a man-about-town who had a doubtful reputation with women. Bessie's determination was whetted by the fact that Cyrus Falkland was staying with the Matthewsons before departing for a tour of Europe, presumably on a government mission, for he was an idealistic young man with serious ideas about the responsibilities of wealth. Bessie took Myra's letter to her room to decide exactly what use she would make of it.

PART TWO OF FIVE PARTS

BESSIE caressed Myra's letter as though it were a precious keepsake, as in a sense it was, but for reasons not in the least sentimental. The letter was a blank check on which Bessie would fill in the amount as soon as she decided what the amount should be. Not that she was after money in any crude way; her ambition went beyond mere wealth and even its pleasant appurtenances, like this splendid house and the closets of exquisite clothes which Bessie kept in order for Myra Matthewson.

These were the outward signs of what Bessie wanted; and she could not even give a name to the inward grace she believed wealth could create. It was intangible, but Bessie could recognize it in women like Myra or like Germaine Landis, who were so used to having money that they really didn't need to think about it very much—it was simply there.

Bessie was disturbed by a sudden memory of her father and annoyed with herself for being disturbed. She looked around her little room, as if its very littleness were the justification she needed. Papa would applaud her ambition, though he might grumble about it a little, and he would approve her determination to get where she wanted to go. But what would he think of the means she was using? An ugly word formed on Bessie's lips, and again her eyes roved restlessly around the room.

It was a pretty room, prettier than any Bessie had ever lived in before. The wallpaper was ivory, with tiny gold figures. On the floor was a braided rug of bright colors. But—and the bitterness rose in Bessie so that the guilt of the ugly word no longer mattered—it was a maid's room, the kind of room that people who could afford to be considerate would not begrudge a servant.

"And I am not a servant," Bessie said aloud. "I won't be a servant." Her fingers tightened on the gray envelope of the letter; the use she planned to make of it—she told herself—was legitimate. She walked quickly to the door and opened it. Then the breath almost left her body when she heard the voice of Cyrus Sayre Falkland in the corridor.

"I'll stay overnight, if I may, Moose," he was saying. Bessie closed the door, but not so much that she couldn't hear the rest of their conversation. "The plane leaves tomorrow afternoon, so I'll have to get an early start from here in the morning," Cyrus said.

"Sure, Cy," Moose said. "It couldn't have come at a more convenient time. We're closing this place for the season, you know—except we'll be back for Thanksgiving and Christmas. But Myra and I are driving into the city bright and early. Most of the things have already been moved, and most of the servants are already in the town house. You ride up with us. Plenty of room—no one else but Myra's maid, Bessie What's-Her-Name."

Their voices were more distant now. They must be standing in front of one of the guest rooms. "How long will you be in Europe, Cy, you old statesman, you?" That was Moose, being funny in his heavy-handed way. "I'll be back in less than a month," Cy said. Then a door closed and Bessie could no longer hear them . . .

Later, Bessie lay on her bed, wakeful but not minding it at all. Myra's letter to Cliff Quarrier was safely tucked away at the bottom of her little trunk, which would be stowed in the back compartment of the Matthewson's big town car in the morning. Cliff Quarrier wouldn't miss the letter, or if he did, what matter? It was not the kind of letter Myra would risk making a fuss over. In the darkness, Bessie blushed when she remembered the bold phrases of the letter; the shameless confession in language she hadn't heard except on street corners in Tuckapack. It was enough to make any decent girl blush, and Mr. Cliff Quarrier must be as nasty a bit of goods as the gossips made him out, if women wrote him letters like this.

In a room down the hall, *(Continued on page 45)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSWELL KELLER

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Bessie Keegan was tense and silent as John V. Merryweather roared in, bringing hail and thunder with him

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The Fuller the Heart, the Thinner the Wallet

By MARTIN SCOTT

Some gruesome observations of the joyous season

MOST people celebrate Christmas on December 25th. Not I. On that happy day, I survey the indiscretions which for months previously my wife has been committing in every store within a radius of 100 miles, and which are now wrapped in material resembling sheet uranium and costing fully as much. Then I call up a travel agent and discuss plane flights to Christmasless climes where the glass bead is still the basis of exchange.

It isn't that I don't attempt to get into the holiday spirit. Usually I wear a face as full of love and good cheer as that of Bela Lugosi. But far in advance of Christmas Day, I stuff a pillow in my stomach to look fat and jolly—not like Santa, exactly, but like Diamond Jim Brady, the character my wife obviously thinks I resemble most. Somehow, she always senses at Christmas that I have recently come into a large bequest; but, even if I haven't, she doesn't hold it against me. She spends it anyhow.

Yuletide at my house really commences in mid-September, when I begin singing a carol of my own composition, Deck the Halls with Boughs of Money. There is, too, a simple and old-fashioned family ritual. My wife brings in sheets of engraved paper on a silver platter. They turn out to be invitations—merchants inviting me to bust open my checkbook and settle up for the things that had brightened our lives and darkened our financial future the year before.

Each year my wife assures me that things will be different. "This Christmas you don't have to buy a single, solitary present for anyone," she says, sweetly, "but me."

With this as a premise, she proceeds along a line of logic that leaves me dizzy and bankrupt. Since I don't have to give anybody but her a present, that frees a certain amount (my total balance) for her to buy presents for other people.

But then she decides that she won't give anybody else anything after all, and she uses the funds to get the presents I am going to give her. She keeps them hidden until Christmas morning, so we'll both be surprised.

If there is anything left over—and, smart little manager that she is, she always keeps out a C note or two—she uses it to buy the birthday present I didn't give her the preceding June, when every last red cent I had was still tied up in Christmas—ah—investments.

It isn't that I don't attempt to get into the Christmas spirit

Perhaps I speak too bitterly (although I doubt that I could). There may be a certain amount of self-protection in her attitude. Somehow, I always do my shopping as early as possible. It always goes smoothly, since it takes place between 6:05 P.M. and 6:50 P.M. on Christmas Eve. My wife is always irritated by this, and it does no good for me to point out to her that by that time all the trash is cleared out of the stores and I am left with a clear choice of high-quality items.

Last year I thought of giving her a ranch-mink stole, a pair of gold earrings, a portable television set, a signed Picasso print and a sterling tea service. I considered these items carefully for a full 10 seconds and then, wisely deciding against ostentation, compromised. With a flourish, I presented the lady with a well-made, genuine American can opener; a rare old pillow stuffed with authentic Long Island duck feathers; a half-dozen clothes hangers constructed of expensive, hard-to-get wire; and some costly editions of rare, out-of-print confession magazines. She was so touched by my extraordinary generosity that she took her gifts into the bedroom and remained there most of the day, admiring them.

This year things actually are going to be different. Last July my wife handed me a list of things she wants, and intends, to find under the tree. At first glance I was puzzled. I certainly hadn't planned to give her a bay fishing rod, a pair of wading boots, a .22-caliber target rifle, three hand-carved decoys and a moose call. Those are all things that *I* need.

Then she showed me the list of stuff she is giving me: a ranch-mink stole, a pair of gold earrings, a portable television set, a signed Picasso print and a sterling tea service.

"You see how it just might work out on Christmas morning?" she explained, brightly. "If by any chance you don't want the stole I'm giving you, I'll trade it for those wading boots you're giving me. If I don't want the bay fishing rod, I can trade it to you for . . ."

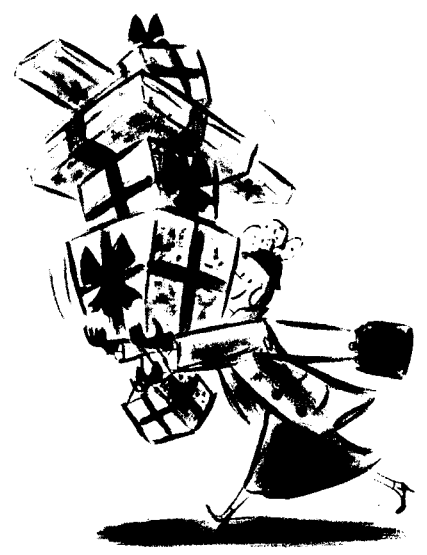
And so on, ad infinitum, which, freely translated, is the length of time it will be before I can walk on the main streets without dodging irate merchants.

One consolation in all this comes each March, when the income tax people hand me their annual set of veiled threats. Christmas always provides me with a number of deductions. Not, I hasten to add, the presents I buy—but I can take off the headache remedies I consume while regarding the bills; the cost of repairing teeth broken while chewing pencils and figuring out where the next meal is coming from; and the brief call on the psychotherapist to find out why I always feel as though someone is following me.

There is one other consolation, a bit of philosophy my wife is fond of repeating. "Remember," she says, her eyes shining eagerly, "it's not the spirit that counts—it's the gift."

Merry Christmas to all—and particularly to my warm friends in small claims court, whom I will be seeing again before long. THE END

I feel as though someone is following me



Her line of logic leaves me dizzy and bankrupt

I'll see my friends in small claims court

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NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

Exhaustive Research by Eminent Dental Authorities Proves How Using Colgate Dental Cream Helps Stop Tooth Decay Before it Starts!

NOW dental science offers *proof* that always brushing teeth with Colgate's right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts! Proof—based on hundreds of case histories, two years of continuous research at leading universities—the most *conclusive* proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay.

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst after meals or snacks. When you brush your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating, you help remove acids before they can harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices in teeth where food particles often lodge.

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No claim is made that using Colgate's can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the *proved* way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream.

X-RAYS SHOW HOW PROPER USE OF COLGATE'S HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

Under the direction of eminent dental authorities, one group of college men and women always brushed their teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating—while another group followed their usual dental care. The average of the group using Colgate's as directed was a startling reduction in number of cavities—*far less tooth decay!* The other group developed new cavities at a much higher rate.

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Always Use Colgate's To Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth—And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

NO OTHER DENTIFRICE OFFERS PROOF OF THESE RESULTS

Caesar Needed a Gun

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

try to roll a cigarette, when Lonnie Gilmore and Caesar appeared at the rim of the hole. Lonnie was long and skinny as a rail, dressed in blue jeans that fit him like the skin. He had a month's growth of beard on his face. His big nose was already pointed at the jug. "You been over to Uncle Bud's, huh?" he said.

"Sho," Cy said. "Where's the rope? Didn't Caesar tell you I had fell in a ditch?"

But Lonnie wasn't looking at Cy. His eyes were on the jug, his mouth open, dry as a bone. He was thinking about what his wife had said. "If I ever ketch you drunk agin," Ruby had told him, "we're through. Me and the kids are goin' back home to Ma."

"You just keep your britches on," Lonnie said. "We don't need no rope. I can boost you out of there in no time." And before Cy knew it, he had sat down and was sliding into the hole.

When Lonnie reached the bottom he stood up with the jug already in his hands. He winked at Cy. "Just a little one," he said. "She won't never know it."

Lonnie took a long drink, stopped for breath, sighed contentedly, and set the jug down. "Git ready now," he said. "Git your position. You better kinda hunker down so I can git my shoulder in the seat of your britches."

They tried it that way several times, but they couldn't even get started up the side. Then Lonnie tried it alone, with the same result. Finally he gave it up and went back to the jug.

"We got to have a rope," Cy said. "Caesar."

And Caesar said, "Yes sir."

"This here is your daddy talkin' now. This is all in the family. You understand?"

"Yes sir."

And Cy said, "You go on across the pasture to the big road and you stop the first man that comes along and bring him over here. I'll tell him what to do when he gits here. You understand?"

"Yes sir," Caesar said. "All right." But he didn't move out of his tracks.

"What you waitin' for?"

"The money," Caesar said. "You clean forgot the two bits."

Cy argued and threatened and took off his old black hat and beat the bald spot on the top of his head with the heel of his hand. But in the end he paid off.

CAESAR was gone about an hour and came back with Jim Henry Jenkins. Jim Henry was twenty-one years old, but he didn't look to be over seventeen. A shy, timid boy with a pink, girlish face and a pug nose, he was wearing a summer suit that was several years too young for him. A cheap hard-straw hat was cocked over one ear, and he was smoking a store-bought cigarette daintily, like a woman.

Cy told Jim Henry to go over to George Bilers' place and get a rope. But Jim Henry didn't much want to do it, because he was on his way over to have supper with Mabel Craft and make the final plans for their wedding the next night.

They argued around a while and finally Cy talked him into going after the rope. That was when Jim Henry's feet slipped out from under him and he slid into the hole. He always declared afterward that somebody pushed him, but Caesar denied it till the last.

Lonnie offered the jug to Jim Henry before he had time to get up. "Have a little snort," he said.

"I thank you kindly," Jim Henry said, "but I don't drink."

"Don't be usin' up all my drinkin' liquor," Cy said. "I was aimin' on savin' it for a celebration day after tomorrow."

Lonnie wasn't surprised at this, because Cy Shelby had the reputation of being mighty closefisted. "Foot, man," he said, "it's plenty more where this come from." Then he looked up at Caesar. "Boy, you run over to Uncle Bud's and tell him to send me another gallon. My credit's good. Just tell him Lonnie Gilmore is havin' a party."

"Sho," Caesar said. "Throw the quarter up here."

Lonnie turned to Cy. "What is all this business about quarters?" he demanded. "How you got your young'uns trained?"

"I never meant for him to fleece his own daddy," Cy said, "and his own friends. I told him, I said, 'Son, if you have got some'm that somebody else wants real bad, make him pay for it.' "

"Oh," Lonnie said. "Yes. I see." And he took out his long snap purse and threw the quarter up to Caesar.

Cy Shelby focused his good eye on his son while his other eye looked at his nose. "Tell Uncle Bud to bring a rope over here," he said—half threatening, half pleading.

"Tell him that for the same quarter?" Caesar said.

"Yes!" Cy bellowed. "What you take us for, millionaires?"

And Caesar said, "That'll be a different two bits. I reckon you'll have to use some of your liquor money."

"Let him go ahead on," Lonnie said. "Me and Jim Henry can boost you out of here soon as we have a little snort."

Cy and Lonnie fell into an argument, and before they had got it settled Caesar had come back and brought Uncle Bud with him.

Uncle Bud Bohannan was a short, fat, happy-go-lucky bachelor of about fifty. "Howdy," he chuckled, standing up there above them with the jug under one arm and the ax across his shoulder with a three-pound yellow cat and the frying pan hanging on it. Caesar had set another jug on the edge of the pit.

"Lonnie," Uncle Bud said, "you better not let Ruby find out about this. You know she sent me word not to sell you no more. She'll peel my hide off with a pair of pliers."

"Hah," Lonnie snorted. "What she don't know won't hurt her none."

"Where's the rope at?" Cy asked, looking not at Uncle Bud, but at Caesar.

"What rope is that?" Uncle Bud said. "He never mentioned no rope. He said Lonnie was havin' a party out there in George Bilers' pasture. What you doin' down in that hole?"

Taskmasters, All

To please my boss I always strive
For I am eager to arrive.

My boss at work, my mate at home
Both keep me busy in my dome.

But *they're* not hard to satisfy.
The toughie is another guy

With whom I have to live and be
At peace—my Problem Child is Me.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

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"Bring that jug on down here," Lonnie demanded.

And Uncle Bud said, "So I asked Caesar, 'What kind of a party?' And he said, 'I don't know. Lonnie never told me. He just wants another gallon.' And I said, 'Oh, that kind of a party, huh? How many?' And he said, 'Three.' And I said, 'That'll be four with me. Just right for a poker game. We better take *two* jugs and a bite to eat.' "

"You'll have to run back and git a rope," Cy said.

"That's all tomfoolishness," Lonnie snorted. "If three grown men can't boost you out of here— Bring that jug on down. This here one's empty."

"I can throw ary a one of you out of there by myself," Uncle Bud boasted. And he picked up the other jug and went sliding on down into the hole.

UNCLE BUD passed the jugs around and took a greasy pack of cards out of his overalls pocket. But by that time it was beginning to get a little crowded in the hole, so they decided to kill the yearling. Uncle Bud handed Cy the ax and he knocked the calf in the head. Then Lonnie took out his long, slender frog-sticker and slit him open. They voted to let Uncle Bud dispose of the parts they couldn't use.

"Sho now," Uncle Bud said. "Did you ever see a fat man try to throw the insides of a cow out of a hole twenty feet deep without a shovel?"

They all tried it, but by that time even Jim Henry had sampled the jug a few times, so they gave it up. Since it was beginning to get dark Uncle Bud gave Caesar a dime to throw some wood down and he built a fire and cooked the catfish and parts of the calf. After supper they got the poker game started, using the rest of the yearling for a table and Jim Henry's coat for a cover.

"Any of you folks got a job of work you want done?" Caesar said. And Lonnie said, "You run on home now and tell your man-hatin' Aunt Dulcie it's four men havin' a big bunch of fun out here and it ain't nothin' in Godamighty's world she can do about it." So Caesar sauntered on out across the mesquite pasture and went home.

When Caesar walked into the kitchen his mother and Dulcie were cooking supper. Pearl had to pay him twenty-five cents to find out where Cy was and what he was doing. She was just getting ready to give him another quarter to take the calf rope out there and help all four of them out of the hole when Dulcie interrupted.

"Wait," Dulcie said. "Day after tomorrow is Cy's birthday. Why don't we fix up a surprise party for him?"

And Pearl said, "Keep him in the hole till then, you mean?"

Sure," Dulcie said. "We could bake a cake and make ice cream and ever'thing."

Pearl thought it over. "Sounds all right," she said. "I never would of thought of it, but I speck he'd git a heap of pleasure out of a party like that."

"We could invite his three friends over too," Dulcie said. The more she thought of the plan, the better she liked it. If Lonnie Gilmore was exposed to three gallons of Uncle Bud Bohannan's homemade honeydew corn juice for two days and nights, he would be as tight as a peafowl. Ruby sure would fix his clock. Maybe she would even shoot him with the double-barreled shotgun.

"All right," Pearl said. "If you'll help me with the fixin's. Won't Cy be surprised when he walks in and sees it!"

An hour or two later Dulcie went back in the shed room where Caesar was sitting by a kerosene lantern, reading the hair-raising adventures of Two Gun Charlie, who could strike a match at sixty steps with a Colt .45. "I just happened to think," she said, "if you was to go over and see Ruby Gilmore tomorrow I speck you could sell her a bill of goods."

WHEN the sun came up the next morning, Caesar was dangling his feet over the edge of the hole watching the buzzards—dozens of them now—lined up on the other side, looking hungrily at the carcass of the yearling. Cy took a dime out of his pocket and threw it up to him. "Son," he said, "I want to buy ten cents' worth of information."

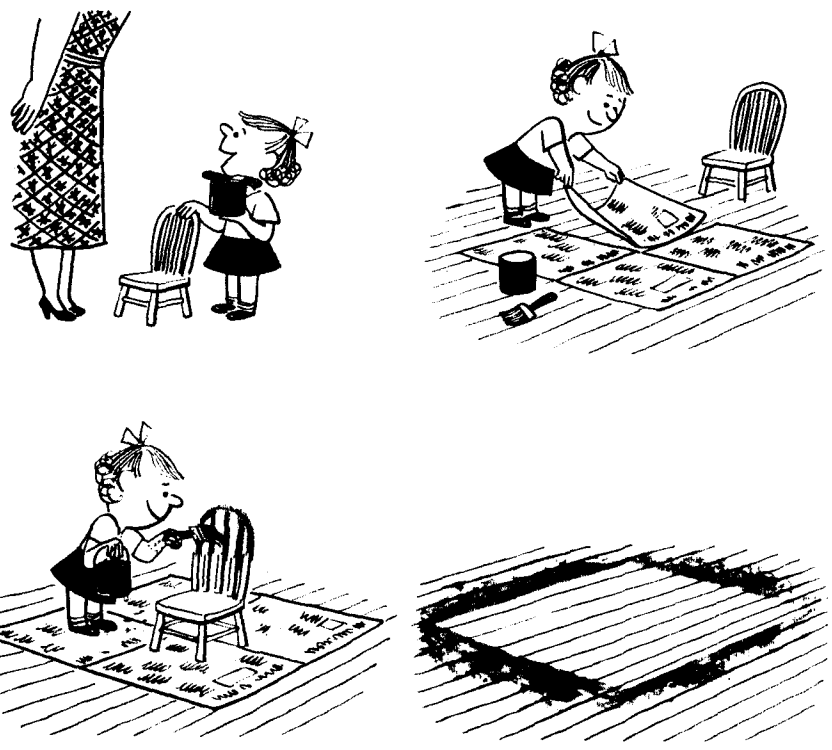
And Caesar said, "All right. What you want to know?"

"What did your ma say about me layin' out all night?"

"She never said nothin'. That's the way her and Aunt Dulcie planned it."

"So that man-hatin' Aunt Dulcie has been makin' plans, has she?" Cy said,

SISTER



COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"A gift started me playing our piano again!

Year before last, Ralph and I bought a piano. I was tickled pink at the time.

Somehow, though, as the months passed, I found myself playing less and less. I felt badly about it, and I could see that Ralph was disappointed too.

But last Christmas changed that! The children had opened several packages. Then Ralph led me over to the piano. I couldn't dream what he was up to.

On the piano bench was a gorgeous package, tagged with my name. I tore into the wrappings!

"Oh, Ralph! It's a beautiful—!"

"—Solovox, honey! Here, I'll show you," Ralph offered.

—I got a Solovox for Christmas!"

In a wink, Ralph had attached the Solovox to the piano and showed me how to play it. Soon I was excitedly trying the voices; instrumental solo effects of clarinet, cello, violin—heavens, there must be a hundred others! I'm still finding new ways to play pieces I used to know.

The Solovox has made our piano the center of family gatherings, a new source of musical pleasure.

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his voice wavering between outrage and despair. "What in the name of sweet smilin' Judas has she studied up now?"

"Well," Caesar said, "when I got home last night, Mamma bought a quarter's worth of what I had and she wanted. I told her you had fell in a hole with Lonnie and Jim Henry and Uncle Bud, but you wasn't hurt."

"Sho," Cy said. "You been makin' money at home too, I see. So why didn't she send somebody on over here to git me out?"

"That's what she was goin' to do. But it was Aunt Dulcie that happened to think of a better plan. 'Caesar,' she said, 'did you say Lonnie Gilmore was in that hole too?' And I said, 'Yes ma'am, if nobody ain't got him out yet.' And she said, 'Well now, ain't that nice?' "

"I knowed it!" Lonnie shouted. "That old hatchet-faced battle-ax."

"Hell ain't got no fury," Cy said, "like a lantern-jawed, six-foot woman that's been jilted."

"She figures she'll keep me in here," Lonnie said, "till the buzzards pick my bones."

Cy looked at his son again. "How long?" he said.

"A right smart spell, I guess," Caesar said. "So they can fix up the surprise."

"What surprise is that?"

And Caesar said, "It's some folks payin' me good wages not to tell."

"Sho," Cy said. "I understand. You're playin' both ends. That's good business. Sometime you remind me, I'll have to learn you some'm about ethics. But not now."

"I can't stay in here till tomorrow," Jim Henry said. "Me and Mabel Craft is supposed to git married tonight. That low-down Ellis Tiner is just hopin' I won't show up, so he can git her."

And Cy said, "Caesar, if I was to give you more than the womenfolks is payin' you, do you think maybe you could go git us a rope and tie it to the tree up there?"

"No sir," Caesar said. "I reckon not."

"Sho," Cy said. "I see. You can forget about the lesson I mentioned a while ago. Too much ethics would ruin a good business."

UNCLE BUD yawned and stretched. He said he wasn't in any particular hurry to go home, he'd just as leave continue with the game. So he tossed a quarter up to Caesar and told him to go over to his cabin and get another jug of liquor.

"What's he aimin' on doin' with all that big bunch of money?" Lonnie asked after Caesar had left. "Buy him a airplane?"

"No," Cy said. "A gun. It's two of them in the pawnshop in Silver City, a .22 rifle and a air gun. His Aunt Dulcie has just about talked him into buyin' the air gun. She told him, she said, 'If you was to ketch a man bendin' over tyin' his shoestrings or pickin' cotton, you couldn't shoot him with a .22.'"

"You see, Jim Henry," Lonnie said, "what a woman will do to a man? And you frothin' at the mouth to git in double harness."

"I told him to buy the .22," Cy said, "even if it is a little older, because it only costs five dollars and the air gun costs seven fifty. But a chap don't listen to his daddy these days. He's in cahoots with the women."

After a while Caesar came back with the jug and slid it down into the hole. "Any of you folks need anything else?" he asked.

"Sho," Lonnie said, peering at him from under sleepy, drooping eyelids. "I want you to saddle over to town and buy the biggest firecracker you can find and put it under your Aunt Dulcie and stick a match to it."

Caesar ignored him. He watched a buzzard swoop down into the hole and saw Cy slap at it with his hat. Then he turned and walked out across the pasture toward Lonnie's house.

When he got there Ruby was sitting on the front gallery, gazing absent-mindedly at the three kids making mud pies in the yard. She had on a worn-out calico dress with the sleeves torn off at the shoulders, revealing arms as brown as her bare feet and legs. "Howdy, son," she said. "You seen anything of that man of mine?"

"Sho," Caesar said. "I can't tell you where he's at till tomorrow, but I can tell you what he's been doin' all night. It'll cost you two bits, though."

"It ain't worth it," Ruby said. "I done already got a pretty good idea. I'll give you a nickel and not a penny more."

Caesar thought it over. "You want to buy five cents' worth of information. Is that it?"

"Yes," Ruby said. "Information about Lonnie Gilmore." She went in the house and came back with the nickel.

"He's been at a party all night," Caesar said. "He's still at it. The kind of party where they have three or four gallons of Uncle Bud's liquor."

"That's enough," Ruby said. "That's a big nickel's worth. I know the rest. Drunk and carousin' around all night with a town woman on his lap. You tell him he nee'n to come back. Me and the chaps won't be here."

"He'll be home tomorrow night," Caesar said. "Leastwise I guess he will. The party he's at now will be over then, but another one will start. I don't know if he's goin' to it or not."

"All right," Ruby said. "I'm much oblige to you. He knows I'll be gone. I done warned him. I warned Uncle Bud too. They think they'll bring them floozies in my house. But they got another think a-comin'. This house won't even be here tomorrow night."

"You want to buy some more information?" Caesar said. "I can tell you who's at the party for a quarter."

And Ruby said, "No. I b'lieve not. I thank you kindly. I got to pack some stuff now. You make yourself at home."

Caesar was already out the gate when Ruby called him back. "You runnin' errands for folks too?" she asked.

"Sho," Caesar said. "Any kind of a job you got, just so the pay is good."

Ruby handed him a fifty-cent piece. "I want you to ketch a ride to Silver City," she said. "Go to the courthouse and ask folks to show you which one is Mr. Judson Hawkins."

"Sho," Caesar said. "All right."

"Tell Mr. Hawkins he can buy a jug of liquor cheap from Uncle Bud Bohannan. Tell him how to find the place . . . I got to go pack that stuff now."

AT SUNUP the next morning Caesar was sitting on the edge of the hole. "Any of you folks got a job of work you want done?" he asked. "I ain't got but only four seventy-five. Aunt Dulcie promised me another four bits if you was all still in the hole this mornin'. That'll be enough to buy the .22 and a box of shells."

But they wouldn't hire him to do anything, so he went on off and they didn't see him again until six o'clock that evening, when he and his mother drove up in the wagon.

The men didn't say a word while Pearl tied one end of the rope to the wagon wheel and threw the other end down in the hole. They climbed up the side one at a time and then Lonnie said, "Howd do, Miz Shelby. It's a nice day, ain't it?"

And Pearl said, "Yes. It sho God is. I wonder could all you boys drive over to the house and set a spell? Maybe you'd like to play a game of cards and have some lemonade."

"Why sho," Lonnie said. "We'd admire to." And they all got in the wagon and went home with Pearl, because they didn't want to miss that surprise.

When they drove up to the house Cy didn't see anyone except his own kids romping around in the yard, and three men sitting on the front gallery. He knew George Bilers and old man Elbert Adams, but he didn't know the stranger with the big white hat on who was smoking a cigar.

Since Pearl didn't offer to introduce him, they all thought he was part of the surprise and they went on in the house. When they got in the dining room they saw the cake on the table and the ice-cream freezer sitting on the floor. Aunt Dulcie was standing in the doorway to the kitchen with a new red dress on and the butcher knife in her hand, singing Happy Birthday.

Cy thought it was as little as he could do to show his appreciation after they had gone to all that trouble, so he said, "Well now, Pearl, this *is* a surprise!"

But when they started to cut the cake and dish up the ice cream, Jim Henry excused himself. He said he had to hurry on over to Mr. Craft's place.

"You nee'n to be in no big hurry," Dulcie said. "Because Mabel and Ellis Tiner got married this mornin' and went to Santone on their honeymoon."

About that time George Bilers walked up and put his hand on Cy's shoulder. "I guess you boys won't forget to make up forty dollars amongst yourselves," he said, "and pay me for that yearlin' of mine you barbecued."

And Cy said, "Sho. We was just fixin' to do that. Have a piece of cake, George, and a dish of ice cream. This here's my birthday."

"Speakin' of cattle, Cy," old man Elbert Adams said, "that chap of your'n—what's his name? Caesar?—he shot that prize bull of mine square between the eyes with a .22 rifle this evenin'. I guess you'd rather settle out of court."

Cy said, "Yes. Sho I would. Caesar!"

"I'm goin' to take it back," Caesar said, "and git the air gun. Aunt Dulcie paid me two fifty more. The .22 won't shoot straight. I was aimin' it at a rabbit way off to the right and it hit a cow way off to the left."

Dulcie brought a dish of ice cream and a piece of cake over and offered it to Lonnie. "No thank you," he said. "I done et. I speck I better be gittin' on over to the house."

"Land sakes!" Pearl said. "You mean you ain't heard about it yet? Why, your house—the one you had rented, that is—it burnt to the ground last night."

"That so?" Lonnie said. "Where's Ruby and the kids?"

And Pearl said, "Ruby loaded the furniture and the kids in the wagon yesterday about sundown and struck out for her pa's place. But she didn't quite make it. They got her in the jailhouse for arson. They was lookin' for you to come bail her out."

LONNIE turned to Jim Henry. "You see," he said, "what a woman will do to you? You're lucky. You stay single, like Uncle Bud Bohannan."

Then the stranger with the big white hat in his hand and the cigar in his mouth said, "Is that fat one Mr. Bohannan?"

And Dulcie said, "Yes sir. Excuse my manners. I thought you was acquainted."

"No ma'am," the stranger said. "I believe not. Judson Hawkins is the name. United States Revenue Officer."

"So you found it, huh?" Uncle Bud said. "Who tipped you off?"

And Mr. Hawkins said, "We ain't supposed to say. Matter of ethics."

Cy and Lonnie went on out in the front yard and squatted down against a post oak tree, each with a dish of ice cream and a piece of chocolate cake in his hands. "What you aimin' to do, Lonnie?" Cy said.

And Lonnie said, "I don't know. I don't know what I'm goin' to do. But I sho God wisht I knowed how much of this business Caesar sold to buy a gun and how much Dulcie give me free of charge for jiltin' her." THE END

COLLIER'S "I hope it won't give us any trouble. All we could get was the one-go-out-and-they-all-go-out kind" ROBERT DAY

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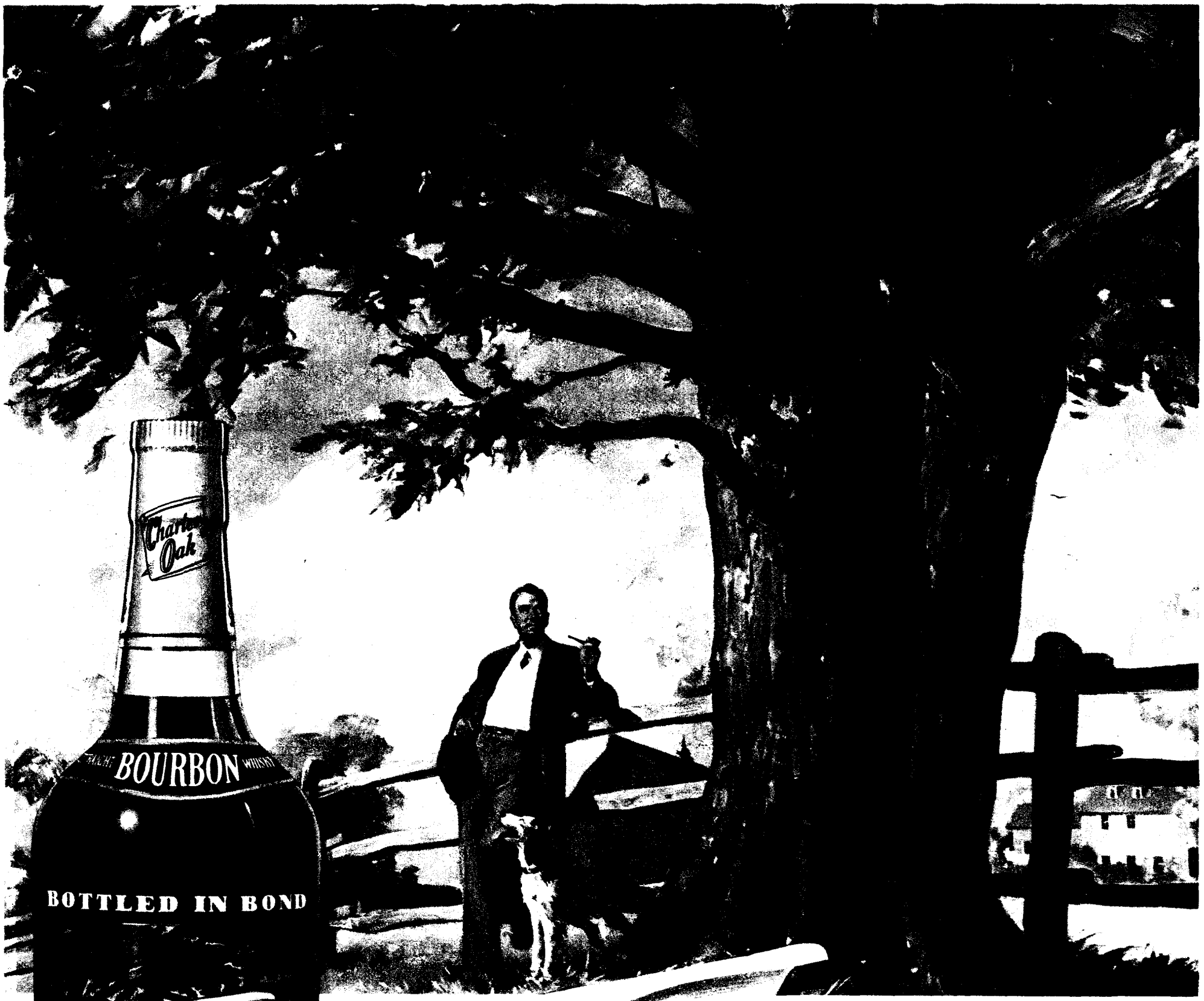

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HOME SWEET

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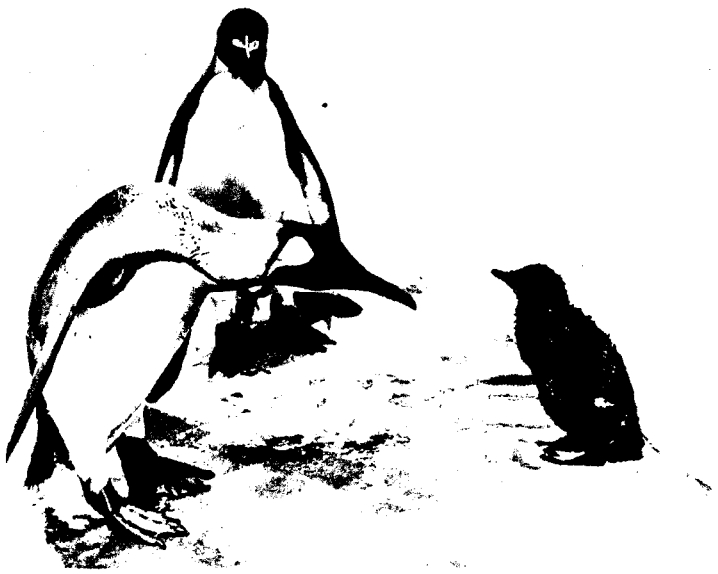
Sunday-school choir practice



"I thought I told you to stay out of the mud"

"All the other parents agree that you're giving the children entirely too much homework"

"Any old time you want to take care of the house, I'll trade jobs"

"Don't keep asking me why! The answer is just NO!"

"Your mother has suggested that we have a little man-to-man talk, son"

Boy whose mother bought a cereal with no premium in it

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ZOO

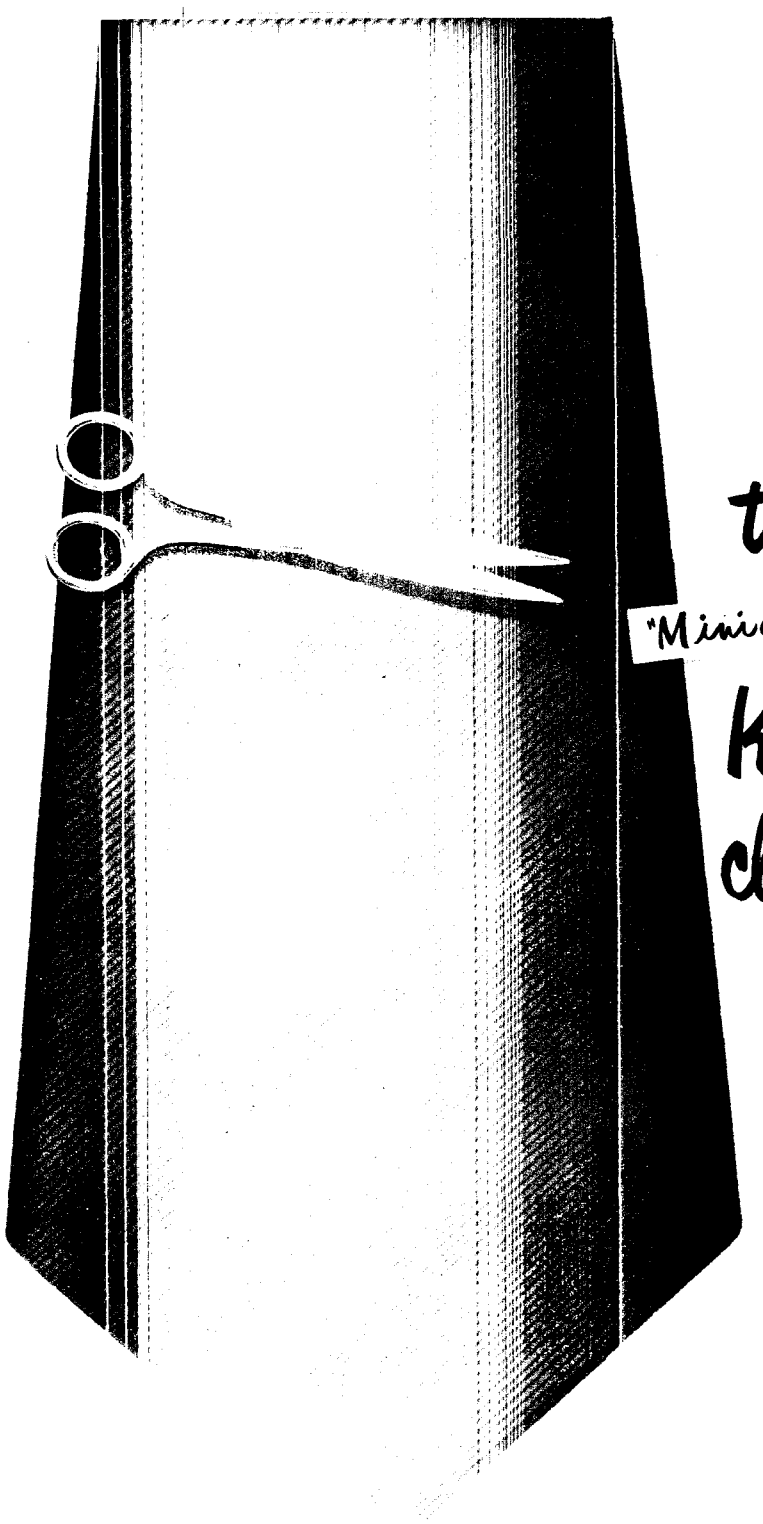
By CLARE BARNES, JR.

The author of White Collar Zoo goes domestic

"Now you get in your room, and stay there"

"And you want another child!"

"I hope one of you scouts remembered to bring some matches"



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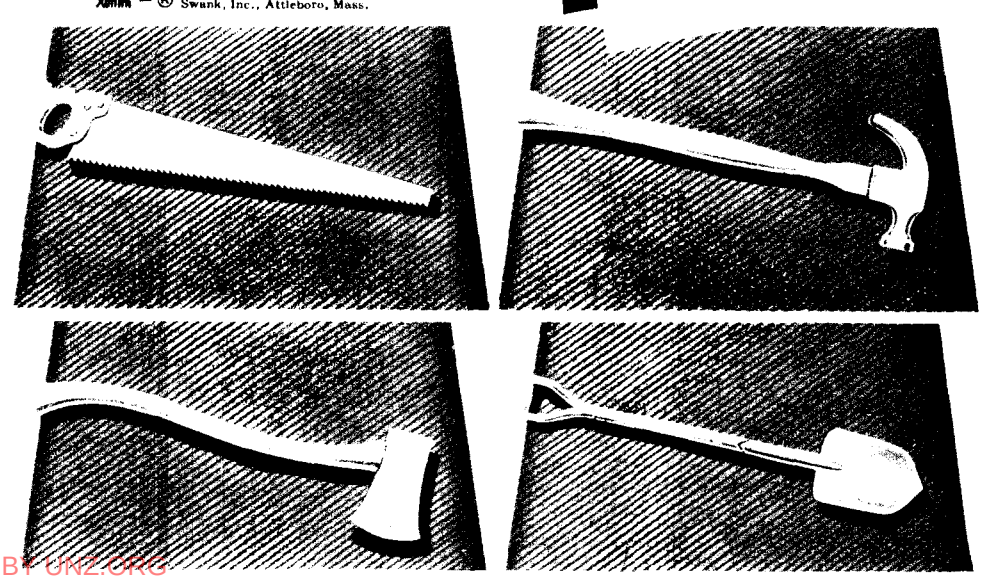

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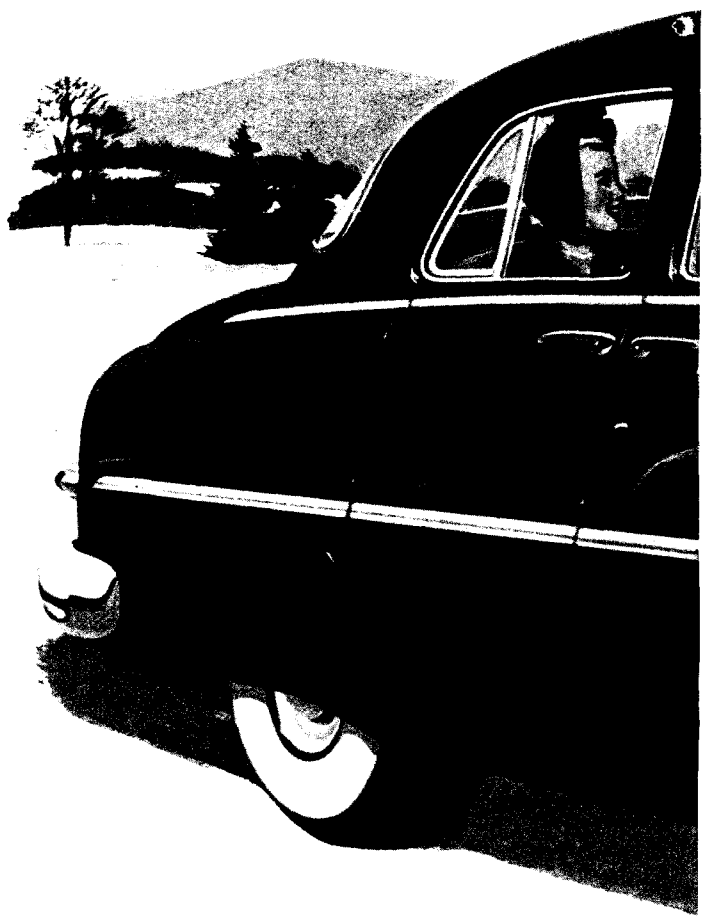
"Better than ever"



the new 1950 MERCURY

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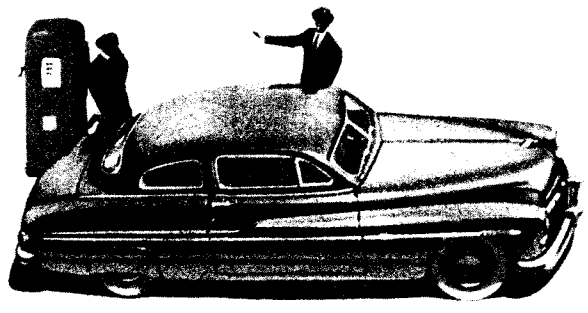

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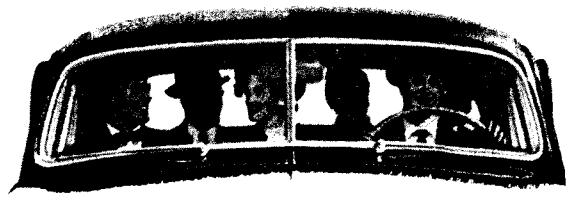

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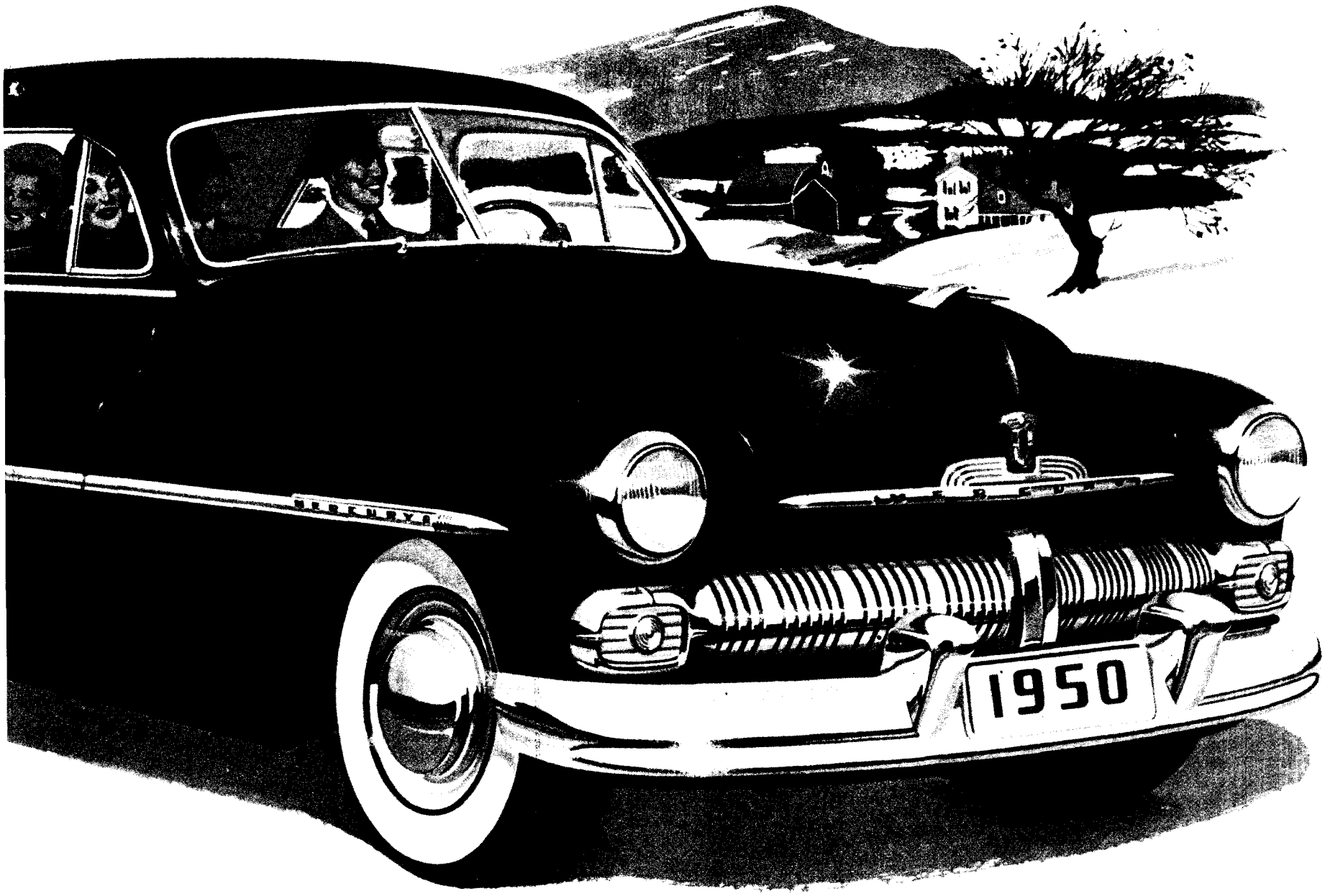

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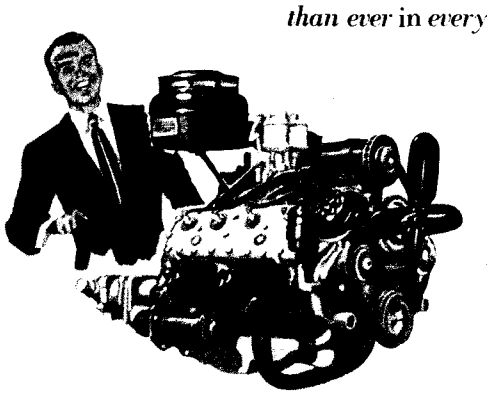

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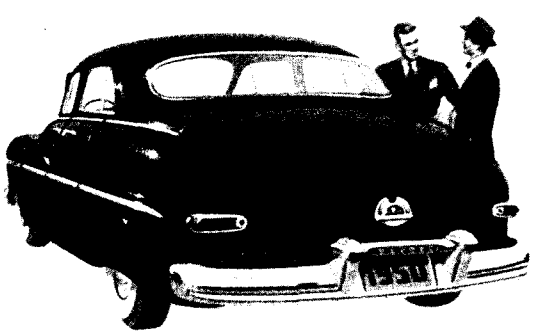

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Kiss Her Like You Meant It

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

into the living room which was full of people milling around. Standing by the fireplace was a tall slim girl and she turned around and Grace said, "Bill, I don't think you know Miss Blair," and William stood stock-still and stared while Time went whirling past him backward in a sort of Einstein manner, and after a little he realized that his mouth was open and he said, "Is your name Phillips?" and Grace said, "I just told you her name was Blair."

William said, "Oh," and did mathematics very fast in his head. The mathematics showed him that This Girl couldn't be That Girl because that had been twenty years ago when William had not been forty-three, and it couldn't be her daughter, either, because he knew that she hadn't been married until she was twenty-nine and that would have been only eleven years ago and This Girl was certainly over twenty. That little matter cleared up, he coughed and said, "How do you do?" very loud into a dead silence. Then he took a book Mr. Pascoe, the director, gave him and went in the kitchen for his cue.

The kitchen was quite full of a young couple waiting for cues and also kissing each other, and William said, "Sorry," whereat they just waited for cues, but William wanted to go down cellar again and collect his thoughts. It was quite a collection and he didn't hear them call to him. The young man in the kitchen tapped him on the shoulder and said, "I think that's your entrance, sir," and William bounced into the living room with the book in his hand, still closed. He was shown the place while everybody waited. He looked up and saw This Girl who looked so like That Girl smiling at him and he wished she would go away, but then he realized that she was probably *supposed* to be smiling at him. The director showed him the place again and William read, "Good God!" very convincingly, that being his first line and also his opinion.

"We'll have to change that," said a lady named Mrs. Wainwright.

"Oh, God!" said the director, not quoting. "All right, we'll make it 'Good Lord.'"

"That's quite all right," said Mrs. Wainwright.

"Write it in, Bill," said Grace. William took a pencil out of his pocket, crossed out "Good God" and thoughtfully wrote "Good God" over it.

"Come in again, Bill," said Mr. Pascoe.

WILLIAM went back to the kitchen. This time he kept his eyes on the place and entered promptly and said, "Good God!"

"Bill!" said Grace unhappily. "We changed it."

"Oh, did we?" said William and got his pencil again.

"Once more," said Mr. Pascoe who was a man of infinite patience which was why he was still sane and healthy.

This time William said "Good Lord" and the action proceeded. William had a brief break and found himself staring bug-eyed at a coming speech and presently he heard himself saying, "I'm not going into any song and dance about suicide. You'll go your way and I mine, and our lives will work out, I suppose. But don't think the spring rain will ever sound the same to me again or that I'll ever see primroses growing under apple trees without being here with you. I will never be far away and this will never be long ago."

They had been in a cherry, not an apple orchard, and he had spoken in rather less poetic and considerably less rounded phrases, but this was a neat and nearly perfect paraphrase of what William had said to That Girl many years before. He felt his mind turning somersaults again and every time he looked up he blushed, so he stopped looking up and just kept his eyes on the script. The words and situations went right on repeating history, and finally the act ended and everyone was very quiet. He saw that the little Bingham kid, who was in charge of properties, was crying.

"Hey!" said Mr. Pascoe. "We've found an actor."

EVERYONE went home. William made himself a nice, stiff highball. Grace followed him into the pantry.

"Bill, f'r Heaven's sake, you can act."

"Ah-h . . ."

She hugged him and he poured her a drink and they sat down at the kitchen table.

"I thought I'd forgotten," he said to the darkened window and wished he could withdraw it.

"Oh, you don't forget how to act," said Grace and he sighed with relief. "But I can't get over my not knowing about you. Believe me, you'll be called on from now on."

"It's kind of fun," he said, remembering the respectful silence and Sue Bingham's girlish tears.

"What hit you when you met the Blair woman?" asked Grace. "You were struck dumb."

"Funny thing," said William deciding on the truth but not the whole truth, "she looks kind of like somebody I used to know."

"Oh," said Grace yawning. "She just came to town this fall. She teaches in the high school."

"She does?" said William. That Girl would never have thought of teaching.

A cold spell set in and Johnny Prescott went on being sick and wrote the director that while he hated to leave the group in such a tough spot, he just couldn't do the lead. So William was given the part and went on repeating his youth in words and later in action. He was good at that, too. Mr. Pascoe was pleased. He said most amateurs walked around a kiss, the first time anyway, as if it were a hooded cobra. Not William. His heart was in it, or at least his heart's memory.

Into the off-stage personality of Ellen Blair, teacher of home economics, he did no research. At rehearsals she was a character named Gay Worthing. That Girl had been named Nancy Phillips, but this character Gay Worthing, through the playwright, spoke words that Nancy Phillips had used, or a reasonable facsimile; and in the person of Ellen Blair she looked and moved and sounded like Nancy Phillips in a facsimile that was unreasonable and uncanny. Thus revisiting the glimpses of the moon three times a week and at the same time getting much warm praise for his acting ability, William changed the swing of his walk a little and was more than occasionally surprised to see how tall his sons were getting.

So came the night of the performance. William made Grace drive to the high school whose stage the Curtain and Cue Club, Inc., rented. His hands were shaking.

"Oh, God!" said William to the night.

Grace glanced at him and smiled. "It'll pass," she said.

"It's all very well for you," he said. "All you have to do is ring up the curtain and move things around. They're going to be *looking* at me."

"I know. I've been through it. We all go through it, even the big shots."

"Why I ever let you talk me into this—"

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"Look, Barrymore. I didn't talk you into anything, except to ask you to read lines one night. After that you were about as reluctant to act as Napoleon was to fight."

He said nothing more, but merely wished they might have an accident which would spare Grace and the boys but kill him. They didn't. He walked onto the stage at the proper time and played Himself When Young very captivatingly indeed. He had never known before what a lovely noise a lot of people could make just clapping their hands.

The evenings seemed curiously empty after that. William often took the boys to the movies. He said he found Clark Gable unconvincing.

WHEN it was at last time for work on the next play, The Rings of Saturn, to begin, Johnny Prescott accepted a minor part with sportsmanship tinged with melancholy and William accepted the lead with a false show of reluctance.

"Hey, Bill," said Grace when he came in the next night, "guess who's going to play the lead opposite you."

"Ellen Blair?"

"Nope. Me."

"You!"

"Well, why not? I've played leads."

"Yeah, sure. I just wondered if it's a good idea casting a husband and wife —you know—"

"We're husband and wife in the play. And look at the Lunts."

"Yeah," said William, "there are the Lunts. Sure."

The Conovers turned out to be distinctly unlike the Lunts. William, removed from his spell of his lost youth, was quite dreadful.

"Bill," said Mr. Pascoe who was in a state of chronic despair, "look, Bill. Put some—some stuff in it. You're crazy about her. She's going to leave you."

"Yeah, sure," said William.

"Try it again."

"But, darling," said William in the tone of one reading a market report, "you're all I have. You'd leave emptiness—here where we've been happy—an emptiness full of echoes."

Mr. Pascoe covered his face for a moment.

"Home, children, our years together, our private laughter and our special tears," said William in the tone of one reading a grocery list, "can these be tossed away as you toss away a tedious book?"

"Bill," said Mr. Pascoe, "wait a minute. It's your *wife* who's leaving you. You love her. Try it again."

William tried it again. As always the sight of Grace's honest and so familiar face listening to these things made him acutely embarrassed. He got no better.

"Pascoe's getting me kind of sore," he said driving home from rehearsal. "I can't be that lousy."

"You can," said Grace, "you are."

"Yeah?" belligerently.

"Yeah!" emphatically. Nobody said anything more at all until they were home and undressing.

"I'm just a little curious," said Grace taking off her earrings, "as to why you were so good opposite that Blair woman and are so bad opposite me."

"Could be that you don't give me what she did. It takes two to act a scene."

Grace lighted a cigarette very slowly. "William Huntley Conover," she said, "I've been playing with this group for years, and I've had good notices, too. This is the second time in your life you were ever in a play and you think you're John and Lionel Barrymore and Laurence Olivier combined. I don't *give*. What do I *get?* I might as well be playing opposite a cigar-store Indian. Better. The Indian would know he was dumb."

That ended the dialogue. William could feel Grace being angry in her bed while he was being angry in his, but after a while he went to sleep.

The next evening, stopping for some tobacco on his way home from work, he met Ellen Blair. He had not seen her for weeks and again he was knocked breathless by that strange repetition of face and figure and voice.

"Hel*lo,*" he said.

"Hi, Bill, how's the play coming?"

"Come into Harry's and have a drink," he said, "and I'll tell you."

They found a booth in the dim light of Harry's Tavern. "What'll it be?" he asked. "Bourbon and water?"

"Right. But how did you know?"

He almost said, "I taught you to drink it," for here she was again, and here was time moving backward again, making the edges of memory cutting sharp.

"About the play—" she said.

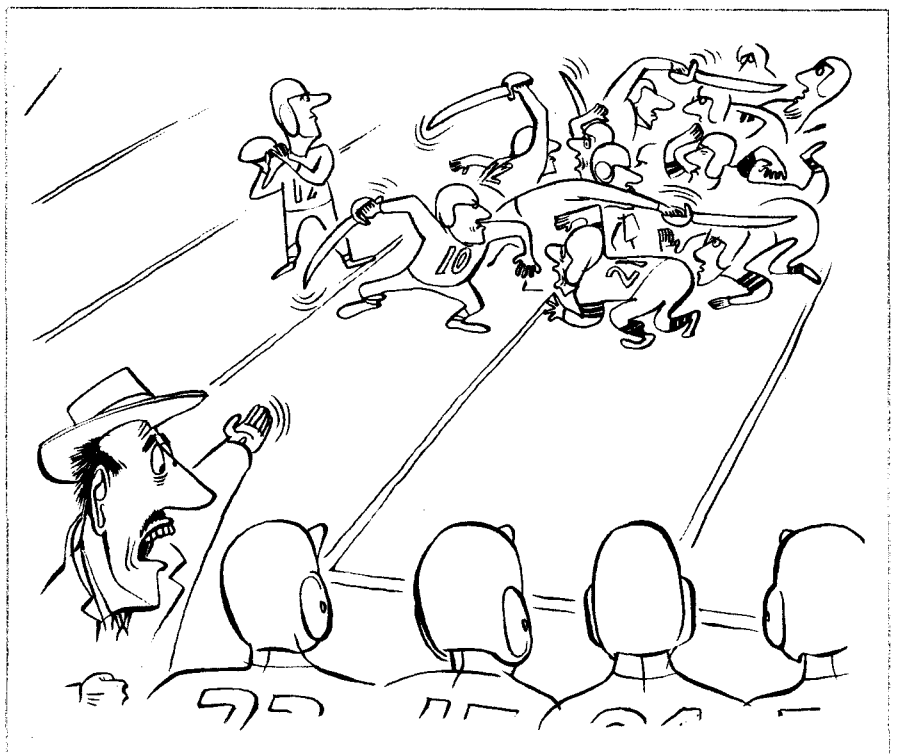
"Oh, that. I stink."

"I don't believe it."

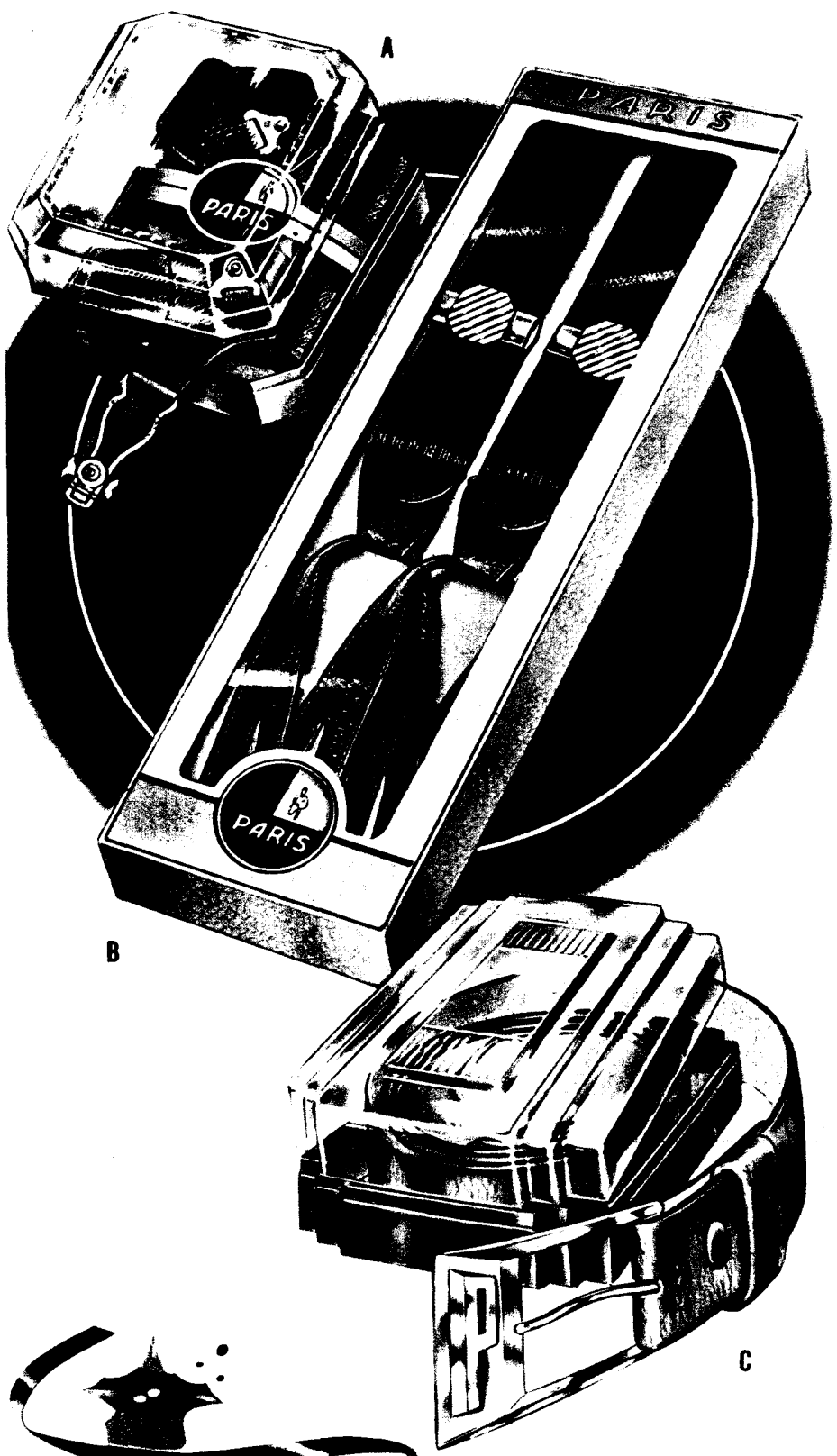
"I do, though. Ask anyone. I think it must be you. I think I must need you opposite me." For a wild moment he thought of asking Grace to relinquish the part, but only for a moment.

"Nonsense," said Ellen. "Maybe the part just doesn't suit you."

"It's a middle-aged businessman. It



COLLIER'S "Now there, see how they protect their passer?" VIRGIL PARTCH



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ought to suit me. Say, maybe you could help. You got any free time?"

"Help how?"

"Coach me. I can't seem to get anything from Pascoe. To tell the truth, I don't think he's such a hot director. But if you'd read it with me—I don't want to let the group down, and I've got a—a reputation to maintain."

She turned her glass slowly, halfway round and back again, on the table. That, too, was letter-perfect. He had watched a glass turn like that before while a girl was thinking.

"Okay," she said. "Your house?"

"Well, no," said William. "I don't think—no. Grace might—she might not understand why you could help me while she can't. Maybe at your—do you live alone?"

"Yes. I have an apartment."

"We're not rehearsing tonight," he said. "Let's have dinner here and then go over the play. I've got my script with me."

HE CALLED Grace. He told her (and himself) that it was a business conference. They went to Ellen's apartment and he opened the script. Even with her, he couldn't seem to read the lines very well, and finally he said, "Look. Let's go back and do some of the scenes from the other play—our play. Maybe it will get me in the mood. 'I will never be far away and this will never be long ago.'" He kissed her. She stayed in his arms for a minute and then pushed him away.

"You weren't rehearsing."

"Okay," he said, "we'll be distant and professional. Now how should I read this?"

They tried again, but pretty soon he kissed her again and this time she didn't push him away. They sat on the couch for a long time saying nothing much. He kissed her once more, gently, and got his coat. "Good night," he said. "We're rehearsing tomorrow. Meet me Wednesday?"

She nodded. "Not at Harry's," she said. "I'm a teacher. I can't be seen with you. Come here to dinner. Oh, Bill, I shouldn't do this. But I'm lonely."

"You're not doing anything," he said.

"So many conferences," said Grace on Wednesday morning when he told her he wouldn't be home for dinner.

"Salesmen's convention," he said briefly.

They met twice a week. He always took his script and they always read a few lines and discussed them, but after that they were in each other's arms and William had made the long leap backward which was so bewildering and so exciting. In his mind she was That Girl and it being given to few men to find their lost loves after twenty years, he thought he would be foolish not to enjoy it. He felt an occasional stab of guilt and when he tried to rehearse his scenes with Grace his conscience got in his way and he was worse than ever.

The night of the dress rehearsal Grace didn't speak all the way home. He thought she was tired. He drove into the garage and started to get out, but she put a hand on his arm.

"Bill," she said, "I've found out."

"Found out what?"

"About you and Ellen Blair."

"What about us?"

"You've been going to her apartment. All these nights you've said business conference. That old gag. What a dope. Me, I mean. Somehow, I didn't think it would happen to me."

"If you want to know," said William, with what he hoped was dignity, "I went to get Ellen to help me with my part. She can coach me where Pascoe can't."

"She helped you with your part. You went to get help. Is that all?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe you. Bill, is that *all?*"

"I've kissed her. I swear that's all."

"Are you in love with her?"

"Yes—no!—I don't know. She looks like somebody I used to know a long time"—Grace got out of the car and went into the house—"a long time ago," he finished lamely to the empty darkness. When he went in, she had put his pajamas in the bathroom with a note which said, "You sleep in Bobby's room." He lay awake in the extra bed in Bobby's room and wished he had never got mixed up in show business.

In the morning, Grace stayed in the kitchen until he had finished breakfast and gone, and when he came home there was a note saying his dinner was in the oven and that she was going to the high school early with her brother Joe and his wife, and had taken the boys with her.

He was not suffering from stage fright as he drove downtown. He was suffering from another kind of fright and he was afraid it wouldn't be over so quickly. The play was something remote and distant and unimportant. He would take care of that when the time came, and if he took care of it badly, what did it matter? He was appalled at what he had done to the even tenor of his pleasant days. It wasn't his youth he wanted back. It was last year.

Somehow he got dressed and made up. Then there was the stage and Grace. He stared at her.

"Darling, you're all I have," he said, and Mr. Pascoe, in the third row, suddenly sat bolt upright with astonishment and stayed that way.

The applause was as loud as the first time. William didn't hear it. He changed and went to the women's dressing room. Grace had already left. He drove the boys home. She wasn't there. "Go to bed, kids," he said. He went and got a drink. Then he called up all her friends. She wasn't anywhere. He remembered scenes in movies where two women Have It Out and called Ellen's apartment.

"No," said Ellen. "I haven't seen her. Bill, what have you been talking about. I saw the show. You were good."

"Was I?" he said wearily. "So what?"

"I've been thinking, Bill. I'm—I'm not going to see you any more."

"That's right, you're not," said William clearly, and hung up.

GRACE came in at two thirty. She shut the door carefully and put her coat in the closet. Then she came into the living room. "I borrowed Joe's car and I've just been driving round and round. Oh, Bill, I don't know what's happening to us."

He put his hands on her shoulders. "Nothing's happening," he said. "There was a middle-aged fool on a tangent. A very slight tangent. I'm back on the beam now, kid. Honest. I've told her so. It's over. It wasn't anything much, but what it was is over."

She sat down suddenly. "Get me a drink," she said. He went and got her a drink and she sat holding it up against the light, staring at it. That was her trick with a drink and all his life he didn't want to see any other.

"Lord," he said, "I didn't know where you were. You left—you left an emptiness."

She smiled lopsidedly. "With echoes?"

"Oh, brother!" said William. "With echoes. Echoes of the last fifteen years. Of the babies crying and you talking them out of it, of the way you grunt when you don't want to get up, of you singing Waltzing Matilda in the shower, of you running upstairs, of you shouting hi when I come in. Echoes."

"Good lines," she said smiling again, but also wiping away tears with the back of her hand. "You ought to be a playwright."

"No," said William. "Not me. All I want with the drama from now on is a seat on the aisle. And the next time you find me in the cellar, leave me there. I'm easily confused." THE END

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Cinderella Rides Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

Bessie reflected, Cyrus Sayre Falkland was sleeping—or perhaps he too was wakeful with crowded thoughts. Tomorrow she would ride to New York in the same car with him, though she would sit in front with the chauffeur. It was not likely that Cyrus Sayre Falkland would even notice her; it would be better, in fact, if he didn't. She would be a maid in a plain uniform, respectful, obsequious and no more to be noticed than a mailman. He would not even know her name, except possibly as Bessie What's-Her-Name. But time, aided by Myra's letter, would take care of that.

Bessie nestled her head into the pillow and her eyelids grew heavy; she smiled. It must have seemed an innocent smile, for the moon glanced in through the window and touched her young face. The man in the moon was, after all, a man.

THE opportunity to use the letter came within a week after the Matthewsons and their ménage had moved to New York. Cyrus Sayre Falkland was thousands of miles away and his government mission, whatever it was, remained a secret. The press, including Merry Weather in Society, reported tamely that Cyrus was meeting old friends in England and on the Continent for the first time since the war. Bessie thoroughly approved of Cyrus' junket, especially since the old friends included whatever kings had not yet been exiled and an assortment of tycoons, political and industrial. Bessie rather looked forward to meeting some of these people herself.

As a start in this direction, she took Myra Matthewson's indiscreet letter to John V. Merryweather. The perfect pretext for going to the Chronicle building came when Moose Matthewson gave her some pictures to deliver to Merryweather; they were pictures of a charity polo match in which Moose had taken part. Merryweather was fond of Moose, whom he considered a great sportsman and a sort of link between the world of sport, for which Merryweather's heart yearned, and the world of society in which his duties as a newspaperman required him to spend so much of his time.

Bessie took the big brown envelope of photographs from Moose and then went upstairs to put on her new suit. She had bought it in a Fifty-seventh Street shop for only a month's salary, and it was wonderfully becoming. She also carefully rearranged her hair, which when she was on duty she wore slicked back plainly, for Myra would not care to have a maid with too pretty a hair-do. Now, with expert fingers, Bessie loosened her hair, set the deep waves and brushed the little curls on her neck and over her ears until they danced and shone.

With the new suit she was wearing a scarf of Mrs. Matthewson's upon which she had long cast a covetous eye. Mrs. Matthewson was visiting her mother on Long Island for the day and could hardly be expected to keep track of a hundred and fifty scarfs anyway. Over her suit Miss Keegan flung a short fur cape, which happened to get into her room when she was unpacking Mrs. Matthewson's furs. Mrs. Matthewson never wore it because gray made her look practically middle-aged. Bessie Keegan looked lovely in gray and she thought it only just that the cape ought to belong to her.

Miss Keegan waited until no one was around and slipped out the front door. She need not have been so cautious. Nobody in the house would have recognized her, not even Horton, the butler, with whom she was a favorite.

At the Chronicle, the boys in the city room did not dare to whistle when Bessie walked through on her way to Merryweather's office. They decided unanimously, however, that if the General ever asked them to be society editor, they would consider it.

To Mrs. Dean, Bessie said, "I am Elizabeth Keegan. I have some pictures which Mr. Matthewson asked me to deliver to Mr. Merryweather in person."

While they waited for Merryweather, Mrs. Dean tried to place her. Keegan? There weren't any Keegans. Was there a faint accent? An Irish visitor, perhaps? Mrs. Dean knew all the refugees.

Merryweather came in like March at its most lionlike. He and the General had been having words on some little matter of policy; and the General, as always, had won. The incident had not improved Merryweather's temper. Introduced to Miss Elizabeth Keegan, he merely stuck out his chin and glared.

"From the Moose, huh?" Merryweather said in reply to it. "Great man. Wish there were more like him."

Miss Keegan said, "You and me." She handed him the envelope of pictures. On it, in heavy black copy pencil was written, "I must see you alone."

Merryweather's eyes opened wide. What was this? He gave Miss Elizabeth

"Well, he can't just sit there all the time. Use your head"

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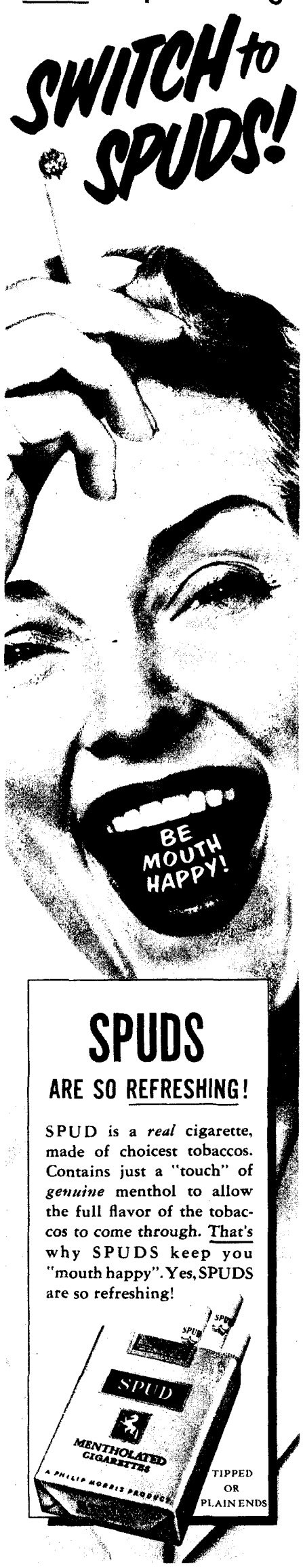
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Keegan a quick but comprehensive once-over. Good-looking piece. Different. Couldn't be she had designs on *him*, though he had been offered interesting barters in exchange for certain build-ups on his famous page. He opened the envelope. Pictures were right. There was also Moose's scrawl. "Hope these will do. See you soon, partner."

"Mrs. Dean," Merry said, "the General thinks we ought to cover that Greek Relief tea at the St. Regis and I'm too busy."

While Mrs. Dean put on her hat, Merryweather captioned the pictures. He nodded her a farewell, waited until she disappeared, and then turned a forbidding eye on Miss Keegan.

"I am Mrs. Matthewson's personal maid," she said. "Would you read this letter, please?"

Merryweather gave her an even more formidable glare. From time to time, he had not been above accepting—even paying for—a backstairs tip or a bit of advance or exclusive information from a butler or chauffeur. He did not like it. Maids who did not look like maids, who had Mrs. Dean bowing and scraping as she introduced them, weren't in the studbook.

It was five full minutes before he looked up again, though it took him only fifty seconds to read the nineteen typewritten lines.

"Of course," a soft voice said, "that's a copy. I have the original."

The original was in the safe of Jake Fuceli's garage in Tuckapack, New Jersey. Bessie had put it there when she went to visit Papa.

Merryweather tossed the letter on the floor with a contemptuous shrug and stared at Bessie.

The girl, white-gloved hands quiet in her lap, outwaited him.

"Blackmail?" he said at last, derisively. "They put you in the poky for that."

"Quite right, too," Miss Keegan said. "I—I only thought we might form a sort of partnership to keep Mr. Matthewson from knowing."

The jab hurt. "Come clean." Merryweather's voice was harsh, his fist on the desk put an exclamation point after the words: "What do you want?"

"Look, Mr. Merryweather," Elizabeth Keegan said earnestly, "I don't want to do anything wrong with that letter. I like Mr. Matthewson best. Everyone does. And I despise that nasty Cliff Quarrier. Did you ever read any of his poems?" Merryweather nodded. "Well, then!" the girl said. "It's not my fault Mrs. Matthewson wrote that letter, is it? You wouldn't think a lady could, would you? I mean—describing—and asking him—"

A BLUSH actually began at the line of her scarf and rushed to the edge of her shining hair. For the first time, Mr. Merryweather realized how young she was. Not that this made her any less dangerous. Kids with loaded guns in their hands were without sense, control or scruple.

He said hurriedly, "Quarrier's the worst there is. An aristocrat gone to seed, who knows better. Trees die at the top. He's got a mind like a cesspool. Can't imagine what she sees in him."

"I can," Elizabeth Keegan said, with a sort of grim, precocious street-corner wisdom, "and—it being him would make it worse for Mr. Matthewson because he loathes him. Mr. Matthewson has old-fashioned standards and he's proud of his name. I don't know what he'd *do*."

"No more do I," Merry said soberly, "no more do I." He made a gesture like a man shoving in a stack of chips. He said, "All right. You got something you want me to do, then you won't show the letter to Moose. What is it? Put your cards on the table and let me see."

Quite simply, she told him why she had gone to Suffolk Acres as a lady's maid. Even though, as she explained, Papa and her family had thrown a fit, thinking it a step down.

"I learned a lot there," she said gravely. "You can see that. Only you didn't know me before, so you can't tell much."

"You learned a lot," Merry said. "Now what?"

"Papa says," Miss Keegan said, "no matter what you get out of books, you must serve an apprenticeship *doing* it before you're any good. Papa's a stonecutter and bricklayer over in Jersey."

"Your Papa's got sense," Merryweather said, more amiably. "My grandfather was a bricklayer. In Joliet, Illinois."

"You see!" Elizabeth cried, her eyes shining. "You see? Now, you're the most influential man in New York about society. You can make or break anybody. You should have heard what they said about you at Suffolk Acres. You ought to sympathize with me for wanting to get up in the world, when you did it yourself."

THAT softened him up some. Numbed his reflexes. "All right, all right," he said crossly. "What's your scheming got to do with me? Where do I come in?"

"Like—as I told you," Elizabeth Keegan said, "I learned a lot. Now I know if I get a chance, I can better myself and not have to marry a garage mechanic and stay in Tuckapack the rest of my life. So I thought if now, knowing what I do, I could go someplace—anyplace—and get a chance to practice—"

Absently, Merry said, "Where'd your folks come from?" She hesitated and he barked at her. "Don't stop to think up lies. I can stand anything but a liar."

She said, "North of Ireland."

Merryweather stood up. He came over and took her hand and shook it. "There have to be some of us," he said. "And a fine lot we are, too. My grandfather was from Belfast."

"So was mine!" said Elizabeth Keegan, who hadn't the faintest idea where her grandfather was from. But she had known about Merryweather's grandfather, who was frequently mentioned in the column.

"Quite a coincidence, ain't it?" Merryweather said.

Elizabeth shook her head. "It's fate," she said.

"Maybe, maybe," Merryweather said. His guard was down, he was standing there now with his arms hanging at his sides. "Funny thing, fate. Now what was it you wanted me to do for you?"

Elizabeth Keegan slid to the edge of her chair, her hands clasped at her breast. There were tears in her eyes—honest tears. All this had taken nerve.

"If *you* would recommend me to a place as a—a companion, or social secretary, or something," she said, "where they didn't know who I was or—or what I've been. Just for a few months. If you'd vouch for me like I was a—a friend of yours, or maybe the daughter of an old friend—because you and Papa would have so much in common if you knew each other, it would be almost the truth—and they'd let me come to dinner with them and perhaps go places to take care of an old lady or a young girl, so I'd get the experience—I would never let you down. I'm a hard worker—you can ask Clara Wilkins at the Rosebud Beauty Salon in Tuckapack—"

Merryweather picked up the phone and put through a call to Washington. . . .

Fifteen minutes later he said, "If you win this one, then what?"

"I'm going to marry somebody with a lot of money," Miss Keegan said. "I think that's the easiest way, don't you?"

Merryweather let out a yelp of laughter. "You've certainly got your nerve," he said.

Once again, Miss Keegan said simply, "Well, it takes nerve, doesn't it?"

"Somebody like Cyrus Sayre Falkland, I suppose?" Merryweather jeered pleasantly.

"You said it, not me," Miss Keegan told him swiftly.

By that time Merryweather was laughing so hard he didn't hear her. He didn't even hear Mrs. Dean come back. Five minutes after Miss Elizabeth Keegan had departed he was still laughing.

He stopped so suddenly that Mrs. Dean jumped.

"You notice anything about that girl?" he said. "Anything—peculiar?"

Mrs. Dean thought. "She has better manners than most her age," she said.

"She was left-handed," Merryweather said.

His eyes slid to the floor. The letter was gone. He hadn't noticed the girl retrieve it, but she had. Not overlooking anything. Smart. Too smart, maybe.

"Know what I'm doing?" Merryweather said. "I'm catching for one of those screwy left-handers." He began captioning the rest of the polo layout, singing When Irish Eyes Are Smiling, always a bad sign.

For a week, the society department existed as in a quick freeze.

Then Merryweather received a letter with a Washington postmark from an address on Massachusetts Avenue. The coronet on the flap belonged to that American girl who fifty-five years ago had married into the French nobility. It took Merryweather some time to decipher, for Madame's handwriting, though distinctive, was almost illegible.

"The girl is magnificent," Madame wrote. "She ought to be Secretary of State. She cares for me to perfection and with her I find it quite possible to go about, as much as I care to in these dog days. Who did you say she was? I have forgotten. I question her antecedents, but I find her *extrêmement sympathique*, I hope she will remain to arrange my funeral. But I have the feeling she is going far and won't be content to stay for long with a cross old lady. . . ."

Merryweather quit singing Irish Eyes and everybody in the society department relaxed.

Too soon as it turned out.

ON THE front page of the Sunday Chronicle was a picture, five columns wide, of the great beautiful Falkland home at Zydercliff-on-the-Hudson. Inserted was a picture of Cyrus Sayre Falkland himself, with a caption disclosing that he was back from his flying visit to Europe and was preparing to open Zydercliff with a house party at which Mrs. Adam Farraday Matthewson would act as his hostess. The house had been closed ever since the start of the war, and its reopening was a matter of some historic significance.

Zydercliff had been built by the second Fergus Falkland, who long ago had fallen in love with the Hudson River and its mighty cliffs. Even in the black-and-white of a newspaper photograph, you could see how beautiful a house it was—a massive pile of stone with many turrets.

Merryweather's story, accompanying the picture, reviewed the history of the house, described its unbelievably beautiful grounds, unspoiled even by the flamboyant Italian statuary which Fergus Falkland III—no judge of art—had caused to be scattered about in vulgar profusion.

The story gave a list of the guests whom young Cyrus had invited to his house party. They included Moose Matthewson, of course (and Merryweather took the occasion for a short diversion into the world of sports, describing Moose as America's greatest all-around sportsman); also listed were Germaine Landis, last season's loveliest debutante, and an assortment of names all of which were easily recognizable, to anyone who followed society news, as top drawer.

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Miss Elizabeth Keegan, in a redstone house on Massachusetts Avenue, saw this on Sunday when she and her august employer returned from church.

At five o'clock she caught a plane from the Washington airport.

On Monday, shortly before lunch, she was saying to Horton, the Matthewsons' butler, "Have I really? Anyhow, it's good to see you again."

Horton, wearing a rather glassy look, led her upstairs to Myra Matthewson's private sitting room.

Mrs. Matthewson, who was lying on a chaise longue, stared for a moment in surprise, then her eyes narrowed as recognition dawned in them. She said, "It can't be." Her light laugh had no mirth in it. "You've got a nerve."

"Sometimes I wish people would quit telling me that," Bessie Keegan said. "I *am* sorry if you're still angry with me."

"That's a fetching costume," Mrs. Matthewson said. "What have you been doing, robbing a bank?"

Without being asked, Miss Keegan sat down. Her costume was very fetching indeed. The shops on Connecticut Avenue were almost as good as those in New York, and the countess had been a generous soul. One couldn't, she had agreed, go about socially with her on a companion's salary. Bessie was dressed with flawless elegance, without one of those touches of ostentation which betray the upstart.

"You know, my girl," Mrs. Matthewson said, "I think you've gone quite mad. I can't imagine."

"If you will keep quiet for a minute," Elizabeth Keegan said, "I'll tell you and you won't have to imagine."

Their eyes met. Bessie's lovely eyes could sometimes look as hard as the stones her Papa used in his trade; this was one of those times. Mrs. Matthewson kept quiet.

"Well, I came to ask you," Miss Keegan said, "whether you wouldn't like to take me with you to Zydercliff for the Falkland house party."

If there was relief in Mrs. Matthewson's laughter it hardly showed. She said, "So that's it. Little hasty, weren't you? What is the matter, doesn't sin pay well these days?"

"You're going to find out what it costs, anyhow," Miss Keegan said.

Mrs. Matthewson opened a jade-and-silver box, took a cigarette and snapped a silver lighter. She exhaled a ribbon of smoke. All this took time. She said, "I don't see how you can expect me to take you back after the dirty trick you played me, going away without giving me any notice. Really!"

"I was so sorry about being in such a hurry," Miss Keegan said, "that I never did get time to mail your letter to Mr. Quarrier. Is it too late?"

Miss Keegan rose and came across the room and handed the letter to Mrs. Matthewson, deferentially, a pretty gesture, like a young lady-in-waiting.

"My dear girl," Mrs. Matthewson said, "I never use a typewriter."

"I know!" Bessie Keegan said. "But I treasure the original in your own handwriting. It means so much to me I keep it in a safe place."

"And," Myra Matthewson continued, "Blanche is back and after persuading her to come back to America—she'd gone home to France, you know—"

"Of course," Miss Keegan said, "and Blanche being as efficient as I've always heard, one more guest on such a big estate would hardly matter."

"Guest?" said Myra Matthewson, in a flat, deadly voice. She kicked away the train of her house coat and stood up. Her dark eyes were blazing. She said, "There is a point at which impudence becomes effrontery. I won't do it. You must have known that. Not under any circumstances."

"People would *laugh*," Miss Keegan said in her full Elizabeth voice. "Not Mr. Matthewson. I don't know what he *would* do. Not laugh, I'm sure. Other people, though. The people you've—lorded it over. I don't suppose they would care about the sex part. There's nothing in it, really, that Dr. Kinsey hasn't written about. But they'd find it very funny."

Mrs. Matthewson took swift, angry strides to the bell cord and yanked it.

The small figure in black didn't move, except to tilt her head back into her fur collar and smile.

To Horton, Mrs. Matthewson said, "Bring me a cocktail—a Martini." A little white around the lips, she said to Bessie, "Will you have one?"

"Thank you, no," Miss Keegan said. "I don't drink."

"I can see why," Myra Matthewson said, as Horton left them. "In your work, you must need a clear head."

Miss Keegan laughed and suddenly became Bessie again. She said, "Why should you care? You hardly recognized me yourself. Horton didn't know me until I told him—and he's my pal. You wouldn't have to tell anybody. Miss Landis—or Mr. Falkland. If Mr. Matthewson should notice, and I don't think he would, you could explain about finding what a great friend of Mr. Merryweather's I am, couldn't you?"

"Merryweather?" Mrs. Matthewson said. "I see," she added after a moment's thought.

"You know how those two are," Miss Keegan said. "Such friends. Mr. Merryweather would do *anything* for Mr. Matthewson. And Mr. Matthewson might think it was a sort of sporting proposition to help a girl like me, whose father was one of Mr. Merryweather's oldest friends."

Here Bessie took time out to light a cigarette. "We wouldn't," she said, "have to tell him about my plan to marry Cyrus Sayre Falkland. I'm telling you because you might lose your head and forget the fuse was lighted. Of course, you could help me more than anybody if you wanted to, and it might be exciting for you. I've noticed how bored you get having the same people around all the time."

Myra Matthewson simply stared at her. She put both of her hands up to her face, all the fingers spread like a fan, and above them her dark eyes grew darker and darker, until they were black fire.

"You wouldn't dare!" she whispered.

"Oh, I would," Bessie said. She walked over and picked up the letter from the low table where Mrs. Matthewson had dropped it. "You know," she said, in a thoughtful voice, "it's been hard for me to imagine anybody putting certain things down on paper—sort of groveling—"

They both froze at the sound of Moose Matthewson's voice outside the door—his heavy, vibrant, masculine voice.

When he came in, he said, "Myra—" Then he saw the pretty girl in black. "I'm sorry to barge in—I didn't know anyone was with you." He stopped, his brows drawn together, in a faint frown. "Well," his wife said, "there is. I want you to meet a very great friend of your very great friend Mr. Merryweather. I've just been asking her if she wouldn't like to come to Zydercliff with us. Cyrus wants me to do most of the inviting, you know."

The slim girl finished folding a piece of paper she had been holding in her hand—it looked like a letter—and put it back in her bag. She held out her slim left hand to Mr. Matthewson and he decided he'd never seen her before; it must be that she looked like somebody else—so many people did.

"And I've just been saying how much I look forward to being there," Bessie said, with a shy little smile.

"Fine, fine," Moose Matthewson said. He still wore a puzzled expression. It wasn't like Myra to ask strange girls to exclusive house parties; and she had never before shown any special eagerness to be kind to friends of John V. Merryweather, whom she rather disliked.

"Well," Moose said to Bessie, "I hope you won't find the other people stuffy. Some of them *are* a little stuffy, Myra," he added as he left the room, wondering why his wife should look so angry and the strange girl so amused.

When he was gone, Myra said to Bes-

Picture Postmarks

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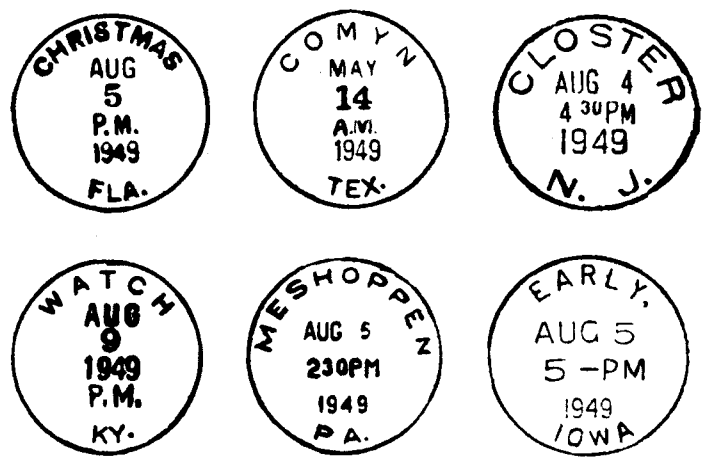

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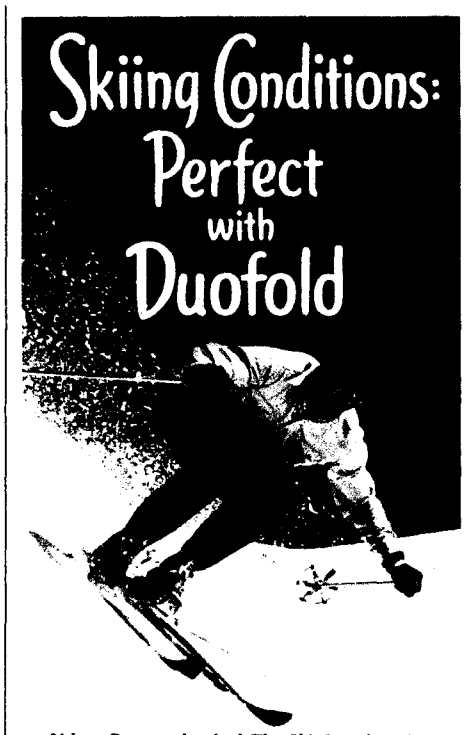

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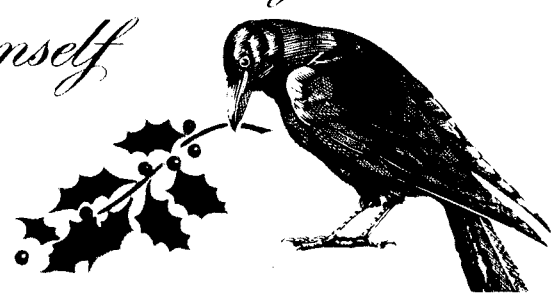

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sie, "I suppose you also want money." It was not the scorn in Myra's voice that determined Bessie's answer; Myra Matthewson was in no position to scorn anyone. It was another of those sudden memories of Papa, so disturbing and so frustrating to an ambitious girl. Papa had always preached that one paid one's own way; and even legitimate borrowing he regarded as a first step toward ruin.

"I don't need money," Bessie said, getting up to go. She put out her hand in the most correct of farewell gestures. Myra stared at it in silent contempt; she nodded slightly, as one nods to dismiss a servant.

"I don't mind," Bessie said, standing at the door. "I don't mind anything—when I'm winning. And I am winning, aren't I—Myra darling?" Then she was gone.

BESSIE'S bluff about the money worked out very well. She had learned many useful things in Washington—among others, that credit was generously given to people who didn't look as though they needed it. She felt that there was no real dishonesty in running up huge bills at the most expensive of the midtown shops; and she thought it only reasonable that she should patronize those shops where Myra Matthewson was a lavish and respected customer. For one thing, she could give Myra's name as a reference. For another, she accompanied all her buying with running chatter about the forthcoming house party at Zydercliff. Shop people, somehow, were not anxious to press any sordid questions about ability to pay on a haughty young woman who was to be a guest of Cyrus Sayre Falkland.

Since she had no place else to stay, Bessie went back to Tuckapack to wait until the time came to go to Zydercliff. She did not bring the clothes or the handsome luggage she had bought on credit, lest they should arouse any inconvenient curiosity in Papa's mind; she would have a day in New York before she went to Zydercliff, and that was time enough to make all necessary arrangements.

She was bored with Tuckapack, but anticipation of the delights to come kept her going, and she managed to be civil to the folks at home and even to Jake Fuceli. She met Jake in the drugstore one afternoon and had a soda with him; it rather amused her and it pleased Jake.

But watching him as he scooped up his ice cream, none too neatly, and hearing the unabashed noises he made as he sucked the straws, Bessie found it impossible to believe that she had ever considered marrying Jake. She might—if things had turned out different—have been married to him already: cooking his dinner every night, putting his greasy overalls in the washing machine every Saturday.

"Like to go over to Trenton tonight and dance?" Jake asked her.

"No, thanks," Bessie said, without managing to make her voice sound really apologetic. Jake didn't seem real to her any more; and certainly he didn't seem very important.

That, as it turned out, was a mistake. But Bessie didn't even notice how Jake Fuceli's bright black eyes, narrowed and thoughtful, followed her as she left the drugstore.

It wasn't only Jake who seemed unreal; everything in Tuckapack was like a tedious dream from which she was longing to wake up. At home, Papa asked her sharply, "What's the matter with you, Bessie? Why don't you answer your Aunty Mae when she asks a simple question?"

They were at dinner, and Aunty Mae asked so many questions, all of them simple. "I didn't hear her," Bessie said.

"Well, pay attention," Papa grumbled. "Since you started to learn how to be a lady you lost all your manners. Look at her," he said to Aunty Mae. "She seems to be a million miles away."

But it wasn't a million miles. It was only just the few miles that lay between Tuckapack, New Jersey, and Zydercliff-on-the-Hudson.

AND now, only a few days later, here she was at Zydercliff-on-the-Hudson, and the great moment was approaching when Bessie Keegan and Cyrus Sayre Falkland would stand face to face. Myra Matthewson was playing hostess at this house party; and Myra it was, cool and with unshaken poise, who had received Bessie and the other guests as they arrived, singly and severally on the appointed day.

The discreet hospitality of a house like Zydercliff required that arriving guests be given a few hours to themselves in their own rooms before they were all brought together for casual drinks and a meal. But Bessie was under a compulsion to move at a swifter pace than gracious living allowed her. This was her main chance; Myra Matthewson was by no means resigned to her presence here and might still find some way to spoil it—so Bessie really couldn't afford to dawdle. There would be all the time in the world for graciousness later.

COLLIER'S "But a Noah's ark would be so scattery" PERRY BARLOW

From the window of her luxurious old bedroom, Bessie watched as Cyrus Sayre Falkland sauntered down a stone stairway cut through a rich sweep of lawn; he walked to a path that led along the cliffs banking the Hudson. He disappeared behind a broad stone wall that followed a shoulder of the cliffs as it swept out over the wide and wonderful river.

The chances were that Cyrus would come back along the same path. Quickly Bessie turned from the window and, with one last gratifying glimpse into a great full-length mirror that hung on a wall of her bedroom, she went outside.

She stood alone for many minutes at the point in the cliffside path where the stone wall began and looked dreamily out over the river. The houses and trees on the opposite bank were silhouetted against radiantly clear skies.

Presently, Bessie heard footsteps and, changing the direction of her glance very slightly, she saw that it was Cyrus Sayre Falkland on his way back. She waited for his approach, knowing that this was not only a man walking toward her, though he was a very attractive man; this was destiny, moving step by step closer to Bessie Keegan of Tuckapack, New Jersey.

It had seemed easy, thinking about it—how many times Bessie had rehearsed this scene in her mind, had even said aloud the gay and witty and enchanting things she had thought of to say. But this was not a rehearsal, and in panic Bessie realized she had forgotten all her lines.

Cyrus Sayre Falkland stood right in front of her now, and all she could do was to smile right up into his face.

The smile glowed with a wistful and desperate appeal. In that supreme moment, she hadn't been able to keep the pleading out of her eyes. All the brassy calculation had ebbed out of Bessie Keegan; and when Cyrus Sayre Falkland saw the smile, he responded warmly. He was a warmhearted young man, and this girl was plainly forlorn, a little frightened, and lonely.

The girl's wistful smile fitted his mood—for Cy Falkland was feeling rather forlorn himself just now. He had come to a big decision, and as yet Cy wasn't used to making big decisions. He had decided to sell Zydercliff, and he knew it was going to be tough.

ALL day his mind had been haunted by memories of his brother Sonny, who might not care for this decision; Sonny was dead, of course, but that didn't mean that he was past caring. Sonny had loved Zydercliff. He had intended that his sons should be born there, as he had been and his father and grandfather before him.

If Sonny had lived to see this cold-war world, he would have known at once it was another world. Even more evident to Sonny than to him would have been the great tide which was sweeping humanity from its old moorings, and whatever his opinion of its nature and consequences, he'd have kept up with it—he'd never have let it defeat him. More and more, Cy felt he had to carry on for both of them.

With his sane acceptance of facts, Sonny would have seen that nothing could be worse for their sons than to be born in a place like Zydercliff, whose day was done. Zydercliff might once have been accepted as a monument to the industrial genius of those dead-and-gone Falklands who founded the great fortune. Nowadays, people would think of Zydercliff as a symbol for the mere arrogance of wealth—as perhaps it had become.

If Cy carried out the plan on which his brain had been working in recent months, many things besides Zydercliff would have to be thrown overboard. Cyrus Sayre Falkland was a man with a Cause. But nostalgia for the old carefree days at Zydercliff was strong inside him, and he welcomed the chance to talk to this girl with the magnificent, sad smile.

"When my brother and I were little," he said returning Bessie's smile, "we used to stand on this wall and pretend it was Henry Hudson's ship, sailing up to Albany for the first time."

With a laugh, he leaped onto the wall, held down his hand and pulled her up beside him. She came up like a feather. They stood close, his hand under her arm, for the drop to the river was hundreds of feet straight below them.

"How wonderful to have lived here always," Bessie said shyly.

CY FALKLAND turned and looked down. A long way down, he thought—for Bessie seemed such a very *little* girl. Different from Germaine and the other young beauties he knew. Bessie looked up at him solemnly, and he studied her face.

A small, odd, lovely face it was, delicate and marked by something he could not name, but which touched him profoundly, as her smile had done.

"The river's beautiful," the girl said softly, "and the house"—she turned to face it—"it belongs right there. It's like the poem—the splendor falls on castle walls—"

"In spite of the turrets," Cy Falkland said lightly, "I do find I love it still. I was brought up here. I suppose that makes a difference."

"No," the girl said. "I wasn't brought up here—and I think it's the most wonderful place I ever saw." Her smile grew friendly, more at ease on the small face. "Were there peacocks?" she said.

"How did you guess?" Cy Falkland said. "I haven't thought of them in years. They used to walk on the terrace, and Sonny and I plucked their tails for war bonnets." After a moment, he said, "It was quite a place for a couple of boys. Sonny and I learned to ride here—and dive—"

He would like to have taught his sons to ride here on the old trails. If he could bring Mr. Harvey Ruggles, now occupying the best guest suite, to meet his terms tomorrow, it would be Mr. Ruggles' sons who would ride the trails.

"I like the waterfalls," Bessie said, "and those great rocks—and the gardens must be—"

"Looking back," Cy Falkland said, "I don't believe my mother ever really cared for Zydercliff. She came here from Maryland, you know. So I think she tried to hide it all with flowers. If you'd care about it, I'll show you over the whole shebang tomorrow. It's an anachronism, of course, like the Pyramids or Versailles—but you might as well see it."

"I'd love that," the girl said. "I really would."

Fortunately, Bessie Keegan had no idea what an anachronism was. Even if she had known that Cy Falkland was beginning to see Zydercliff as an error in time, outdated by the swift passage of events, it would not have bothered her.

She would take care of any such outlandish notions in no time. It would never have occurred to Bessie that ideals

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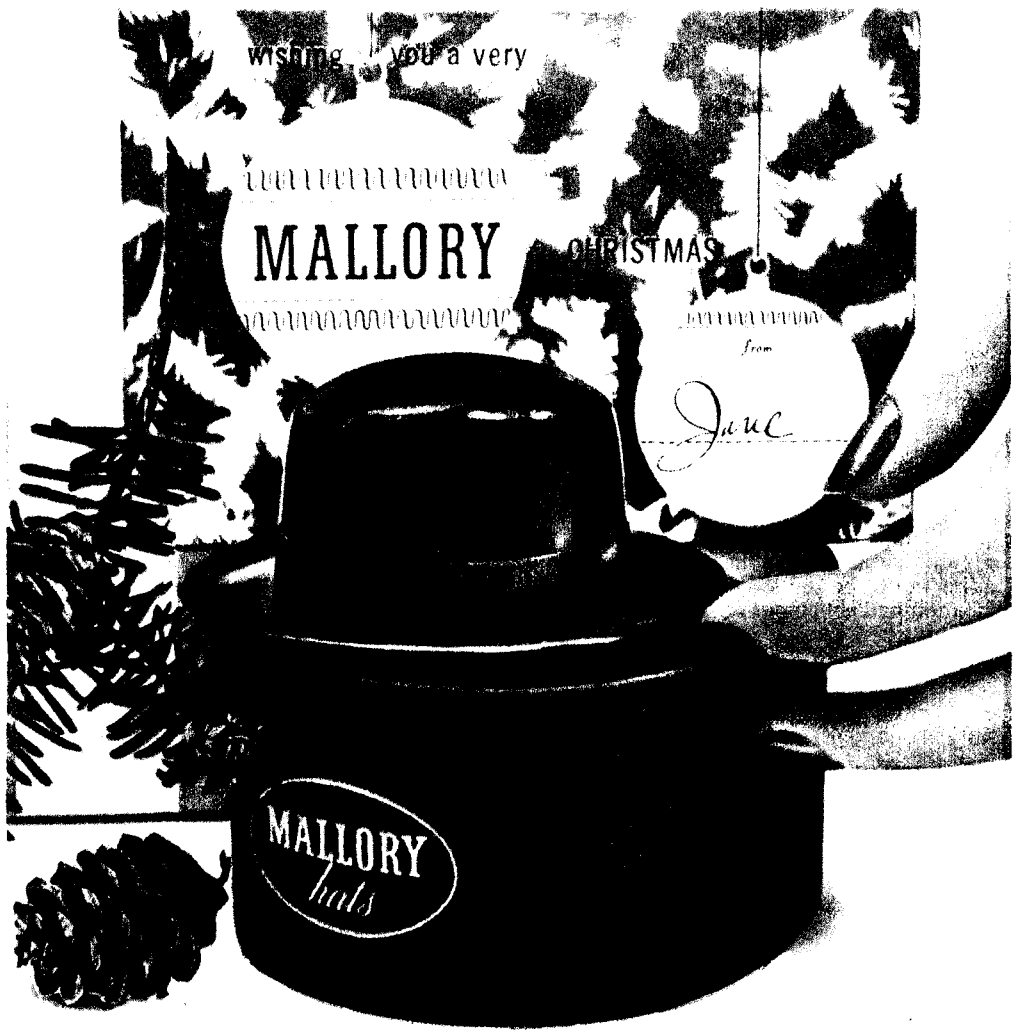

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could be important to any young man of flesh and blood; she would have laughed at the notion that anything so unreal as a Cause—with or without a capital letter—could be a dangerous rival to an attractive girl.

Bessie was satisfied that she had made the most of her first meeting with Cy Falkland. He was interested. With a man, you could always tell. Already she saw peacocks strutting once again on the stately stone terraces of Zydercliff.

MEANWHILE, in New York City, John V. Merryweather stared at Myra Matthewson's astonishing note. It had just been delivered to Merryweather's desk in the society department of the Chronicle, and he had opened it eagerly enough, for as always he was desperate for copy and he knew that he would get some kind of a lead out of the house party at Zydercliff-on-the-Hudson.

"Dear Mr. Merryweather," Myra had written, "Moose tells me he promised you a complete list of the guests attending our little house party at Zydercliff. As you know, I am acting as hostess for Mr. Falkland. The guest list is attached."

It was the list that was astonishing—or rather, one of the names it included. The very last name on the list, in Myra's sprawling handwriting, was that of Elizabeth Keegan. Not even a "Miss" preceding it—and not a line or so much as a word of identification.

Merryweather swore loudly. "She's done it," he said. "The fantastic little baggage has done it." A great wave of guilt swept over his case-hardened soul as he remembered the words Elizabeth Keegan had spoken in this very room.

"I am going to marry money," she had told him. And he, with what he imagined was witty sarcasm, had asked if Cyrus Sayre Falkland was the husband Bessie had in mind—Cy Falkland, the biggest pot of gold any girl could find at the end of her rainbow.

And now, by methods of staggering duplicity, this little adventuress, this lady's maid who stole her mistress' letter and used it for blackmail—why mince words?—this left-handed gold digger, this scheming little climber had finagled an invitation to the house party at Zydercliff. She would have two whole weeks in which to carry out God knew what greedy plans for marrying the richest fortune of the land.

Merryweather cursed again, and the long-suffering Mrs. Dean put her hands over her ears. Merry grabbed the phone and demanded to be put through at once to Mrs. Antoinette Falkland at Dower House, Maryland. After a frustrating interval, a polite but firm voice at the other end of the line told him that Mrs. Falkland was resting and couldn't possibly be disturbed.

He glanced at the guest list again, and still another name caught his eye: Cliff Quarrier. Was Myra Matthewson mad? Did she realize the dynamite that was under the casual surface of this damnable house party?

If Moose Matthewson ever saw that letter to Cliff Quarrier, there would be all hell to pay. Sourly, Merryweather reflected that if he were the kind of newspaperman they wrote about in romantic parodies of his beglamorized profession, he would do nothing to interfere with whatever might be in the making at Zydercliff. Moose might kill Cliff Quarrier—and a good grade-A society murder would be excellent for the circulation of the Chronicle.

But loyalties deeper than any he owed the Chronicle and its scandal-hungry readers were stirring in John V. Merryweather. And with the loyalties went responsibilities: he could not allow anything to happen to Mrs. Antoinette Falkland, one of the few really great ladies left. He would not—if he could help it—let anything happen to Moose Matthewson, the country's greatest sportsman and Merryweather's dear friend. How the scandalmongers would love to see Moose in the dock at a murder trial.

The burden of his own share in Bessie Keegan's plot weighed heavily on him. He should have had her thrown out of his office. But—and at his age!—he had gone all soft, had eaten out of the little monster's hand. Why? What was it that in spite of the evidence of her own statements had made him somehow believe Bessie Keegan was really all right and deserved a break?

Merryweather slapped his hands together. It was because she had told him her grandfather was from the north of Ireland. That was a capricious enough reason in all truth, he admitted shamefacedly. Suddenly he stood up. Dammit, even that might be a lie! What did he really know about Bessie Keegan? What was the silly name of that town she said her father lived in? Tuck—Tuckapack!

Merryweather turned to Mrs. Dean. "I'm going to Tuckapack, New Jersey," he said and reached for his hat.

She looked at him with complete bewilderment. "Where?"

"Tuckapack. And if the General wants to know where I am, tell him to go to hell. I might even wind up there myself . . ."

An hour and a half later he stood on Papa's front porch in Tuckapack. Mr. Keegan peered out the door at the odd-looking stranger. "Come in," he said, when Merryweather told him who he was. "Any friend of Bessie's is welcome."

"All I want to know," said Merryweather, "is where your father was born."

"Blarney," said Mr. Keegan.

"That's in Cork!" Merryweather said. "About as far south as you can get."

"Well, what if it is?" Mr. Keegan said, a little nettled. "What's the matter with Cork?"

"Nothing," Merryweather said. "Only your daughter—" He stopped and said wearily, "You wouldn't understand." Anyone who would lie about a thing like that was a blackhearted humbug who would stop at nothing.

"Nothing wrong with Bessie, is there?" Mr. Keegan asked anxiously.

"Not a thing," said Merryweather bitterly. "Not a single damn' thing. Look—where can I get someone to drive me quite a long way? I got to get to a place up the Hudson, and I can't wait for trains."

"Jake Fuceli might do it," Papa said. "He runs a garage, but sometimes he takes people. Sit down—I'll call him."

Merryweather sat down; and while they waited for Jake Fuceli, Merry listened patiently to Papa's proud stories of his daughter Bessie. Merry also drank quite a bit from the bottle he had so wisely brought with him from New York. Then Jake came, wearing a red pull-over sweater under his blue coat. His eyes shone curiously when Merryweather told him where he wanted to go.

"I'd sort of like to see Bessie myself," Jake said. "Sure, I can take you. Let's go. If we start now, we can get there a little after dinnertime."

ON THE day after their first meeting, Bessie allowed Cy Falkland to kiss her. She was a little uneasy about it, for she didn't want it to appear that she was moving too fast; Bessie knew very little about the sex customs of the very rich, except what she could guess from Myra Matthewson's letter to Cliff Quarrier—and Myra, Bessie suspected, might not be entirely typical.

Cy had taken Bessie on a tour of Zydercliff, and from his manner right from the start she guessed that a kiss might not be at all unlikely before the day was over. Cy had the same look in his eye she remembered so well from the many times she had seen it in Jake Fuceli. She

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found it reassuring to her theory that men were much alike, no matter what their origins.

On a pathway remote from the great house and the eyes of its many guests, Cy and Bessie had stopped to listen to a waterfall playing a music-box tune as it tumbled frivolously over a dark wall of rock.

"It's like fairyland must be," Bessie said, looking up at him in a way that didn't invite a kiss exactly, but neither did it discourage one. She swayed toward him a little, and her lips parted very slightly. That gesture always used to have the most immediate effect on Jake Fuceli.

APPARENTLY it had the same effect on Cy Falkland. He bent his head and kissed her full on the lips; his arms went round her and he held her very close. Bessie responded more warmly than perhaps she should have. She responded as thoroughly as if it were the kiss itself that was important, and not the millions of dollars of the man who kissed her.

Certainly she stayed in his arms far longer than she had intended; how much longer she did not know. But finally she broke away and gave him an upward look of timid delight and trembling reproach. The look was so very near the real thing that only one small, cold corner of Bessie's brain could tell the difference.

On the way back to the house, they laughed, still a little breathless; and when they reached the house and looked at the big grandfather clock in the entrance hall, they laughed even more—for they had quite lost track of time and it was already on toward evening.

"I shall be late for the party," Bessie said, and ran up to her room to dress. Up to now, the house party had been quite informal. The guests had idled about as they chose, and even the meals had been served buffet style.

But Cy Falkland had followed the custom of the county, and invited all the neighboring families to tonight's party, which was to be a splendid and ceremonious occasion; the great rooms of state were to be thrown open, and all the formality for which Bessie Keegan's greedy little heart yearned would be in order.

She dressed in the most becoming—and most expensive—of the gowns she had bought in New York; the fact that it was still unpaid for made it seem all the more beautiful to Bessie, as she pivoted before the full-length mirror in her room. Cinderella had been kissed by the prince, and certainly he would not begrudge her a gown to wear to his ball.

Bessie laughed as she walked to the door. She did not even need to worry about the stroke of midnight. Myra Matthewson was her fairy godmother—and Myra was in no position to wave a wand.

As she went down the grand staircase, Bessie could hear music and laughter and voices mingling. High notes of the ladies, deeper chords of the men. Against deep, rich, black oak and crimson brocade and thick green of tapestry, she saw new and rawer colors. The periwinkle blue was Germaine Landis, the maroon velvet was Berthe Hardinge, the fluffy orchid was Mrs. Willingdon. Others she didn't know were gathered about the enormous gray stone fireplace, and Myra Matthewson in glittering sequins was coming toward her. Myra's eyes glittered a little too, for Miss Keegan was dreadfully late.

With the prettiest little laugh, Bessie began to say, "I am so sorry—"

But Mrs. Matthewson cut her off coldly. "It doesn't matter," she said. "I admire your sense of timing, only dinner has been announced." Myra spoke loudly, so that her snub should be overheard.

Cy Falkland smiled at Bessie from across the room, and she didn't mind the snub at all. "Cy," Myra called, "if you will find Mrs. Ruggles, we'll go in."

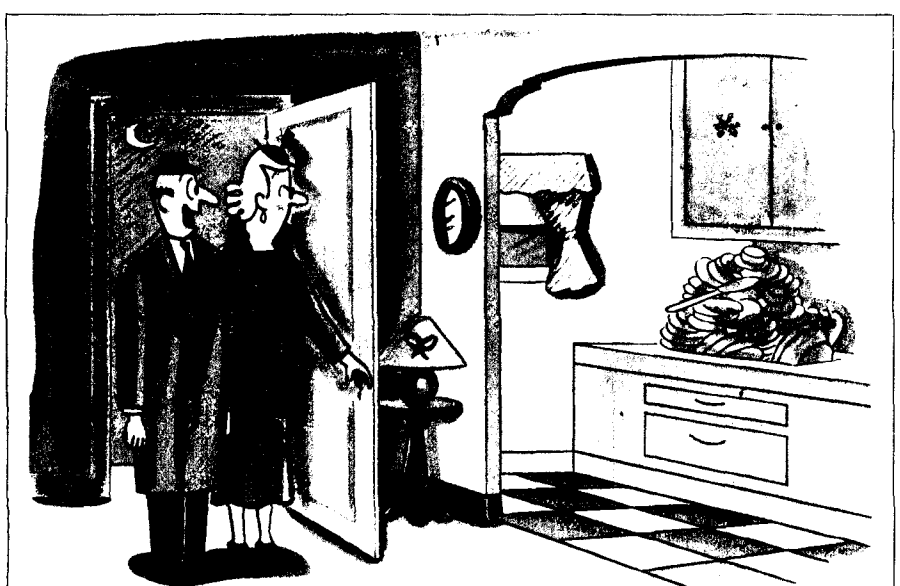
Cliff Quarrier, of all people, took Bessie's arm and led her into the big dining room. Masses of Georgian silver shone under the glittering candelabras on the superbly decorated table. Over the mantel, Bessie saw the Rembrandt which was the house's chief treasure; as she sat down next to Quarrier, she looked about at the ivory-paneled walls hung with rich tapestries.

CLIFF QUARRIER looked at Bessie sardonically, and she guessed that he knew all about the matter of the intercepted letter. "Enjoy yourself greatly, my dear," he said to Bessie. "You have it coming to you." But in spite of the sarcasm, his eyes had an interested look—the look Cy had when he kissed her. Only Quarrier's look was cruder—much more like that of Jake Fuceli.

In a way, Bessie could see Quarrier's fascination for Myra. He had a good-looking, battered, dissipated face and a tall, loose-limbed figure. She remembered that Merryweather had said of him: "Good blood gone to seed." Cliff Quarrier paraded his sensuality, and Bessie did not approve of him at all. Out of curiosity she had once looked at a book of his poems, which she considered indecent. Poets were notoriously immoral people anyway, Bessie supposed.

But she smiled brightly at Quarrier and made proper answers to his ironic small talk.

It was an evening of small talk, and Bessie reluctantly confessed to herself



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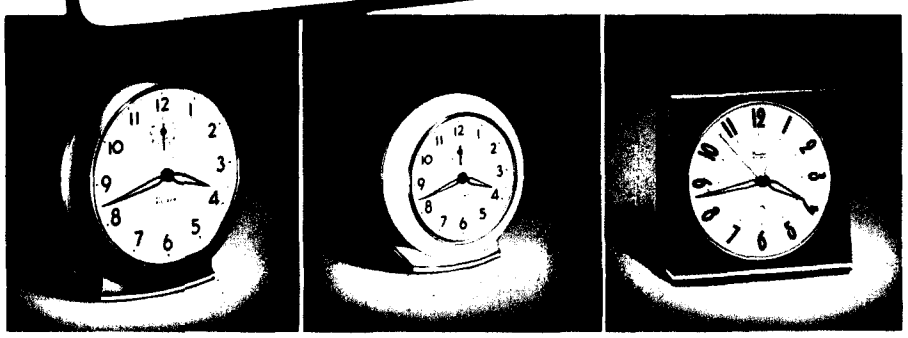

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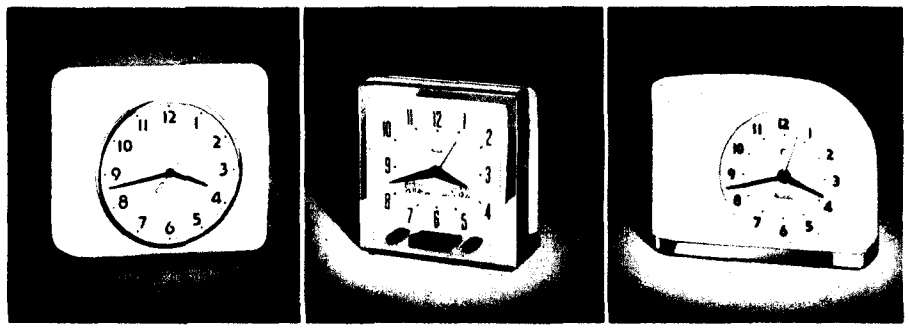

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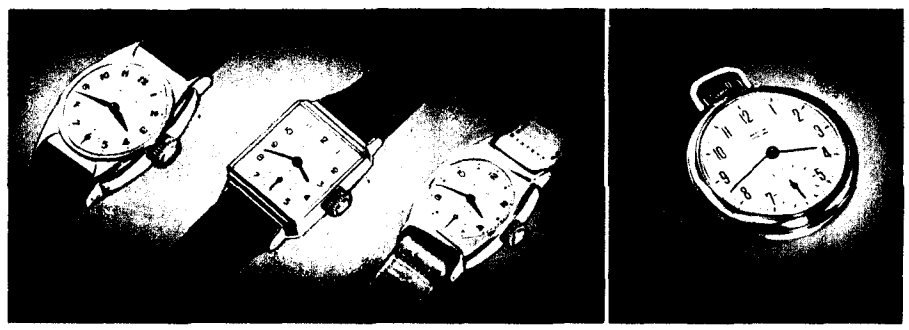

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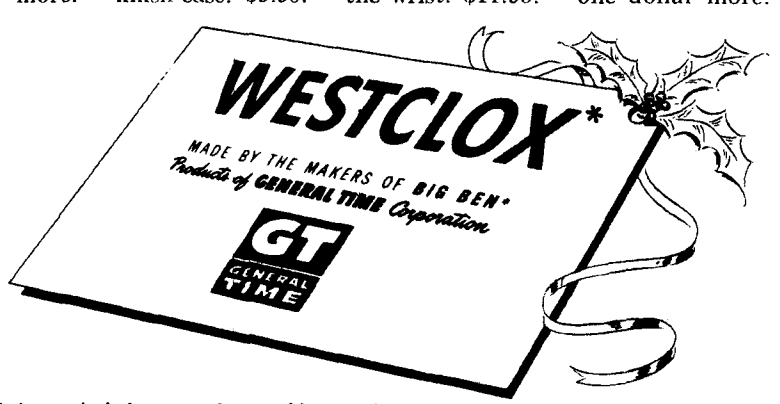

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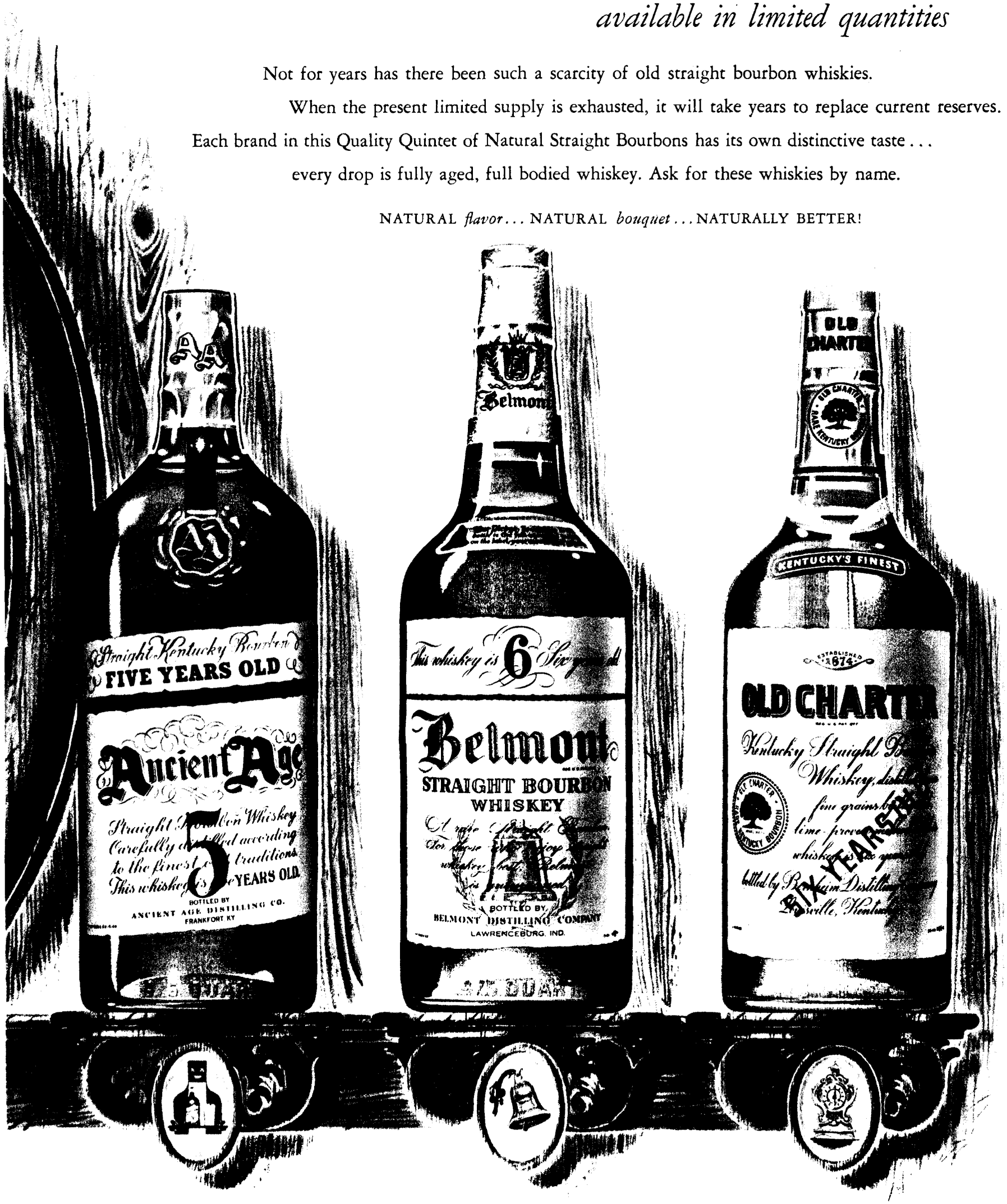

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that Myra Matthewson kept it going magnificently. The party grew gayer and gayer, with Myra skillfully and unobtrusively guiding the talk so that everyone got a chance. Everyone, that is, except Bessie Keegan. Without open rudeness, Myra managed to keep the conversation on levels in which Bessie could not take part. They talked about the Riviera, from which little Mrs. Willingdon had just returned—but Bessie, of course, had never been there. They talked about hotels in many cities; but Bessie had been in very few cities and she had never stayed at a hotel. They talked about yachts on which Bessie had never sailed and about bridge tournaments of which she had never heard.

BESSIE'S smile began to feel stiff on her face, like dried soap. Once she looked, almost pleadingly, at Cy Falkland; but he was listening intently to Germaine Landis, on his left, who had recently visited friends in England and in a quiet, authoritative way was giving her opinion of Sir Stafford Cripps's austerity program.

But Myra made a grave tactical mistake when she asked Harvey Ruggles a question about Washington. Before Ruggles could answer, Bessie seized her chance, with a graceful apology for interrupting. Her mind was stored with knowledge about Washington: all the little tidbits she had picked up from listening to Madame and her distinguished friends in those months when Bessie had been serving her apprenticeship before entering the world of society.

She told an amusing story about a mistake in the receiving line at the White House. Her old gift of mimicry came back when she told an anecdote about a senator who made fiery speeches on foreign policy but unfortunately talked through his nose. She cribbed a remark she had once heard Madame make: that the senator was the only man on Capitol Hill who could talk through his hat and his nose at the same time. It was a mild witticism certainly; but Bessie offered it modestly and she warmed to the laughter it created.

"You sound exactly like the senator," Harvey Ruggles said. And many pairs of eyes at the table looked at Miss Elizabeth Keegan with new respect. Myra Matthewson looked at her with new loathing. Bessie knew better than to push her advantage too far, and once again she apologized to Ruggles, urging him to answer Myra's original question.

When Ruggles took over, everybody grew tense and silent. He might be able to tell them something, something behind the scenes, something they could understand, about taxes. He was a power. Hadn't he raised that last windfall that got his candidate's train out of the corn belt and back to the capital?

Soon, behind his easy, good-natured talk, a purpose was plain. He was trying to draw out Cy Falkland. A little sense of excitement grew. In political circles, there was speculation about young Cyrus Sayre Falkland. The politicians believed he was up to something. But what? Above all, where did he stand? Ruggles had come to Zydercliff because his wife had never stopped nagging him since first they'd been informed, *sub rosa*, that the historic estate, of which she'd seen pictures in the magazines, was for sale. His wife had social ambitions. And, though it had not yet been announced, Ruggles had already bought Zydercliff. But before he left Washingon, he had been handed a dossier on Cy Falkland.

"You might see what you can find out," The Boys said.

The dossier could mean anything. Falkland's loyalty committed him to his own class. Industrialists. Yet lately he'd been more and more chummy with the do-gooders you always found around Washington—the zealous evangelists who were never happy unless some kind of social change was in the making.

Probably, the wiseacres said, it was very serious with Cy. He was a rich young man with time on his hands—that was all. But Ruggles had an idea it went deeper. He had always believed that rich young men like Cy Falkland would realize sooner or later that there are no half measures in American political life. You are either in politics or you're not; and being in politics meant being in a party, not merely as an occasional contributor of money, but all the way in as an active policy maker.

Ruggles was interested in Cy. He was the son of the legendary Fergus Falkland, whose name was already in the history books as a captain of industry. He was also the son of Antoinette Falkland, whose philanthropies were run on so large a scale that they might almost be reckoned as part of the country's economy.

Ruggles studied Cy as he might have studied a horse coming out on the track. For all Cy's poise, he still had a kind of gawky, lanky look, like a fine thoroughbred colt that might not win a race until he was a four-year-old.

Ruggles tried a couple of easy gambits. Cy Falkland was pleasantly indifferent. Then Ruggles moved directly. "I'd like to ask you a question," he said. "Would you say that part of what's wrong with this country is the fact that a lot of the best-educated, best-informed and most intelligent people—I might even say the wisest and most disinterested people—don't take any really active interest in politics?"

Cy laughed. "I'd never say a thing like that," he said. "I might be drummed out of the party."

"Which party?" Ruggles asked.

"Either party," Cy said. "Anyone who is serious about politics can't risk any—call it premature idealism."

"Premature?" Ruggles said, and looked amused. "You mean that you can get away with idealism, if you bide your time?"

Cy grinned. "Right. A waiting game. A great many politicians are by instinct hostile to ideas—any ideas. But a certain elder statesman I know—who has never cared much about which party was in office—tells me you can sneak an idea in while the politicians aren't looking. You can even get them to act on an idea, so long as you let them make their speeches. And so long as they keep their jobs."

Germaine Landis looked at Cy and said shyly, "But you wouldn't really go *into* politics, would you, Cy? People are saying—"

She stopped, and Cy laughed again. "People say lots of things."

"But it's so—so *dirty*," Germaine said.

Cy turned to Germaine and looked at her very seriously.

"Dirty?" he said. "I don't know. I think it depends on whether or not you go into it with clean hands."

Harvey Ruggles smiled. He had found out what he wanted to know. It was true then: Cy Falkland *was* a young man with a Cause. Ruggles stroked his silvery mustache contentedly. He had accomplished his mission. Zydercliff was his by purchase—and he had found out definitely that Cyrus Sayre Falkland was likely to become an active figure in the great game of politics. Myra Matthewson signaled to the butler with her eye, and the exodus to the drawing room began. . . .

The storm that had been gathering its forces out in the Hudson River Valley all during the dinner party broke as soon as Cy Falkland's guests reached the drawing room, with a convenience of psychological effect that seemed almost stage-managed. For the tensions that lay under the surface of this very civilized house party—the explosive possibilities which had appalled John V. Merryweather when he glimpsed Myra Matthewson's guest list—were beginning to make themselves felt.

FIRST of all, Myra was called to the telephone; and when she came back to the drawing room, Bessie Keegan sensed a difference in her manner. It was not that she had been cordial before—but now there was venom in her eyes when she spoke to Bessie; and Bessie realized uneasily that it was a triumphant kind of venom.

"Bessie!" Myra said loudly. It was the first time since the house party began that she had used the name. Mostly she had avoided any direct address or had finessed with "darlings" and "my dears." Now she said "Bessie" in precisely the same tone she used to use when she was calling her maid.

"The oddest thing," Myra said. "The phone call was from the lodge house. We're going to have a visitor, my dears. It's an eccentric time to come visiting—but then this visitor is nothing if not eccentric."

Bessie Keegan grew a little pale. She saw the intent look in the eyes of Cy Falkland. They had all of them, including Cy, noticed the changed inflection in Myra's voice when she called Bessie's name.

The rain lashed the windows, but not half so cruelly as her fears were lashing Bessie Keegan. Cy Falkland crossed to her side. Cy himself was having his moment of uneasiness. Bessie had come closer to her ambition than even she had dreamed. The kiss Cy had given her was not lightly bestowed. That afternoon, roaming around the old place with her at his side, he had been warmed by her enthusiasm for Zydercliff. She did not, of course, know that Cy was in fact saying farewell to his old home, but he was grateful to her for understanding his own love for the place, with all its happy memories of his boyhood.

Cy Falkland had taken it for granted that Bessie was of his own world, and in a way he was a little disappointed about that.

The women of his world were all too readily available; he never could choke down his sense of embarrassment in the presence of girls like Germaine Landis—so perfectly equipped by breeding and appearance to be the wife of a rich man with a sense of responsibility. Guiltily, Cy admitted that he was perhaps a little sick of such women. They had everything—everything except what Cy was looking for. In this exciting Miss Keegan he thought he had found it.

DURING dinner, though, two things had troubled him. He was not deceived by Bessie's performance as a conversationalist. Cy knew Washington well, and there was a secondhand ring to everything she had said. It was almost as if she had memorized it all and rattled off her lines like an accomplished actress. The second disturbing slip had happened toward the very end of the dinner, and Cy was ashamed of himself for even having noticed. When the crepes Suzette were served, little Miss Keegan had nothing left but an oyster fork with which to eat it.

"Who is this visitor, Myra?" Cy asked good-naturedly. "Don't keep us in suspense."

Myra Matthewson laughed again, a high, unpleasant, rather hysterical laugh. "He's a great friend of Moose's too," she said.

Moose Matthewson looked at his wife with real embarrassment. What in God's name was she making such a scene about?

"You'll be interested, too, Cliff darling," Myra said to Cliff Quarrier. "This is a man who knows so much about you. You might say he knows *everything* about you, Cliff."

Quarrier shrugged. Somewhere beyond, over the sound of the rainstorm, they heard the banging of a door. A servant came to the drawing-room entrance and announced: "Mr. John V. Merryweather."

Then all hell broke loose. Bessie Keegan stood tense and silent as Merryweather roared in, shrouded in an old raincoat, bringing storm and hail and thunder with him, like a ham actor playing King Lear. Behind him—hardly noticed by Cyrus Sayre Falkland's guests, who were staring with well-bred amazement at Merryweather—stood a young man in a blue coat and a red pull-over sweater. The young man smiled at Bessie Keegan.

Moose Matthewson laughed aloud, and with genuine pleasure. "Merryweather—you old rooster!" he said. "How are you?"

"Me, I'm fine," Merryweather said. But he obviously lied. He was standing at a precarious angle, and anyone who knew the signs could tell that here was a man who had had quite a lot to drink. Moose saw that Merryweather wasn't looking at him at all. He was looking at that strange girl, Miss—whatever her name was, the one Myra had asked to the house party for some reason Moose had never understood.

"I been down to see your Papa, Bessie," Merryweather said. "He sent you his love—and he said maybe you better come home now."

Bessie Keegan began to laugh—quietly, too quietly.

(To be continued next week)

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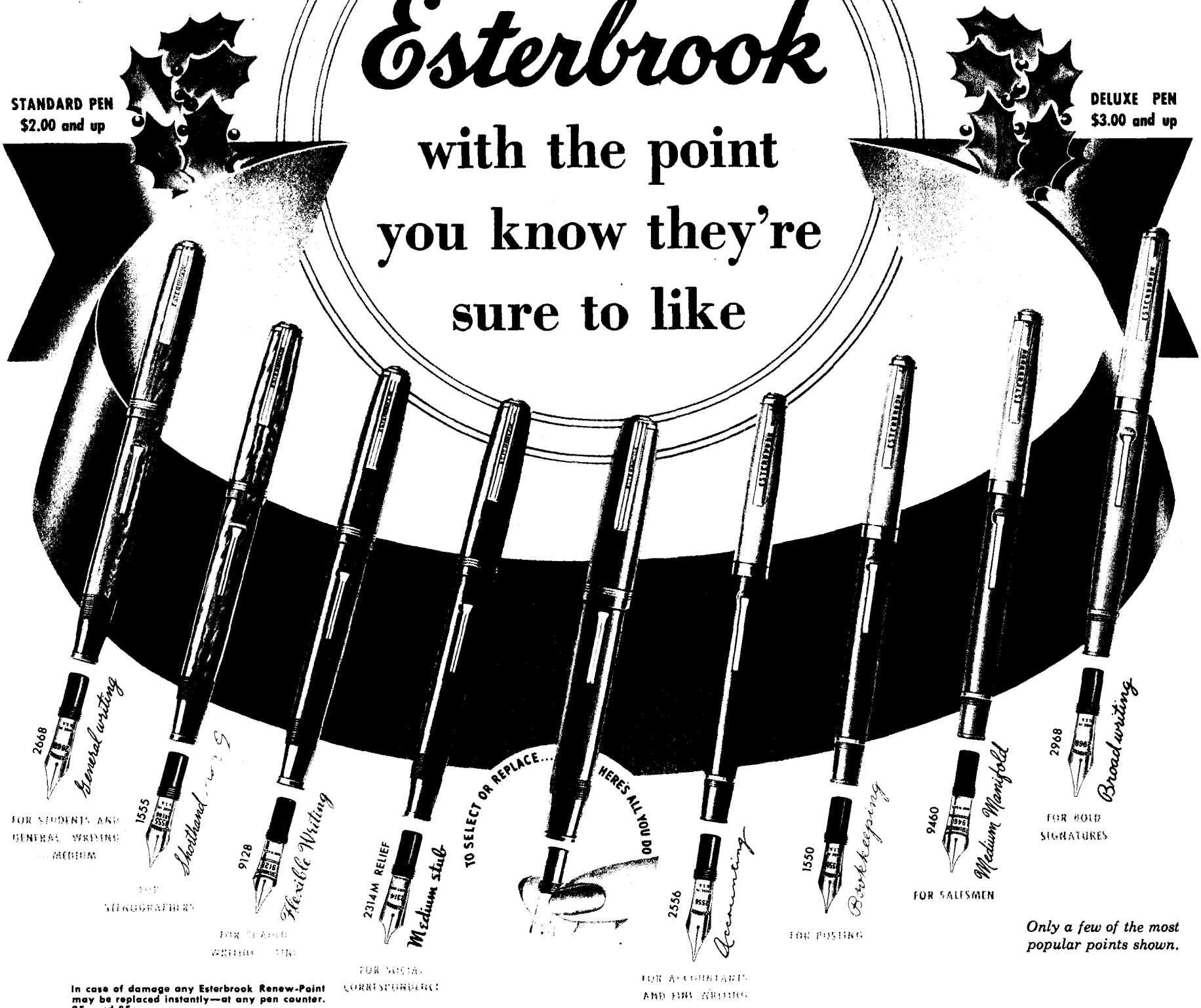

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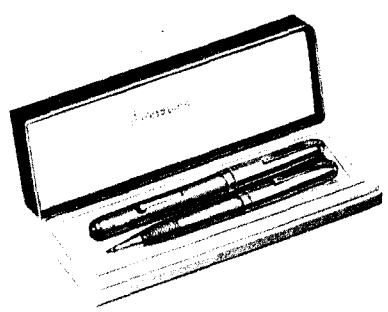

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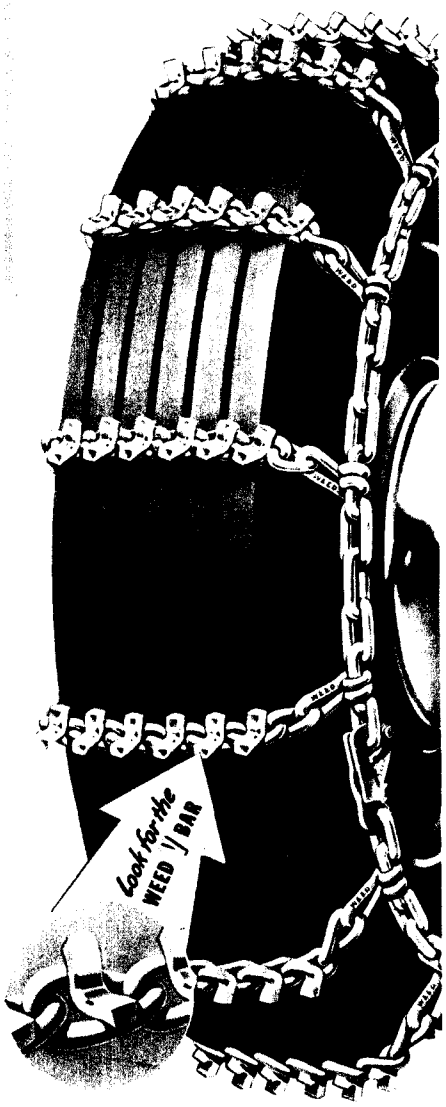

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Young Man With a Harpoon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

that!" the sergeant went on. "Chest full of T.B., legs you can crawl through without touching, teeth made outa chalk, and what do them missionaries give these guys? Readin' matter for the soul!"

This got a big laugh. I saw sweat on Richard Nusungiya's face.

"Get your stuff, Nusungiya. Get in line. I guess one out of four is a pretty good average, at that."

Richard Nusungiya stood up. "Where do I go?"

"Get in line. They'll tell you. You're in the Army, boy. They'll tell you."

THEY told him, all right, I thought now as I squeezed out of the side of the plane and stood there with needles of snow stinging my face, waiting for Richard Nusungiya to recognize me.

When he did, and came wading through the crowd with his elbows high, I knew I had come to the right place. What I saw pushing its way toward me was not just nearly six feet of rugged male with a face carved out of a block of mahogany. I saw a cover shot, in color: not just a whale hunter, but The Whale Hunter, perched tall and vigilant on a pinnacle of glittering sea ice with his long lance or harpoon or whatever he used silhouetted against one of those bruised night skies of the arctic June.

All this was going through my mind while Richard Nusungiya was holding out both of his hands and grabbing me by the shoulders.

It wasn't until then that I really looked at Richard Nusungiya and got my first warning of the crisis in the village of Ikpikpuk. Richard Nusungiya's hands and mouth were glad enough to welcome an old friend, but his big black eyes were about as hospitable as a mama bear interrupted during hibernation.

While a scraggly-headed boy of nine helped the pilot pile my gear onto a dog sled, I explained to Richard what I was doing in the village of Ikpikpuk and asked if there was a white trader there with a radio so I could get the plane back when my pictures were made. We stood around in the wind and the prop wash until the pilot took off into the fog; then we slogged up the beach to the village.

First I had to meet everybody and that took a couple of hours. By the time we wound up at the half-buried frame hovel that belonged to the white trader, I had begun to sense a chill at the back of my neck that didn't have anything to do with the weather. Anyone who works with a camera gets so he can recognize resentment when it's in the air, and this stare that I had been getting as Richard Nusungiya introduced me around had some of the signs, but somehow a little different. I don't like to start off on a job with that feeling.

The plan was for me to stay with the white trader until the hunters moved out on the ice. I hoped that would be soon. Arnout Pedersen, as he never let you forget, had spent forty years at Ikpikpuk, and his trading post had all of the aroma and squalor of the most slovenly native habitations plus a few elements of repulsion he had invented himself in four decades of stagnation. He chewed tobacco, and there wasn't a spittoon in the place.

After Richard Nusungiya had left me to my unpacking, Pedersen showed me to a windowless cubicle with a wall bunk in it, and stood working his jaws on a quid that leaked juicily into his beard.

"So you knew Richard in the Army, eh?" he said. "Now that's a shame what they did to that boy. Now there was a good Eskimo before they got their hands on him."

As Pedersen talked, the details of the tribal humiliation of Richard Nusungiya began to come out. Most of the village, the way Pedersen told it, was of the opinion that since he had come home from the wars, Richard was lazy, weak-livered and, if such a thing could be in Ikpikpuk, snobbish. Even his principal defenders, identified by Pedersen as Richard's mother and someone called Ahguluk, could not get around the fact that he turned up his nose at the food, was too shiftless to join in the common labors, and squandered most of his time mooning on the beach by himself.

"Now Richard's not a full-breed, you understand. His granddad and I busted in here together forty years ago," Pedersen went on. "He was a big man. That's where Richard gets his size. Now there was a good Eskimo before the Army filled him full of fancy ideas."

That was something I knew something about. While Pedersen rambled on, filling me in on forty years of Ikpikpuk inconsequentials, I devoted some thought to my friend Richard and the kind of fancy ideas he picked up in the Army.

I remembered watching him during his earliest days in camp, his big, bewildered face blank with incomprehension, his body which had never chafed under treated hides and birdskins plainly wretched under the press of wool garments. In our rounded steel hut at night I watched him. For him the place must have swirled with heat and new smells and echoed with the shrill, embittered voices of men who didn't want to be in the Army and more particularly in the army at Nome, Alaska.

FROM my place I could see him on the top tier of a double bunk, stifling in a bag of down warmer than any robe cut from the fur of a polar bear. Night after night he had lain unspeaking, trembling at the strangeness, confused by the poison of the language he heard. Eventually, like everyone else, he learned about barracks talk; that it is a contagion, carrying with it its own immunity. Once he had caught it, his signs of suffering vanished. It broke on me that, lying there under the harsh electric glow, thumbing his Bible, he had discovered the trick of enjoying the special privacy which is the reward of a strange-one among all-alikes.

"I guess nobody is more broken up about him than Ahguluk," Pedersen said.

"Who's Ahguluk?" I asked.

"Why, he's the big chief, the headman on the village council. He's out on the ice now. In this village the chief always picks out somebody to take over when he dies or gets too old. Richard was the one Ahguluk picked out a long time ago, before the war. You should have seen that old man's face when he found out Richard didn't want to hunt or be chief or anything else."

"Why would Richard do a thing like that?" I asked, getting worried about all my picture plans.

"I guess you ought to know the answer to that as well as anybody," Pedersen said. He stopped there, evidently convinced that I did know the answer. I didn't, but I fished for it.

I tried to solve the riddle of how the homesick yard-bird I knew, booted around from one dirty detail to another until he got tagged for permanent latrine orderly, could come back to his own people with anything but exultation in his heart.

Once when he was hefting the galvanized iron barrels onto a truck for the haul through the snow to the area marked Sewage Disposal, I broke out a pack of cigarettes and asked him, "Don't you ever get sick of this job? Maybe I could help you get put somewhere else."

He shook his head, and by the time we had finished our smoke, I had some idea of why the latrine job didn't faze him. It was unbroken routine. Routine had always been part of the life of Richard Nusungiya, and he had never found it oppressive. In five minutes he gave me the picture. All life in the arctic was in routine. The year. The week. The day. Stream fish and rock birds followed the sea splash of seal and walrus. The long white wait of winter followed the stalking of caribou on the inland slopes. The whale hunt followed the crashing breakup of winter ice, year by year. And church day followed the hunting days, week by week. I began to see how the new routine of the Army, once it was defined to him, could become equally engrossing and acceptable.

One night he and I were alone in the hut. He was reading his Bible. "Let's shuffle off to the movies," I said.

He looked at me in surprise. "Moving pictures?"

In that instant, it occurred to me that maybe he had never seen a moving picture in his life. But he had. He told me about it on the way to the post theater. A Coast Guard cutter had anchored offshore at Ikpikpuk, and Mr. Smee, the missionary, had chosen Richard to paddle him out for a talk with the skipper. While the captain and the missionary talked, Richard had watched a movie with the crew. He was only a boy then, but he had kept the villagers spellbound around their hunting fires for years with his retelling of the wonders of the pictures that moved and talked. He was amazed when I told him that if you'd stand in line for an hour, the Army would show you a movie every night.

His Bible-thumbing suffered. He was learning of things he had never heard from the lips of Mr. Smee. When I would see him leaning on a salt-dipped broom in the latrine, I could imagine him daydreaming of automobiles sleek as otters, streaking over highways that gleamed like glare ice; buildings high as cliffs; girls with bodies of rubbed ivory. He would dream of pressing his mouth against lips redder than the berries of the tundra. He would take these dreams with him into the down bag on his double bunk, and sleep restlessly. Anyway, I did.

I don't know how long he had been in the Army before he discovered that he could get a pass into town. I was on the truck with him on his first pass. And I was the one who took him to the pie shop where he first saw Aurora Gallagher, the redheaded mixblood we called Rory.

NOME in July can be a dismal picture. The streets were muddy and plowed by trucks and jeeps from the Army camp. The sagging store fronts looked like an abandoned movie set on a B lot. The beach behind was littered with garbage and tin cans that hadn't gone out with the ice. A trip into town usually held me for a month. But to Richard Nusungiya, who had never seen anything bigger and brighter than Ikpikpuk, Nome was a new and enchanting world. On nights when he didn't go to the movies he took a pass into town.

I suppose I should have been able to figure out what was happening to Richard, but it didn't really hit me until one night in the barracks when someone brought Rory Gallagher into the conversation, the usual way. Richard happened to be on his bunk. He swung his stockinged feet over the side and thumped onto the floor. He took two steps to where the talking was going on. His face was like a bull's in full tilt at the red cloth.

"Who said that?"

The one who had spoken sprang up, a reflex movement. Richard Nusungiya

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put one big hand under each side of the man's jaw, lifted him that way until his feet were off the floor, then shook until the face between the hands turned red and sweaty. Then Richard said, "Pardon me. Please don't say things like that again."

I quietly made a little whistle of relief. It could just as easily have been me that made the remark about Rory.

EVERYBODY knew about Rory. Nothing about her gave away her native blood. Gallagher, whoever he was, had provided her with red hair, snapping eyes that could have been black or blue, depending on the light, a little oval face with a tilted chin, and a body—as I presume it looked to Richard Nusungiya in his dreams—of rubbed ivory.

I had stood in line at the pie shop myself when I first came to Nome. I had even got as far as walking home with her a time or two, which was reasonably tricky, because Rory lived with her mother in the squalid cluster of shanties designated as off limits to troops. That —and her mother, of course—was a dead giveaway.

From people I got to know around town, I pieced together the whole story. Rory's mother, who was only part Eskimo herself, had smoldered for years over the way the town had given Gallagher a wide berth after he married her. She had made up her mind that Rory was going to bag herself some good man to take her to the States, where she wouldn't be any different from any other redheaded girl. The campaign had worked fine. Rory was engaged to a captain who was now, unfortunately, piloting a bombing plane in the Aleutian Islands. Meanwhile, Rory, supervised by her determined mother, was cast as true love faithfully waiting. And that was not an easy role in a place like Nome for a girl with a face and a walk like Rory's. Richard Nusungiya was not making it any easier.

I probably have never mentioned that the reason I was so taken by Richard Nusungiya in the first place was that he was a photographer's dream. I kept imagining how Richard, with his coal-black hair, which he had learned to part with a comb since he had been in the Army, his heavy square face, bronzed in a way no make-up can equal, gleaming, even teeth, and shoulders like a tackle for the Green Bay Packers, would look in different costumes. I had given up photography for the duration, but I still couldn't quit posing Richard Nusungiya in my mind.

I thought about the Rory incident in the barracks, and came up with the conclusion that the same things which made me want to photograph Richard might produce some equally strong, though dissimilar, desire in the heart of a girl.

Mulling over all this while Arnout Pedersen stood over me with a mouthful of cut plug, I found myself thinking that maybe the old scoundrel was right. Maybe I did have the answer to the riddle, and the answer had hair like the tundra moss in September and a body like rubbed ivory.

I was just waiting for an opening to ask for a rain check on the rest of Pedersen's reminiscences and go to find Richard when someone came into the outer chamber of the dungeon. I followed Pedersen out of my cell, and I knew as soon as I saw him that the old man who had just come in must be Ahguluk.

He stood no more than three or four inches over five feet. With the hood of his parka pushed back, his bald head glistened under the single Coleman lamp that Pedersen kept burning even at midday in June because of the lack of windows. But this little man with the wrinkled face had dignity. Even when he spoke, in a soft voice like a woman's, Ahguluk conveyed that he was the wise commander, the respected counselor, the killer of many whales. I could not wait to train my lens on him: low angle, nostrils flaring, brows knitted but eyes triumphant from a lifetime of outsmarting the world's biggest game.

I explained my assignment to him. He listened, nodding, and when I had finished, he asked, "All this is of interest to many people, is it?"

I assured him that it was, that the Eskimo whale hunt was one of man's most daring and dramatic endeavors. He nodded. He clearly thought so too.

"Good," he said. "There is good news. The lookouts have found the big open water, perhaps one hour on the ice. The whales have already started to pass. You are welcome to come with me tonight or to follow when you are ready."

I told him it would take me an hour or two to arrange the camera equipment for traveling in a dog sled on the ice. We discussed the kinds of pictures I wanted, the shooting angles I would need and the best ways of going about getting them. I explained that in a series of this type one or two central figures were needed to give continuity to the picture story. Without pointing up the suggestion, I said, "I would feel honored if the chief himself would consent to be photographed. And I had thought of Richard Nusungiya to represent the youth of the village."

Grief clouded the withered old face. "Yes," he said, "I was told that you are a good friend of Richard Nusungiya."

I nodded.

"So," he shrugged. "One day, when he chooses, he will become a great hunter; I predict it. He will surpass the achievements of Ahguluk," he added wistfully, "though not, of course, within my lifetime."

I seemed to sense in there somewhere an unspoken plea for help. I think the sad old chief, doing some sensing of his own, understood that it was just as important to me for Richard Nusungiya to stop playing Hamlet and take up his spear.

"You have heard, perhaps, that there is a certain peril in the hunting of whale," Ahguluk said, his eyes narrowing on me. "I cannot believe that Richard Nusungiya could have learned the fear of danger from the United States Army. A few in the village say this, but I cannot believe it."

"Don't you believe it," I said. "I'm going now to have a little talk with Richard."

BUCKING the wind to the little shack of driftwood and walrus hides where Richard lived with his mother, I tried to sharpen the focus on this village discord. There was one thing I could rule out instantly. If Richard Nusungiya didn't want to hunt whales, it wouldn't have anything to do with fear. My guess was that he was going through the same kind of torment that caused an ex-colonel I knew in Queens to give up his laundry business, desert a wife and three kids, and wind up cadging beers in a waterfront bistro because he couldn't get his mind off a yellow-headed *Fräulein* that used to make beds in an Austrian castle. In fact, on the basis of my firsthand view of Ikpikpuk, I could see a lot of parallel there.

My friend Richard had never, as the saying goes, had it so good as he had had it in the Army. The chow wasn't nectar and ambrosia, but from what I could see, it beat the blubber cuisine of the arctic. Bathing may be a characteristic of a decadent civilization, but it's a habit with a certain appeal, once it's acquired.

And sitting around swapping descriptions of polar bear tracks by the flicker of a seal-oil lamp may satisfy the social demands of the bent and bearded, but it's a pale aftermath to giddy nights on Montmartre, or, to be more specific, clutching the hand of the girl you love in the fetid gloom of the Dreamland Theater in Nome, Alaska. Everything is relative, they keep drumming into us, and relatively speaking, Richard Nusungiya would have every reason for concluding that he was better off in the Army. He wouldn't be the first.

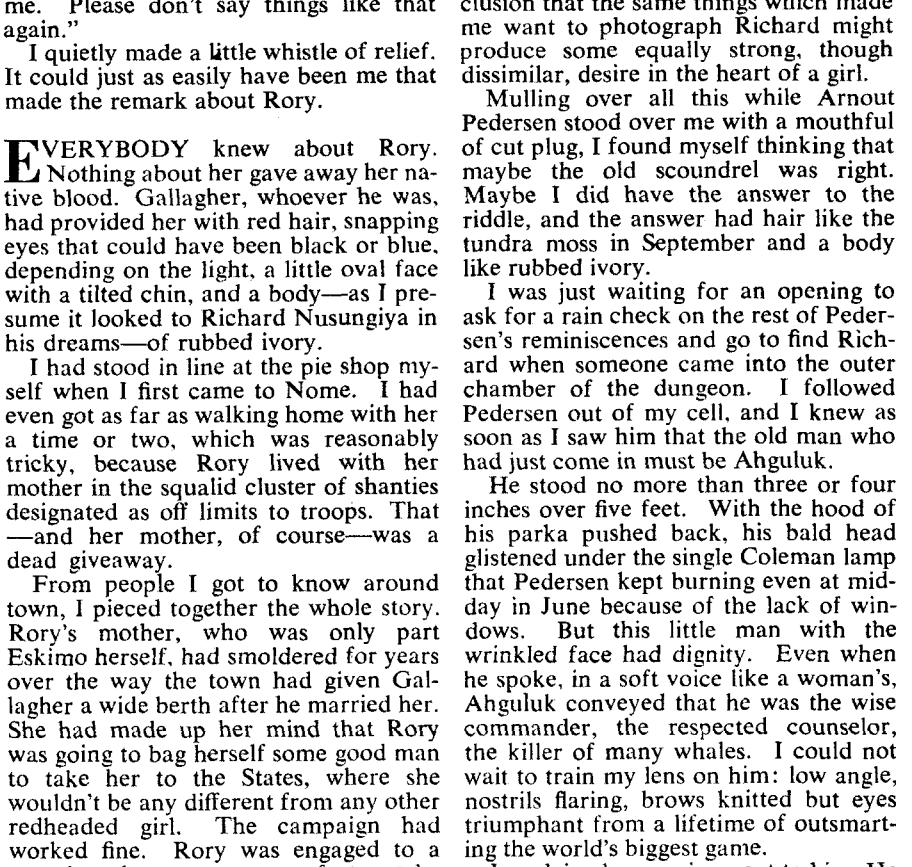
I realized that all I was doing was dreaming up justification for the melancholy which was obviously punishing Richard, to the despair and puzzlement of his neighbors. The last time I had seen my ex-colonel friend, he was staring out to sea in the direction of Austria, and so far as I know may still be there with tears in his beery eyes. Just recognizing a problem won't solve it.

I found Richard alone. He looked at me as though I had caught him standing over a blind man with a horsewhip.

"I suppose you've heard the village talk," he said.

"Sure," I said, and opened fire. "What's biting you, boy? Is it Rory?"

His hanging head snapped up. I thought for a second I was in for the



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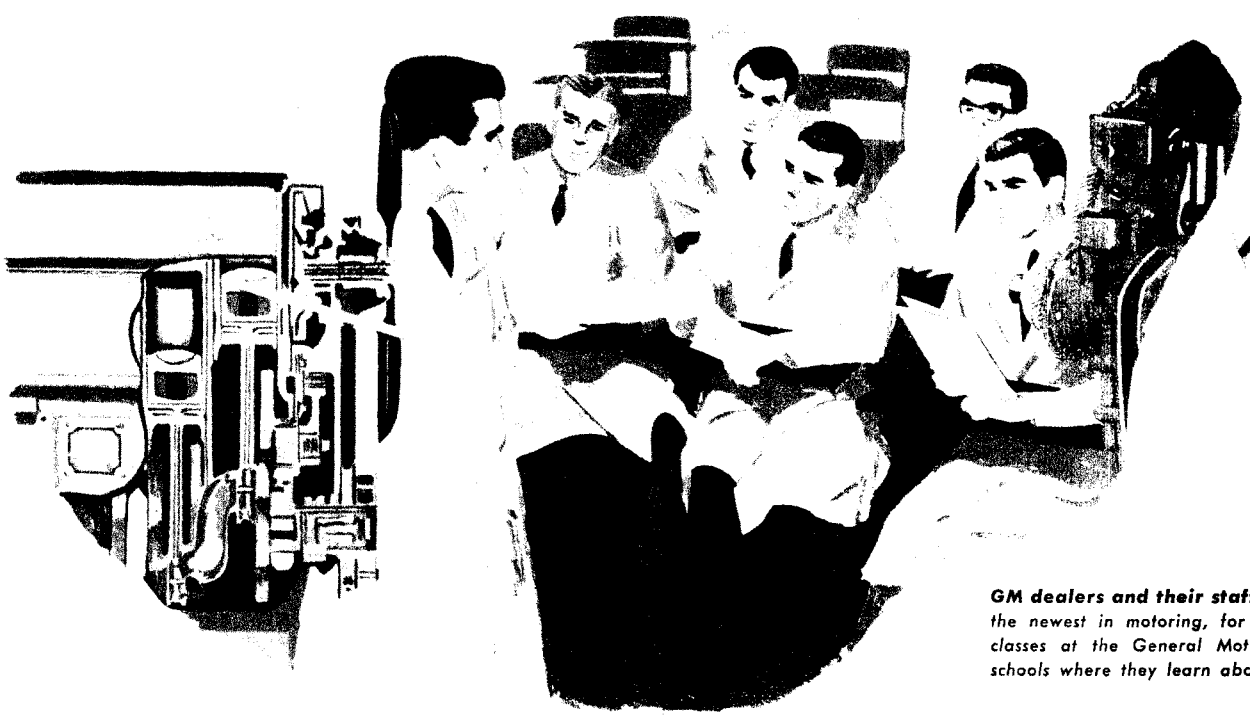

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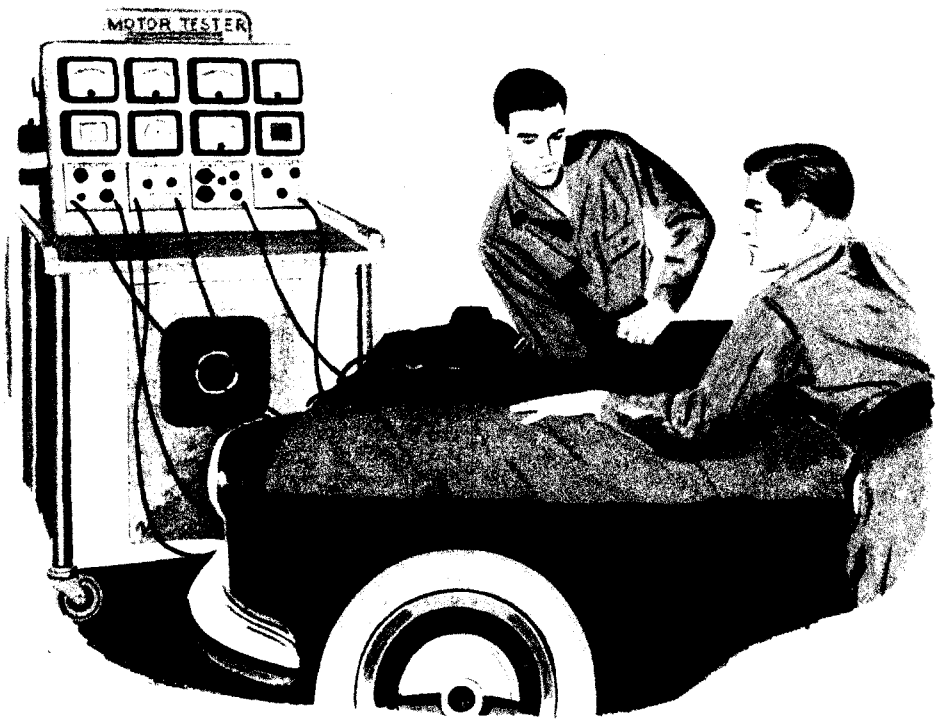

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shaking treatment, then the blaze in his eyes cooled to a simmer.

"Sure," he said. "Rory and everything else away from here. I stopped living the day I got back here. I don't have to tell you why. You can see—"

"All I can see," I said, "is that you've changed and the old home hasn't. Boy, it's happened before."

"That's a lot of help."

"Well," I told him, "if it's as bad as all that, you can do like a lot of others. You can re-enlist."

His chin dropped again. "I tried that," he said. "I was all right to push a mop while there was a war on, but now they look closer at the X rays. They tell me I've got a bad lung."

That softened me. "Oh. Well, if you're sick—"

"I'm no sicker than anybody else in the village. Only thing wrong with me is I don't care about anything."

I thought a minute. "Look, boy. I came a long way to make pictures of a whale hunt. I came to this particular place because I wanted you, particularly, to be in the pictures. Now, my expense account is not unlimited, but I can always charge off a reasonable figure for model fees. I can probably pay you enough to buy your plane fare out of here and a little more."

"No," he said. "That wouldn't do any good. I know you've always tried to help me, but there's no place to go. You know how I'd have to live if I went back to Nome. It would be just as bad anywhere else."

I remembered the tin-can huts, the squalling bent-legged brats and the brutish underfed Malemutes staked in rows in the Eskimo shantytown of Nome, and I couldn't blame him.

"Boy," I said. "You beat me."

WE SAT and looked at each other. I wanted to tell him that he hadn't made a man-size try at finding himself, that all the villagers needed was a sign from him that he wanted to try, but I didn't know how to go about it without quoting Pollyanna. And I knew what his answer would be. He had waited too long. Delay had compounded the weakness that caused him to bury his head.

I used the long silence to alter my tactics. It should be pointed up here that I was engaged in no sociological caper. I wanted pictures; Richard Nusungiya was my man, and had been my man since that second beer in the valley of San Sebastiano. In this business you don't quit on the second or third refusal. If I happened to have a little personal feeling toward an old barracks buddy, that was just something thrown in at no extra cost.

"As I get it," I summed up, aloud, "you're afraid to leave here, and by staying here you're flogging yourself into a strait jacket."

He just stared at me, and, in the dim light that came from a jagged hole in the ceiling, I saw a face that made me hanker for my camera. It was a salon print, low key, deep in shadow, something with an arty title: The Vanquished.

It was perhaps a full two minutes before I had my gambit planned.

"You haven't told me what became of Rory," I said.

The Vanquished shaded into The Persecuted.

"She ran away with a guy who was washing dishes in the pie shop."

Poor Rory, I thought. Poor Rory's mother. Poor Rory's fly-boy captain.

"I tried to stop her," Richard went on.

The picture began to take shape as he talked. She had obviously grabbed the first free ticket out of a life she detested without reading what it said on the stub. Smitten as she was with Richard—and she must have been, because she played him square, told him all her plans—she couldn't pass up a chance to escape from the only kind of future he offered her. If the same thing didn't happen to so many others, it would sound a lot sadder.

When he finished, I said, with all the indignance I could muster, "Richard, you and I can make that girl's heart bleed the way yours did. We'll make her spill a tear for every minute she's been away from you."

I talked fast. In color plates with Richard Nusungiya as the central interest, I would make him into the ruggedest bronze-faced he-man hero that ever hit the magazine stalls. Whale hunting would look like the most glamorous, death-defying activity of man since the days of the gladiators. By comparison, whatever kind of low life a greasy kitchen flunky, undoubtedly working only between drinking bouts, could offer her would seem pretty grim.

I could see that I was making headway. Richard's face showed that the idea of looking good to Rory, better than any sweaty-nosed dishwasher, was balm to a very sore spot.

"But how do you know Rory would ever see the pictures?" he asked.

"Boy," I said, "ten million people fight for this magazine every week; seventy-five per cent of them are women."

I guess that proves that you can do anything with statistics. When I woke up the next morning, shivering under a skin tent ten miles out on the ice pack, Richard Nusungiya found me the iceberg I needed, and I made the cover shot.

It was one of those days you pray for. The sky was not clear, but the clouds were long streamers of fluff. The sea water looked like chipped jade, and the reflection of daylight off the icecap glittered like a desert of diamonds. While I scrabbled around making pictures of the shore preparations, I couldn't help noticing the proud smiles of the hunters at the sight of Richard Nusungiya, dressed for the kill. My friend Richard was clearly undergoing a test of redemption, but I couldn't see anyone who wasn't rooting for him. If they had no way of knowing what prompted him to seek out Ahguluk and ask to be given a place in the whaleboat, I saw no cause to fret about it.

Richard must have been aware of the noddings and cocked glances as he strode off to stand by the lip of the ice with Ahguluk, the two of them gesturing and pointing, plotting the strategy by which a dozen men could dare to tackle a sixty-ton monster on his home grounds; but if he intercepted the quick messages of the eyes, he gave no sign.

Late in the afternoon, the whale was sighted.

I hung two Leicas around my neck and loaded into a small boat with two Eskimo paddlers. I watched Richard as he moved to his place in the long umiak alongside. He had apparently forgotten I existed. He stood peering intently seaward, testing with his fingers the thonged joint in the harpoon designed to buckle but hold, forming a hook in the flesh of a thrashing whale. I had the feeling that I was seeing Richard Nusungiya whole for the first time.

We stayed as close as we could while the umiak, the skins on its ribs taut as a drumhead, eased cautiously toward a distant foam that was the wake of the unsuspecting whale, dawdling south for the summer. Ahguluk was in the stern, whispering commands in his soft voice. Richard was erect in the bow, his long harpoon slanting almost into the sea. I was making exposures like mad.

Our boat hung back on a signal from Ahguluk. Then the long boat shot forward like a torpedo, with scarcely a splash from the ten paddles. My two paddlers beat the sea, jockeying me into position just in time for me to get the range as the umiak traveled straight onto the top of the whale's back. I could see Richard, balanced like a tightrope artist, poised for the plunge. The instant the long lance moved, I started clicking, and I kept right on clicking through everything that followed.

The point of the harpoon disappeared under the weight of Richard's heavy shoulders. The next instant, his body was completely out of the boat, his long legs outstretched, hanging on the shaft like a pole vaulter clearing fifteen foot six.

It takes a whale a fraction of a second to get the news that he's been stabbed. The trick is, as Ahguluk had explained to me at the briefing, to get the harpoon in deep, into a vital organ, give the harpooner the flick of an eye to drop back into the boat, then paddle like fury to be out of the way when the whale feels the pain.

RICHARD was still at the crest of the vault when the pain penetrated to the whale's brain. Everyone in the long boat seemed to know this by instinct. This time the paddles splashed. I could see that great gray bulk rising to the surface as Richard's body began to fall. I wanted to close my eyes and scream, but instead I numbly pressed my shutter release. The tail broke water just as the boat chopped to a safe distance. Somewhere in the lashing spray I could make out through my view finder a black figure hurtling through space, end over end, the way you throw a stick into the water for a dog.

He went under closer to us than to the big boat, where Ahguluk was singing out orders to his men. My two paddlers, who knew their whaling and were cagey, started a slow circle toward the spot where Richard had hit. I had heard somewhere that, if he survives the initial shock, a man with a constitution like iron can stay alive about twenty minutes in the Arctic Ocean.

It must have been several minutes before we reached Richard. From a distance he looked to be floating in his clothes, but as we pulled nearer I could see he was stroking easily, without panic. All this time I was alternating between shooting the big boat, now playing behind the stormy wake of the pain-crazed whale to finish the battle, and cussing myself out for talking Richard into risking his neck for a few inches of film.

Then Richard was right alongside and, damn my eyes, I just had to lean in for a close-up of his face as the two Eskimos hauled him aboard. I'm glad I did. I know now what it means to talk of a face full of triumph.

He was too chilled to speak for a long time after we got him back onto the ice and into dry robes by a fire. I'm no doctor, but I could guess that he had at least a rib or two broken. I sat with him an hour or so, waiting for his trembling to subside. Finally he rolled his head in a sudden movement and whispered, "I hope I didn't spoil your pictures, Nick."

After a while, he spoke again. "I've been thinking it over. It would be cruel to do a thing like that to Rory. Leave me out of your pictures, Nick. I don't want to hurt her, ever."

I didn't say anything.

"Please, Nick. Promise me."

"I could make you a promise like that here," I said, "but I couldn't promise to keep it when I get back to New York."

If you saw the cover and six-page spread in the issue that's on the stands this week, you already know that I didn't.

I'm proud of that cover, but my favorite picture in the layout is a smaller one inside, at the bottom of page twenty-one. This one was taken during the big festival after the whale had been tugged onto the ice and butchered. Look closely at the face of the hunter propped against the upturned hull of the umiak in the center of the crowd. If you see what I do, you'll see the eyes of a man who has discovered not only what he was cut out to do, but one who exults in the discovery. And that smile belongs to a man who knows that when the time comes for him to lead, his people will join him willingly and with respect. THE END

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For Love—

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

and say, "Oh, I *didn't* understand. For love. That means, of course, that I must give him up, that Ruth and Charlie and little Teddy will have to shift however they can, and I'll go look for a job. For love."

She'll look at me with innocent eyes, and her heart will be breaking for the pain she is causing us, but she'll say, "I can't help it! I'm in love! Don't you understand? Ruth, Charlie and Teddy don't matter, and *you* don't matter; for *I'm* in love!"

SHE let herself think of Ted holding her in his arms, first smiling down at her snub nose, before kissing it. What would they do? Of course, pillow fights! They'd chase each other around the apartment, and he'd always catch her near the deep chair and they'd fall over the arm awkwardly into the seat. He would get a kissing binge on and cover her with strings of kisses, like drapes of beads. They would always be laughing; everything would start them laughing.

She closed her eyes. From the woods came the moist, urgent odor of the early spring, and she held her breath and felt a pressure gather against her eyes. When she opened them again, they were full of tears.

"Oh, let him have her!" she cried. "Let him go! Let him go!"

She brushed through the line of diapers and felt their wet slap on her cheek as she went into the kitchen again. She felt comforted for a moment, standing in her own domain—the high chair in the corner, the chipped blue plates. She remembered with almost childish relief that yesterday he had brought Teddy a balloon and it had escaped to the ceiling; and there it was, still clinging to the ceiling, the great red bubble trying to push through those hard walls to the night. Of course, he loved Teddy! Of course, he loved Ruth and Charlie!

Why, Ted was crazy about the kids—that was the one sure, indestructible thing about him!

She began to cry in the kitchen, falling down on a chair and weeping into her hands, and laughing. Oh, what a fool, what a fool! Ted could *never* part with them; they were his life—the whole three of them! Why, he was like a bigger brother to them, and sometimes even claimed to be to strangers, just to see how people stared at them.

She shook with tears and laughter, sobbing through her fingers; and then she punched the tears out of her eyes with her fists like a little child; and then she got herself a large rose-colored comb and began to comb her hair, peering through the translucent strands that the light lighted up.

Oh, she'd be firm with him! She wouldn't show him how seriously it had affected her, and perhaps, when it was over, she'd tease him a little; but she'd be firm! When he was just out of his bath, the rings on his bright head were as big as half dollars and jiggled when he walked. She'd comb them out, one by one, as he sat reading on the floor with his back against her knees and his head reaching up to her hands. Somehow, they'd be alone together. The kids would be off—oh, somewhere, somewhere away; and they would be alone again in any of a hundred moments from high-school days. Everything would heal in the quiet as she combed.

IN THE morning she woke smiling; then a pang swept through her as she turned to look for him. He was gone, and she hadn't even awakened when he'd come home last night. And *he* hadn't waked *her!* She heard noises from the kitchen and looked at the clock. He'll be late, she thought, and jumped out of bed. But when she reached the kitchen she found Ruth, her eldest, her eight-year-old, putting honey on a piece of cracker with a huge spoon. Beside her was Charlie, seven, dumping cocoa into his glass of milk and trying to drown it with a fork. Teddy was asleep.

"Well," she cried. "What's this, Ruth?"

Ruth put the spoon in her mouth and pulled on it. Her hair was bright as *his*—and a tangle of coins. "Daddy made breakfast for us," she said calmly. "He said let *you* sleep."

"Where *is* Daddy?" she asked, and felt her heart skip a beat.

"Mother," she said, "he gave me a message. Here it is." She closed her eyes and recited: " 'Tell Mommie that I had to get to the warehouse early and I'll have to stay late again tonight. Not to wait up for me but go to sleep.' " She opened her eyes. "That's all."

Harriet stared at her daughter. Helplessly she asked, "Is that all? Didn't he—" She hesitated and asked wildly, "Didn't he *do* anything? Did he kiss you good-by?" she asked desperately.

"We don't remember," Ruth answered. "Maybe Charlie does, I don't."

"I don't remember things like that," Charlie declared.

"Where's Baby?" Harriet asked.

"Wet and asleep," Ruth replied.

She saw Charlie staring at her, and caught the shadow that swept like dust across his clear, smooth face.

"He kissed us, Mom," he said, reassuringly. Then he added reproachfully, "You *know* he always does!"

She bent and kissed him.

"I know," she whispered. She placed both hands over her face and her body tightened into a rod for a moment before she removed them again. She saw both her children staring at her.

"Headache," she explained. "Now, get off to school. Got everything?"

"Yes," they replied, and brushed their faces against hers and sprang through the kitchen screen door letting it bang behind them as they ran.

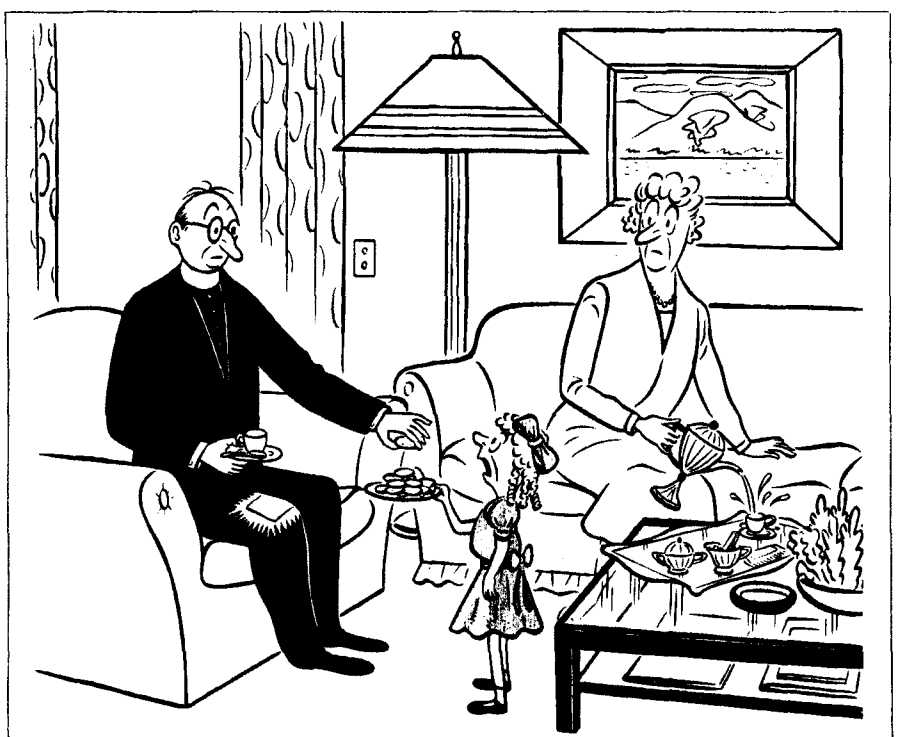
She went into the large room that the three of them shared together. The odor of ammonia and baby powder, which sometimes stirred an uneasy nausea in her when she entered the room before breakfast, now suddenly filled her with such tenderness she almost trembled. She went over to the crib and stared down at her youngest child, whom *she* had named Teddy over his protests; removed the thumb from his mouth and lifted his sweating head from the uncomfortable niche where he had wedged it, and restored it to the flat pillow. She changed diapers deftly, pausing to examine a slight flaming of his thighs, which she dusted liberally, and then recovered him.

She began to pick up things in the room and return them to their places; then she realized she was hungry and stale, and she left the room half done and went back to the kitchen. She noticed that he had eaten nothing—had not even had a cup of coffee. "The balloon's gone," she suddenly cried out loud, staring up to where it had clung last night so longingly to the ceiling. For a moment her memory of it faltered—*had* it been there? What color was it? Red, red, red. She jerked the coffee top open and the lid clattered into the sink. With almost a trace of fear, she thought: They didn't even mention it this morning.

WITH the coffee on the stove, she sat down in a chair and folded her hands, girl-like, in her lap. Now, she felt a stranger, suddenly caught in a spell, alienated in her own kitchen. With her quick fancy she saw herself abandoned by the children, who had run thoughtlessly off to school; rejected by Ted, who had gone brushing by her, his eyes eagerly set on a figure waiting for him down the street. It seemed to her that it was snowing, it was coming down in thick sheets, faces drifted in and out like ghosts; there was distant music . . .

"Good God!" she cried, jumping up with a sharp laugh. "Already I'm the orphan match girl!"

She blushed, catching sight of her face in the mirror over the kitchen sink; she grabbed a comb and began to pull it cruelly through her hair. The pain reminded her of the real world again, and feeling the blood flow through her face, she felt confidence return. The baby cried and, hearing him, she turned with a look of surprised gratitude toward the



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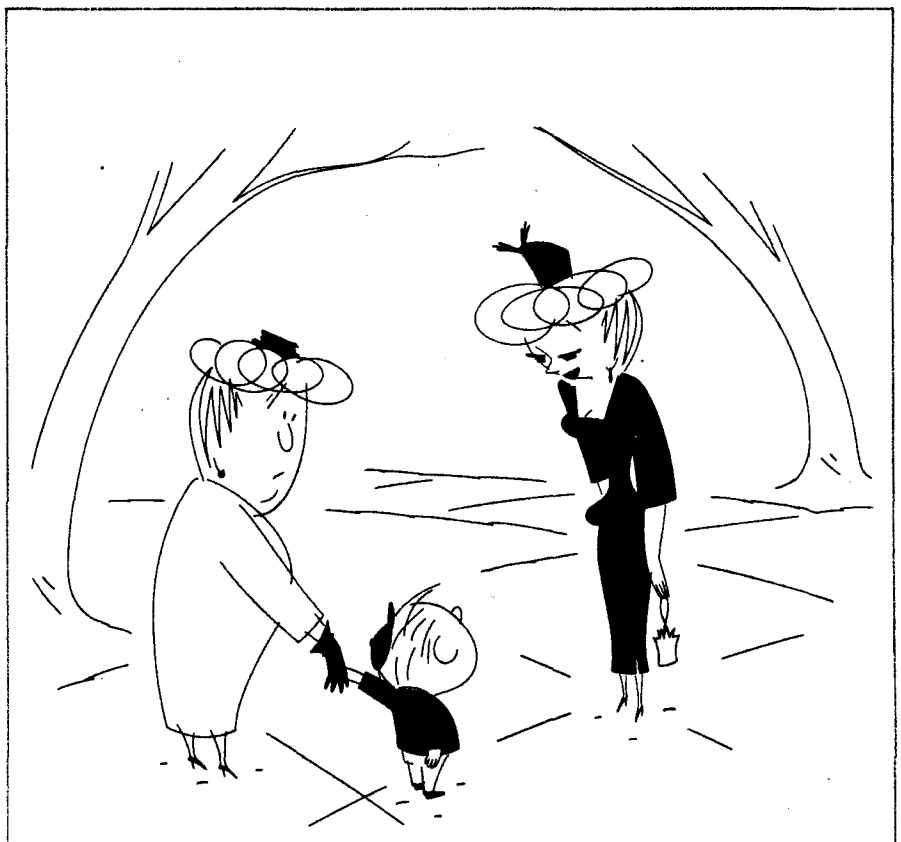

"Why, thanks a lot for the compliment, Edwin. It's very nice to know that you like the way I'm stacked"

COLLIER'S — BILL KING

door; and then she was home again as she said, "Coming, Teddy, coming!" . . .

When the children came home from school, they found her sitting in a blue shadow in the unlit living room. She seemed to have been staring at the goldfish in the bowl at the window, which held, like a small jewel, some last ray of the afternoon sun. When Charlie came to her and chanted, "Did it again! Did it again!" she couldn't remember what he meant, but asked him, "Was the balloon in the kitchen this morning when you woke up?"

Her son stared at her.

"Why, Mom?" he asked, disturbed by her voice.

"*Was* it there?"

"Yes." Then his voice became disgusted. "But Dad broke it this morning. He tied some of your thread to it and let it out off the porch and it hit a sharp branch outside and went *plop*—good-by, balloon!"

"*He* did that?" she asked with weary astonishment.

"You know Dad," he said maturely. "He's the baby of the family. What did he do with my roller skates? Huh? Remember?"

"Yes, I remember," she said mechanically, but her thoughts were of something else.

She pulled him toward her and said, with a rush of words that astonished him, "Tell me, Charlie, how was Daddy this morning? Did he joke with you and play with you? Did he tell you he loved you? I mean you and Ruth and little Teddy? Did he mention *me?*"

He stared at her.

"How did he act?" she cried.

"The same as always," he answered. "I guess he acted the same. He broke the balloon, didn't he? What do you mean, Mom?" he asked anxiously.

She hugged him and said, "Oh, nothing, nothing at all, Charlie! Your Mom's drunk and eighty-two years old, and she wishes she had three other Charlies just like you!"

He smiled. "That's what you say *now*," he said. "How about the times when you say how glad you are you don't have *two* of me?"

To his horror, he found that she was crying.

"Mom," he cried. "What's the matter?" . . .

It was long after midnight, and she could hear Charlie talking to himself in his bed. It had been a ragged struggle tonight to get them to go to sleep. they had kept coming out on every kind of pretext to talk to her until she had lost her temper. And then, too late, she had realized that in their own way they were showing their concern for her, and she felt humbled.

She heard the pebbles scratching on the pathway outside; then the whine of recognition of the cat who was on the outside porch; she heard his mumble of affection as the cat no doubt arched itself against his leg; she heard the key in the door. . . .

"You still up?" he said, surprised.

STANDING in the doorway from the hall; he looked still possessed with the haunting quality of the spring night. The room seemed drab suddenly from his point of view—from having been in the moonlight, from having come from her, that other one.

"Yes," she said. "I'm a little restless. And I missed you last night."

When he took off his hat, the curls of his hair sprang up like jack-in-a-boxes. He looked eighteen, she thought; always a little behind everything; a half beat off in his reactions, lost in his dreams. "Teddy! Teddy!" she had got used to calling him, always having to call him twice.

He went to the opposite side of the room and sat down in the green easy chair. He brought out the morning newspaper but set it aside and pinched the bridge of his nose instead with his two fingers. She watched him as if he were alone in the room and didn't know she was watching. It was impossible to believe such boyish hair could remain on a man thirty years old; it was the kind of hair that fell to the barber's floor wet with mothers' tears. It seemed inappropriate to her suddenly—it should at least be a little thin, she thought; even bald. It had no right . . .

"Tired?" she said.

He nodded, still keeping the ridge of his nose pinched and his eyes closed.

If I were your mother, she thought,

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I'd go and run my hand over your head and offer to bring you a glass of milk. But I've done that three times already tonight, she said; I've done it three times three times three times three—my bones ache. "I can't walk across the floor, Ted," she said to herself.

To him she said, "I want to talk to you."

She waited for a moment and then repeated, "I want to talk to you, Ted. Will you listen?"

He sighed and removed his fingers.

"I'm dog-tired," he replied. "Keep it simple."

She flushed.

"As simple as I can." In spite of herself she added angrily, "Not everything *is* simple!"

He lifted his head at the tone of her voice and stared at her. She caught a glimpse of his suddenly scared, suddenly troubled look, and momentarily felt a twist of pity for him.

"I don't know how to start," she said. "I don't want to make a mountain out of a molehill. I don't want to go overboard." Now she saw his openly anguished expression, but, with a catch in her own heart, she saw too the shadow of relief that came and went across his face at the same time.

"This is hard for me to say," she began slowly. "We've never had anything like this since—since—we were kids, I guess, Teddy. I guess you never did love anybody but me, and I guess I never thought about—well, about your having any ideas about other women. Still, I suppose being hitched to one wagon—"

She wanted him to smile back at her, as he always did when she made a wry joke. But his face looked like a boy's waiting for teacher to come to the point of the crime after a preliminary series of innocuous questions.

She said, "Ted, I want everything to be honest between us. If you give me your word that all this is over with, or will be soon, I'll drop the whole thing, and we can go on as if—"

She was going to say, "—as if nothing had happened," but looking at his face she could not form the words.

"Harriet," he said, "I want a divorce."

An hour later, he left the house and did not come back. She told him how she had discovered the affair and had added once again that so far as she was concerned it made no real difference to her. She asked him to go on just as they had been; she agreed that he could continue seeing the girl for now, but she hoped it would be obvious that, in a short while, he would realize that breaking up the home and hurting the children was too big a price to pay. She felt, she said, that the crisis was very much her own fault, but was sure she could win back his love, and he would eventually see how dangerously close he had come to doing irreparable harm to everything he really loved.

He heard her out, and then said, "I have thought about all that. But I love her and she loves me, and we want to be married."

Then he had packed his suitcase and left for a hotel.

FOR two hours she lay on the bed as if she were a corpse: stiff, her eyes staring. She had left a tiny light burning and watched a jagged shadow on the ceiling.

At first, no thoughts came: only a heavy lump seemed set above her heart, pinning it down; she felt her heart beat under it painfully, struggling to breathe. Then she began to think about him, and she saw him as if surrounded by a cloud, hidden away behind it. Every time she sent a hand out to touch him, the soft substance gave, but she could not pierce it. Only he could pierce it from the inside.

It seemed to her now that everything was inevitable. Yes, Ted had been the oldest child in the family, and she had been the mother of all.

And now Ted wanted to get married! She was suffering the pangs of the mother who was about to lose her favorite son, not her husband!

She began to laugh. Perhaps, she thought, this was a sign that Ted was growing up! *Now*, he wanted to get married! There was a deadly logic in this. She suddenly found herself laughing until tears came, and her sobs mingled with her laughter so that it sounded like two people, one mocking the other.

The room grew quiet, so quiet she could hear the shadows moving, the sound they *must* make as they creep across the floor. Through the door of the children's room that she kept slightly ajar, she could hear the separate breathings; then the concert of their breathing. Now she dreaded falling asleep. She shrank from the usual sunny thoughts of her first semiconsciousness in the morning.

"Let him go! Let him go!" she cried. Then, later: "Don't leave me, Teddy!" Then she said, struggling for sanity, "I'm

"Just give me two blank checks. Don't turn me loose with a whole book"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

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thinking this way because it's night; in the morning I'll see it in its practical light." Then she wept again. . . .

She was awakened by someone tugging. It was Ruth.

"Mother," she said, with a troubled, reproachful voice, "it's so late and you haven't made us breakfast!"

"Oh, Ruth!" she cried, gathering her daughter in to her. "I overslept! I forgot to put on the alarm!"

Anguish cut through her and she pressed her daughter to her fiercely, but she said approvingly, "You remembered to brush your hair, Ruthie! That's good progress!"

She got up and went into the kitchen, where Charlie was sitting at the table looking through a book.

"Charlie!" she cried, and hanging on to the page with his eyes as he slowly closed the book, he nodded his head obediently.

Now, everything about breakfast became magnified and isolated as if seen through a clear crystal glass. The milk was blue-and-white as she poured it from the pitcher into their bowls. The cereal was built into mountains and mounds. With sudden sympathetic identification, she understood Charlie completely now, as he traced his spoon up and down the valleys and gullies, his eyes in a trance, his lips mumbling. *She* was walking up and down those gullies and valleys while the mountains towered over her, and, yes, she was drowning in a torrent of blue milk.

She would have to think on the run. Little Teddy demanded every moment of her time; only when he was passive for a moment could she snatch at a few threads of thought. I'll try to delay him, she thought. This will pass; he's hypnotized. Then later: I'll go and see her and speak to her as one woman to another: I'll tell her about Charlie and Ruth. . . . Then: Let him get the divorce. Let him! I can't tie him; the only important thing is the children. . . .

SHE was not free really to think, however, until she had put the baby away for his nap. Then she left the house, which had become a physical burden on her, and walked down the little hill behind the yard to the gully below where a small creek ran. The trees were shining with the expectancy of spring: in the corner of her mind, she was hoping for a crocus.

Here, there was evidence of the children everywhere: a gap in a dam, like a broken tooth, which let the creek through abundantly; a cave in the clay bank, into which two children could pack themselves like nuts in the earth; a long rope floating like a tail from a branch overhead, the only remnants of last summer's swing which Ted had built there—built there and swung on himself, finally breaking it and landing in the creek. A hearty laugh had been had by all, she remembered, and most of all by Ted; but that had been the end of the swing.

Walking away from the house was like fighting against a wind. She knew that Teddy would sleep for three hours and nothing on earth could harm him—and once or twice she had had to leave him alone for brief moments while she ran to the store—but she felt almost as if she had to fight to draw herself away. "I'm bound to the house," she said.

She walked along the creek until it reached the road and climbed up the hill to it. Far in the distance she caught a flash of yellow, and wondered whether she should go there and verify her suspicion that it was forsythia. Instead, she stood on the little bridge over the creek and watched the cars go by. Of old, she studied the license plates, hoping she'd see one from California.

"Do *I* love him?" she asked. She caught a glimpse of silver in the sky and shading her eyes stared up at it. Soon she began to hear the drone of a plane; in a moment, she got dizzy staring into the dazzling atmosphere, and her head spun for a second. Looking up and down the road and then at the sky, she became aware of suddenly expanded space—the world was big and spread everywhere! It wasn't just the house, just the town, just Ted, just the baby. . . .

The baby! She stopped with a jerk, and listened. She could not have heard from this distance, but still she listened. Harriet believed in the sound of silence, and listened for it.

"Yes," she said. "I do love him."

To think, she went on to herself, I am only twenty-eight years old. I'm a mother and a wife; I'm about to lose my husband. And all the time I haven't gone twenty miles from the town I was born in. I haven't ridden a train more than five times in my life. The kids were too little to go.

That she was only twenty-eight seemed absurd to her; she seemed at the same time fifty and nineteen.

I haven't done a thing in my life. I haven't traveled anywhere, I haven't seen anything. My life has been cut up in four parts: one for Teddy, one for Ruth, one for Charlie—and one for Ted. Only one for Ted? Is that what he's objecting to? Only one fourth of me for him?

She considered this thought for a moment, wryly amused at the vision of herself divided, like a pie, into four parts—trying to persuade the children to take smaller fourths so that Ted could have a larger one. After all, he was grown up and ate more.

It was very quietly, and only at the end, that she thought: And what part's left for me?

Now she remembered her entire life as having been lived in the problems of others. If she was worried, it was about Charlie having the mumps, or if she was delighted it was because Ted had been appointed to a new and better job; if she didn't sleep at night, it was because Teddy had shown undetermined symptoms during an infantile paralysis epidemic.

Even her clothes had been determined by them; the movies she saw, the radio programs she listened to. Even her moments alone were conditioned by them; and stolen, as this one was.

She stopped to look up at the tall sky and back at the forsythias wistfully. Could she go with the kids tomorrow and hunt for more? But tomorrow was not an ordinary tomorrow of hunting for forsythia—no, yesterday had not been a day on which nothing had happened at all.

She was running by the time she had reached the yard and her heart was beating wildly as she climbed up the back-porch steps and tiptoed through the kitchen to Teddy's bedroom. There was no sound inside and carefully she opened the door. He was sleeping curled up, with his pink lids closed tightly over his eyes. She touched his face lightly and then returned to the kitchen.

TOWARD the middle of the afternoon, she picked up the phone and dialed her husband. She said, "Ted, I'd like to talk to you about this. I'd like to talk to both you and her. Can I meet you tonight?"

There was a long pause, and waiting for it to end, she felt as though she were measuring the true distance of their separation. She had always known his answers before he framed them; now she hung over an abyss.

"Yes," he said finally, "but alone. Not with her. There's no reason to drag her into it."

"I don't intend to make a scene," she said.

"Not with her," he repeated stubbornly.

"Alone then."

She was clutching the telephone so that her knuckles shone.

"Where shall I meet you?" she asked, feeling that, with his answer, she was about to explore an entire new geography of experience.

When he mentioned the name of a familiar restaurant, she felt first a surge of enormous relief which, in a moment, became confused with her happy memories of Corelli's where they had eaten always on special occasions.

She said to Charlie and Ruth when they returned from school, "I'm going out at seven, kids. I'll put Teddy to bed first, and then in exactly one hour, both of you must go. Do you promise?"

She tried to sound light but they sensed the undertone of anxiety and agreed soberly with no attempt to bargain for fifteen more minutes.

"When will you be back, Mommie?" Ruth asked her wistfully as she stood at the door.

She felt the question so momentous that she could find no answer. I'll be back soon, she thought, *I'll* be back; but answering only for herself.

"How about one of these for your aunt? 'Will Hitler Attack Russia?' or 'The Fallacy of Sea Defense'"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

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"In the middle of your dream," she replied, and she felt rewarded by the smile that broke over Ruth's face.

"I'll dream about foxes," Ruth said mysteriously.

She stopped for a moment to tell her neighbor, who was watering the lawn next door, that she was leaving the children alone for a few hours, and walked on through casual greetings and smiles as though through webs; pleasant words clung to her and impeded her progress.

Ted was already at the restaurant, in the booth at the rear. He looked as though he were waiting—and she stopped suddenly on the inside step—waiting for *her:* in a moment he would raise his head, smile, wave her over, rise to meet her. But she was already at the table before he was aware, and then he sprang up and half tilted the chair back. She felt almost sorry for him in that gesture. His discomfort was as big as his body, which had suddenly grown awkward.

"I got here early, Harriet," Ted explained.

She sat down, feeling every motion of her body. Words formed objectively in her mind, like offerings on a tray, and she felt paralyzed before them.

"It's still the same," she said finally, looking around the room, at the checkerboard tablecloths, at the bottles of Chianti in their straw baskets hung up along the wall.

"Yes," he said without looking at the room.

She grasped for straws: but when her eyes settled on his necktie she was appalled to discover that it was unknown to her—it was a new tie, even a different color from any of his others.

"But you've never worn red before," she said, surprised out of herself.

"What?" he cried.

"Red."

He followed her eyes, and then flushed. "I didn't notice," he said, and in that moment she realized that he had not bought the tie himself. She stared at him now as if his guilt were in full view.

"I've decided to give you your divorce," she said, still staring, unaware of her words.

THE flush that was dying on his face rose again. He looked at her for a brief clear moment filled full of anguish and gratitude; she faltered before it, waiting for it to become one or the other.

"Harriet," he said, "I—I—" He stopped and gazed at her poignantly.

She said, "You do want a divorce, don't you? That's what you told me."

"Yes," he said. "I do. I do."

"There's just the question of some details," Harriet said. Music came from somewhere, and she hung in the middle of it. Slowly she added, "Maybe we can handle this with just one lawyer if we agree beforehand."

Ted's eyes lighted up and he said emotionally, "You can have everything, Harriet. You can have the house, the furniture, I'll pay for the children; of course they'll be in your custody—"

Harriet stopped him. "Oh, you don't understand," she told him. "I don't want the children. I want you to have custody of them."

"What?" he cried. He stared at her incredulously. "Good God!" he cried. "What kind of mother are you? You don't want your own children?"

"I want my children," she answered calmly. "But I want my life, too."

He could only stare at her.

She continued: "Why are you so shocked? I'm only twenty-eight. I couldn't possibly find another husband who would marry me and take the three children, too. My life hasn't ended—perhaps it never began. But I don't intend to be sentenced for the rest of my life to serving the children. I want four fourths of myself," she added, obscurely, not explaining what she meant. "I'll come on week ends, of course, and take the children out."

"But kids *need* their mother!" he cried, aghast.

"Of course they do," she answered calmly. "Besides," she added, "if she really loves you, she won't have any real objection to the children. Or if she does, why should you think any man would have less objection in my case? Or"—she ended—"is one of the unwritten conditions of our divorce to be that I am never to be remarried?"

She could hardly bear Ted's look. In his eyes was the profoundest expression of naked betrayal. He stared at her as if he had never seen her before; his stunned look stripped his features to such an open vulnerability that she ached to put her arms around him and whisper, "Don't think about it, Teddy! Just don't think about it!"

She felt tears budding in her eyes, but crushed them and said, "That's really all I have to say. There's no point in my staying any longer." She got up. Only now did the music come to a close. "I've got to get back to the kids," she explained. She met the waiter coming to their table as she left.

LONG after the house died down, bit by bit, as a fire goes out, she sat alone in the living room awaiting she knew not what. The darkness filled the house like water, and she sat quietly in it feeling it rise over her head and hands. One of the bushes tapped the window insistently. She heard a bird cry, and realized suddenly that this refuted a long-held belief of hers—that birds went to bed at sundown.

She felt chagrined at this irrelevant consciousness and wondered why it had come just now. She had heard a mockingbird sing all night once on a roof; but this she had not connected with her superstition. After the bird cried, it was even more still. If you held yourself quiet, as in her childish game, then you could hear great distances—not only across the world, she felt, but into the past as well.

(Close your eyes! Close your eyes! I can hear Africa, I can hear Persia, I can hear—China! I can hear—it seems to me that I can hear—)

She came awake with a violent start, and listened poised in the room to the outside world. From the path came the scuffle of gravel. The window was gray with dawn; the bush was still tapping.

She heard the key in the door, and watched—watched as if hidden in a dream as he came into the room. He took off his overcoat, freed his tangled hair from his hat, and turned one of the blue-shaded lights on. Only then did he see her. And only then did she see his exhausted eyes.

He ran his hands slowly up the side of his face, bunching the skin. Then slowly he lighted a cigarette. The gray puff floated across the room; it seemed to seek her out.

"I've been walking all night," he said.

She answered the tone of his voice. "I fell asleep in the chair."

"After you left me at Corelli's," he said slowly, "I was stunned. I couldn't think for a while. I just sat there—" He stopped. Her whole being ached to reach out toward him somehow and help him tell her. "Then I got up," he continued, "and went to see—her."

She could not keep her heart from leaping. Still she was able to say quietly, "I thought you might."

"When you told me," he began again desperately, "when you told me you wouldn't take the children, I—I thought I was—trapped," he said.

"Oh, Ted! I didn't mean to—"

He stopped her. "No. Don't try to tell me what you—I ran over to her. I had to find out. I was filled with—rage, I guess; I think. Anyhow, I found her and told her what happened, and then I asked her point-blank whether she'd take the children." He stopped, and his face suddenly grew taut, and for the first time since he had come in, she felt the full weight of the struggle he had gone through.

Slowly she said, "And she—refused?"

"No," he replied, looking at her, a tired wonder not quite erased. "No. That's just it. I thought she *would* refuse—but she didn't. She just stood and smiled at me and said, 'They'll be no problem.'

" 'No!' I said. I was greatly *relieved!* 'They're no problem. Harriet never—' " He stopped and raised his head to look clearly into her face. "Do you want to hear this?" he said.

"Yes," she whispered.

" 'They'll be no problem,' she said. 'We'll send the two older ones to boarding school.'

"I stopped her and said: 'To boarding school?'

" 'They must be hard to handle,' she said, 'if their own mother doesn't want them.' "

"Oh, Ted!" Harriet cried. "Oh, how hideous!" She turned in her chair and pressed her face against the back.

He came over to her and without touching her said, "I wanted to hit her," he said. "Harriet, I wanted to hit her." Her shoulders were shaking softly and he continued to stand above her.

"My God, Harriet, I had to stand and *take* that! I couldn't answer her because I realized it wasn't you but me she was accusing. I didn't say a word to her; I couldn't. All I could do was walk out. All night I walked," he continued, his voice low and ragged. "I didn't know where I was walking, but I knew I had to walk until I had figured out the most important thing of my life. I realized that at last *I* had to make a decision—not you, not her, not the kids, not anyone but myself. I had to decide not only to come back—oh, that was easy! That was easiest of all! I had to decide *how* I would come back; if it was worth it to you, and the kids, and—to me, to come back.

"I had to see you again, Harriet; I had to see ourselves when we were first in love, and how it had happened, and what had happened afterward. But most important of all I had to see myself." Only now did he put his hand on her shoulder. "When I found myself, Harriet, I found *you*—and for the first time, maybe, I found my kids."

She had grown quiet, and her shoulders were no longer shaking. He turned from her and slowly brought out a cigarette and lighted it, and smoked it in silence.

AFTER a while she rose and went to the window and raised the blind and parted the curtains. She peered out of it at the dawn; she gestured to him silently with her crooked finger. "Do you see?" she whispered.

"What?" he asked, staring conscientiously out into the gray garden. There was a flutter of something in the bushes but he could see nothing.

"Didn't you see it?" she said.

"No," he replied. "What was it?"

"Oh," she said, turning to him. "Just a bird. I swear I thought it was a cardinal."

"I wish I'd seen it," he said.

The tone of his voice made her turn to him. "Poor Ted," she said, putting her head against his chest. "You always miss things like that, don't you?"

She ran her hands along his sides and slid them into his coat pocket. She brought out a deflated balloon and held it up, looking at him questioningly.

"Oh," he said. "That's for Charlie. I bought it early last night, but I'll be darned if I can remember why."

"I'll give it to him," she said, "when he wakes up. He'll know why."

THE END

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Indian Sign

By WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM

Collier's SHORT SHORT

WHITE FOOL, the Cheyenne chief, was our nearest neighbor and most frequent visitor. Often he appeared beside the windmill, standing motionless until someone approached and said, "How." Then after a long silence he would ask for a drink. He refused our tin cup, but would catch water in his broad black felt hat and drink from that. Despite his great age, his hair was shiny black and hung in two long braids. Even on the hottest days he wore a heavy blanket. We spoke of him as the wooden Indian, and wondered what he thought behind that old oaken face.

He was in our house the day the telephone was installed. Dad rang up the Indian agent in town and asked if there was a Cheyenne hanging around the office who would talk to White Fool. The old chief took the receiver when Dad handed it to him and put it to his ear. He did not change expression but rather quickly handed the receiver back to Dad. "Telephone smart," he said, "talk Cheyenne already."

Later Mother wished Dad hadn't shown him the telephone. "Now if they go on the warpath," she said, "they'll know enough to cut the wire and we can't ring the general alarm."

"Warpath my eye!" Dad said.

A few weeks after that the general alarm rang in the middle of the night and Dad ran to the phone. I had missed the last Indian scare by being born six months too late, but I dressed as fast as I could for this one. However Dad came back to bed and said it was only Razorback Johnson calling to say the new teacher was missing. She boarded at Razorback's place; when she hadn't shown up, he went to the schoolhouse but could not find her. We were to meet at the school at sunup.

Mother said she had wondered about that teacher. Dad said maybe she was just too good-looking to live in a new country without a man to protect her. I undressed and went back to bed.

When Dad and I rode up to the school next morning, a half-dozen men were there, including some of the old settlers who had lived in the Territory three years. They acted like they were at a funeral, or something mighty serious. Then I saw my Cheyenne friend, Little Foot, sitting on the well curb. He had drunk too much "horse medicine" and was still very wobbly. The men had found him sleeping in the road. "Horse medicine" was the Indian pronunciation of a patent medicine that was almost pure alcohol. Little Foot was one of my heroes and I hoped someday to ride as well as he could. He often stopped to powwow at our place and he had given me my Indian name, Spotted Face, because of my freckles.

Razorback Johnson seemed to have taken charge of the men at the school, although he was a newcomer, from Arkansas. Dad always said some of the finest people in the world came from Arkansas, but Razorback was not one of them. The Indians called him Long Whiskers because his mustaches were long enough to tickle his ears.

"Looks like the teacher met up with this Cheyenne," Razorback Johnson said. His wife stood there, just looking at him as he spoke.

"Mot be," said an old settler from Texas.

We were fixing to start looking for the teacher when White Fool and three other Cheyennes rode up. White Fool said, "How," and Dad returned the greeting. A long silence followed, then White Fool said, "Horse belong Little Foot come setdown. We come catch-em Little Foot."

"White squaw teacher all gone," Dad said. "No come set-down. You help catch-em white squaw."

Two Indians dismounted, scolded Little Foot in Cheyenne and impatiently boosted him to a horse. White Fool pointed to two buzzards hanging high and rode off across the sandhills. We mounted and followed.

"Them buzzards know when somethin' dies," the Texan said, "but mot be a daid coyote."

AFTER we rode for half an hour, White Fool found a place where the ground was freshly kicked up and there was a funnel-shaped hole some two feet deep which a coyote had dug. White Fool dismounted, reached into the hole and pulled up an edge of blue cloth.

"Hit's what she had on yesterday," Razorback said. "We better look for a tall cottonwood and string up that drunk Indian."

I felt sick at the sight of the blue cloth, but I could not fully comprehend the horror of the teacher's death. I admired her—but she was new and strange and hardly real. Little Foot, however, was part of my life. Nobody else could sometimes hit a jack rabbit with an arrow, shooting from horseback at a dead run.

"We don't know a damn' thing about who killed her," Dad said.

White Fool knew what was going on and he knew that the Indians with only butcher knives had no chance against the whites with guns, but if he was scared he showed no trace of it. He walked up to Dad, who had dismounted, and said, "Tenderfoot kill-em. No savvy coyote."

Dad translated. "He says some newcomer killed her that don't know coyotes will dig up anything unless you bury it real deep."

Other whites dismounted now, scooped the loose dirt out of the grave with their hands and lifted the body out. A Cheyenne lent his blanket to cover it.

"Where I come from," one of the whites said, "if we found a dead woman and a drunk Indian, there was one less Indian."

"Where I come from," Dad said, "we found out first what happened."

"The Bible speaks about lusting after strange flesh," the man persisted.

"Strange flesh can be the same color as your own," Dad said.

I did not know what they meant, but I understood things were coming to a head when men's eyes began to bulge and their lips got white.

Only White Fool was busy. He stepped into the shallow grave, got down on his knees and lifted out pinches of dirt. He bent low and blew and straightened up. "Shovel sick," he said. "Tenderfoot come long ways, plenty rocks."

"What'd he say?" Razorback asked.

Dad pointed. "See, he uncovered a spade mark down there that didn't get covered because she was over it. And there's another one. Look at the up-and-down grooves where the spade cut into the ground. The blade of the spade's been notched in a couple of places and bent back so it leaves grooves. A spade gets notched like that from hitting hard rocks—and there's not a rock within twenty miles of here hard enough to notch a spade. White Fool says the man who killed her came from a rocky country. We got to look for a spade with the edge busted like that—a sick shovel, like White Fool says."

We looked at White Fool now with awe and amazement. He could see when we were blind and speak when we were dumb. There was another long silence. I did not know what was going on, but Dad later explained the men were waiting for somebody to get nervous and make a break.

"Well," Razorback said finally, "whatever you fellers decide is all right with me, but I gotta go home and milk and I'll be right back."

"Some of us better go *help* you milk," Dad said.

Razorback jumped for his horse but the Texan grabbed him . . .

When we rode over to Razorback's place later, his wife quickly found the spade with two notches. "It ain't much good," she said, "and you just take it to the sheriff." There was a wild look in her eyes, but she did not break down. "Lately I been thinkin' maybe he was a skunk," she said, "the way he acted when that teacher was around."

"Long Whiskers coyote," White Fool said. In Cheyenne there's nothing worse you can call a man than coyote. THE END

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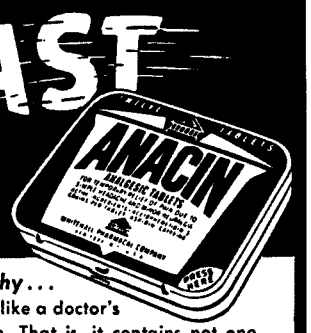

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Dear Sir, You Cur—

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

unjust accusations. "Stop the Music is still one of my favorite programs," she added. That last line explains why four radio programs and three television shows are willing to pay the Radioland Mail Service seven cents and up, depending on the amount of service they get, for each letter it answers. The O'Donnell reply, which like most O'Donnell replies combined information, sympathy and intimacy, saved a listener for Stop the Music. Since irate listeners have been known to crusade against programs, it may have saved four or five listeners. It may even have prevented a lawsuit.

The Radioland Mail Service, which O'Donnell organized three years ago, now handles all the mail for Stop the Music, Twenty Questions, Juvenile Jury, the Joe DiMaggio show, and three television programs: Small Fry, Stop the Music and Charade Quiz. Besides these regular clients, O'Donnell and his staff make periodic checkups for other clients, handling as many as 1,000,000 letters at a clip on some of these special jobs. This year the letter-answering service, which O'Donnell claims is the only one of its kind in the country, will read and answer about 5,000,000 letters.

Eager Beavers Spot Boners

As a group the nation's radio listeners comprise an awe-inspiring sage who knows everything from Babe Ruth's birthday to Xenophon's Anabasis by heart. God help the announcer who makes a mistake on either one of them. Letters will pour in by the thousands denouncing him for his ignorance.

"Accuracy is the one thing listeners insist on more than anything else," O'Donnell declares. "An elderly lady in the South spent five months rereading the Bible, checking the concordances and bibliographies, consulting theological students and finally her minister to satisfy herself that a passing observation on one Twenty Questions program was true. Then she wrote a nice letter to Bill Slater, the master of ceremonies, complimenting him on his knowledge of the Bible."

Seventy-five per cent of the mail handled by Radioland Mail Service is from intelligent people, and the learning exhibited in some of it would confound the critics who contend that anyone who listens to radio can't be quite bright. About 15 per cent of the writers are near illiterates. The remaining 10 per cent give O'Donnell and his staff their worst headaches. They are the wiseacres who don't like radio or anything about it. No matter who they are—the wiseacres, the illiterate, the wrathful—they get answers from O'Donnell or one of his staff.

One of the most indefatigable letter writers on earth, O'Donnell personally answers several hundred letters a day. He claims to have read as many as 5,000 letters in a single day, and his reply to Madam X is fairly typical of his methods, which his staff has been carefully trained to imitate.

However, most of the letters require a good deal more than diplomacy. Some of them demand thorough research to get one of O'Donnell's clients out of a jam. Errors of fact are answered with simple apologies. A much more difficult matter to straighten out is a controversial question on which equally eminent authorities line up on opposite sides. Once, for example, Bill Slater of Twenty Questions credited General Abner Doubleday with the invention of baseball, a legend upon which grave doubt has been cast in recent years by sports experts. Instantly the mails bulged with protests.

Since Slater was on very shaky grounds, the Radioland Service sent out exhaustive replies, bristling like a legal brief with the quotations of authorities. In one 800-word letter to a lawyer, O'Donnell quoted the Encyclopedia Americana, Encyclopaedia Britannica, Menke's Encyclopedia of Sports, Information Please Almanac, Robert Smith's book Baseball and a number of independent research firms. At the same time he admitted that the matter was controversial and that the lawyer had what might be a sound basis for his beliefs.

O'Donnell fell into his curious profession almost by accident. A little over three years ago he was working in the promotion department of a magazine which then was one of the sponsors of Twenty Questions. He persuaded his employers to answer all the letters provoked by the radio program, arguing that each writer was a potential magazine buyer. He organized a letter-answering staff but had barely got it into operation when the magazine dropped the program.

O'Donnell, who has letter writing in his blood, promptly quit the magazine, and suggested to the new sponsor of Twenty Questions that he be hired as its letter-writing expert. The idea of answering every letter sent to a radio program was new and also pretty expensive and it took some persuasive reasoning to put it over. O'Donnell put up an argument he still uses on clients. He pointed out that a well-worded letter can transform a griper into a booster. One dissatisfied customer, he said, can raise enough uproar to cost a dozen sales.

Twenty Questions hands out prizes and all such programs invite lawsuits. Smooth and honest explanations, O'Donnell told his prospective client, will almost invariably settle difficulties before they get into the courts. So far, no Radioland Mail Service client has ever had even the threat of a lawsuit and no sponsor has ever had to hand out duplicate prizes to get a troublesome listener off the sponsor's neck.

When O'Donnell was hired by Twenty Questions he set up his first office in his own bedroom at his Springfield Gardens, Long Island, home. Soon he added Stop the Music and Juvenile Jury to his list. Today, with four more regular clients and a host of irregular clients purchasing special services, he has offices in New York City, Springfield Gardens and Hollywood.

His original staff of four people now numbers 40, and it is frequently augmented by as many as 175 part-time employees when the mail gets out of hand.

When Too Many Squawks Come

In addition to placating the customers, the Radioland Service provides its clients with a lot of other services. It keeps an eye on criticisms and complaints. If too many pour in, changes are likely to be made in the program.

Once in a while, a sponsor wants a detailed analysis of the mail. What cities, towns and counties does it come from? How many letters are from men? How many from women? What are they beefing about, anyway? How many smoke a certain brand of cigarettes? (That's a tough one, O'Donnell says. Lots of writers to giveaway shows try to curry favor with the program by claiming to use the product when they don't.) O'Donnell has a complicated method of figuring out the real buyers from the phonies (it's a trade secret). Once a client thrust 1,000,000 letters on him for detailed analysis. He put 125 workers on the job Thursday and had a report ready by Monday.

There is a widely held theory that women write more fan letters than men, simply because women presumably have more time on their hands both for radio listening and for writing. O'Donnell claims this is nonsense. Fan mail in general, he says, is divided almost exactly evenly between men and women.

Through the years he has become extremely skillful at reading the minds of the letter writers. The experience would have made misanthropes out of many—but not O'Donnell. He has a genuine fondness for almost all his correspondents and is deeply concerned when anything about radio bothers them.

People Tell Him Their Woes

A good many of the writers, O'Donnell suspects, are lonely people who just want somebody to write to. After expressing indignation about something or other and getting a soft answer from O'Donnell, the listener may write to O'Donnell to say he's sorry he got mad in the first place. And how about seeing that he gets called by Stop the Music? O'Donnell sends the writer another letter, explaining that he has nothing to do with picking the people who get called on Stop the Music. By this time the correspondent feels O'Donnell is a good friend and starts telling him his troubles. O'Donnell replies in just the proper tone.

One woman has been writing to him for two and a half years and getting replies all that time. In August of 1946, she wrote to ask how the subjects were selected for Twenty Questions. O'Donnell explained. In September, 1946, she sent in some subjects. He thanked her. She wrote back thanking him for thanking her. In November she wanted to know what happened to her suggestions. In the hands of the judges, O'Donnell informed her.

In December she wished him a Merry Christmas. Thanks, wrote O'Donnell, same to you. In August, 1947, what did he think of the possibilities of another war? All he knew, wrote O'Donnell, is what he read in the newspapers. A month later: "My concern is about my sons. . . . My daughter May is getting married next month. Fine boy . . ." O'Donnell: "My best wishes to your daughter." In December: Merry Christmas (accompanied by homemade cookies). . . . They still correspond regularly.

Many of O'Donnell's correspondents punctuate, though by no means terminate, their epistolary friendship with gifts. Every day O'Donnell receives cookies, candy, ten-gallon hats—all sorts of things. He figures he could get free board and lodging almost anywhere if he chose to accept his week-end invitations. Last year he got 5,000 Christmas cards from people he'd never seen.

Radioland Mail Service seldom resorts to form letters, but sometimes it's forced to. On one occasion—one of the worst times O'Donnell ever had—Bill Slater declared over the air that Casey Jones, the ripsnorting engineer, was a fictional character. It's a highly debatable point. Actually there were probably two or three Casey Joneses and the song is a mixture of fact and legend. Anyway, 500 letters poured in denouncing Slater, including one from a Southern railroad which said it had been paying Casey Jones's widow a pension for years and hoped it hadn't been making a mistake.

The affair was one of such extreme delicacy and required such lengthy and meticulous explanation that the service replied with a form letter composed personally by O'Donnell.

One fierce argument which kept O'Donnell up till 3:00 o'clock several mornings concerned a tune on Stop

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the Music. Someone guessed Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star. Wrong, said Bert Parks. The mail service was inundated with protesting letters which claimed that "Twinkle" was the right answer. Many persons sent in sheet music which, so far as O'Donnell could make out, indicated that "Twinkle" *was* the right answer. However, Parks insisted that the tune being played on Stop the Music was Baa Baa Black Sheep.

O'Donnell went to Harry Salter, music director of the program, to find some method of groping his way out of this one and Salter hummed the two tunes for him. They sounded exactly alike to O'Donnell. "What's the difference?" he asked. The difference—and the only difference—is in the meter. It was just enough difference to keep Stop the Music out of hot water, and O'Donnell happily explained it to the disgruntled listeners.

Whereas Stop the Music and Twenty Questions bring up questions of fact which many times are hard enough to determine, Juvenile Jury attracts letters which are even stiffer because there aren't any hard and fast answers.

Juvenile Jury is a program in which a panel of youngsters attempt to settle problems mailed in by listeners.

Problems for a Psychiatrist

For every letter used on the air, there are thousands and thousands which are not used and these must be answered too. Most of them are routine: How can I prevent little Oscar from reading comic books? Don't you think my younger sister should help with the dishes? Others, though, are more serious, complicated and in some cases sinister. Some reveal deep psychiatric problems—not in the children but in the parents—and ought to be handled by psychiatrists.

One letter of the utmost simplicity still has everyone baffled:

"Dear Jury:
"I am a child.

Robert
Age 5"

That's one problem that neither the Juvenile Jury panel nor O'Donnell could help out with.

O'Donnell, who is forty-eight, married and childless, falls naturally into the role of confessor, adviser and good Samaritan. He gets a real kick out of helping people solve their problems.

Every year Radioland Mail Service runs up a large bill for air-mail stamps to send radio tickets—O'Donnell handles that department too—to persons who haven't written in early enough. He is not obliged to do this, but he would be upset if he thought some poor old lady hadn't got her tickets in time to see the show.

The author of this article, John Crosby, is the syndicated radio columnist of the New York Herald Tribune

He is bursting with benevolence even toward irate listeners who write in to denounce everything about his clients. He feels they are misguided but essentially well-meaning people and it is his job to enlighten them. "Some of them," he admits carefully, "are a little presumptuous but I have trained myself against thinking so."

His daily letter-writing schedule would drive most people insane. He rises at 5:00 A.M. At 5:30 he is at his specially equipped desk, dictating answers to letters that have been carefully arranged and laid out for him the night before. He uses a Dictaphone which has a microphone attached to the desk. This leaves both hands free to light his pipe or rustle through the letters. He can dictate, composing as he goes along, at the rate of 225 words a minute and he completely fills about 20 cylinders a day with about 15 letters apiece on them.

During the early morning, he grinds out letters but when the normal business day begins he is constantly interrupted. Bert Parks will call to give suggestions on how to answer some of the letters, and Manus O'Donnell, his younger brother and right-hand man, will confer with him. His fellow letter writers come to consult him on replies to hard questions.

At 2:00 P.M. letters he has dictated have been typed and are ready for his signature. After that he plunges into the new correspondence, which hasn't been read and sorted, to find out what fresh trouble is brewing. He tries to quit at 6:00 P.M. but often he works until nine or midnight.

While O'Donnell tackles any sort of letter, specializing in the difficult ones, his employees are usually given mail that falls into certain categories. Several hundred people will write in to complain about a certain singing commercial; 20 people will write in to praise it. One employee will handle the whole affair and the sponsor will be notified that the mail count is running ten to one against his commercial, which may or may not result in forcing it off the air. A lot of mail falls into no special category and O'Donnell or one of his more trusted assistants takes care of this.

The Hollis, Long Island, office, where two thirds of the work is done, looks like a sizable post office. On the main floor crews of girls working at collapsible tables count the mail—keeping a careful record to see whether the count goes up or down—then scan it for ticket requests and suggestions. Then they examine letters for comment, favorable or unfavorable, and sort the mail into these categories.

A stack of such mail, all falling into one category, is then trundled off to one of the nine letter answerers in one of four offices off the main floor.

Many Try to Bribe Him

Since O'Donnell acquired Stop the Music, he has had to contend with enough avarice to turn most people sour on humanity. Some listeners want to know the name of the mystery melody (about which O'Donnell is as much in the dark as anyone else). Others offer him bribes to be called by Stop the Music, something O'Donnell couldn't arrange even if he wanted to. One man offered him $500 if Stop the Music would call. O'Donnell explained patiently that the phone numbers were picked from telephone books by blindfolded persons.

The man wrote right back upping his offer to $1,000. O'Donnell kept on trying to explain and the man kept raising the ante until he reached $27,000. That was about what the prize amounted to at that time.

O'Donnell gets nightmares over these exchanges. He is afraid that one of the persons who offer him bribes might someday be called strictly by accident and that no amount of explanation could ever quite erase the suspicion that he had something to do with it.

As soon as O'Donnell gets a bribe offer he rushes a copy of it along with his reply to the network, the program producers, the advertising agencies and the sponsors.

The volume of mail sent to radio stations and radio personalities is a strange and rather contradictory phenomenon, and it often has little relationship to the size of the audience.

NBC with its enormously popular entertainers and magnificent coverage draws only about 1,500,000 letters a year. The Mutual Broadcasting System, whose programs have smaller audiences and whose stations are generally of low wattage, gets 3,500,000. This is because Mutual is loaded with controversial commentators who pull a lot of mail, and also because Mutual has a habit of asking people to tear off a box top and send it in with a dime.

WOR, a single station on the Mutual network, gets 1,500,000 letters a year, as much as all of NBC. And WNAX, in Yankton, South Dakota, gets 1,500,000 letters a year—because people feel neighborly toward it.

Up to now O'Donnell has taken on only one fourteenth of the available annual total of radio's 70,000,000 letters, but his business is mushrooming so rapidly that this percentage is increasing every day. More and more of his time must be spent on administration which cuts heavily into his letter answering. Eventually he will have to give up answering letters entirely and devote all his time to business, a prospect that horrifies him. When that day comes, however, he may be able to catch up on some of his personal correspondence, which is way in arrears. He hasn't written any of his own friends in years. Can't find the time.

THE END

COLLIER'S "I hate to disillusion Mom and Pop. They go for this Santa stuff in a big way" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

Why take two when one will do?

YOUR lightweight, dual-purpose business companion—BRIEF-MASTER! Holds *one suit* and complete change of clothes—with room to spare for contents of brief bag, yet weighs less than average two-suiter!

Outside drop front compartment holds suit *without wrinkling*, also ties, handkerchiefs. Two inside compartments: One for portfolio, samples, etc., other for shirts, Dopp-Kit, and personals. Rugged steel-frame construction. Handsome top grain leathers. Size 22" long, 14" high, 8" wide.

THE AMAZING
BRIEF-MASTER

Combination One-Suiter and Brief Bag

DOPP-KIT
TOILET CASE

Opens wide for easy use—closes snug and flat. Holds surprising amount of toiletries, accessories, dress items. Choice leathers. Look for the "*Dopp-Kit*" trade-mark, your guarantee of the finest kit made.

CHARLES DOPPELT & CO., INC. Dept.C
2024 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 16
At better stores, or write for name of nearest dealer.

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FACT FOR TODAY

BAND-AID* *Elastic* Adhesive Bandage s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s. Stays put on elbows and knuckles no matter how much they bend.

100% STERILE

So comfortable! BAND-AID Elastic Adhesive Bandage fits snugly on hard-to-bandage places. Stretches as you move. Stays put without binding. Flesh color—less conspicuous.

Johnson-Johnson

*BAND-AID is the Reg. Trade-mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage.

Give Your Next Drinks The Golden Touch *

*Use Don Q

86 Proof

PUERTO RICO'S LARGEST SELLING RUM

Don Q—the Prestige Rum—gives all your favorite drinks an incomparable flavor. To highballs, cocktails and punches, it brings a Golden Touch you'll find irresistible, unforgettable.

Schieffelin & Co.
New York 3, N. Y. Importers since 1794

Winter of Reckoning for Tito

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

The list of Tito's wants is long and the need pressing because, under Moscow's urging when he was a member of the Russian family circle, Yugoslavia paid cash on the barrelhead to the Cominform nations for future deliveries of capital equipment. Then the stooge states welshed, leaving Tito without hard currency in his treasury, with outmoded machinery breaking down every day in mines and factories, and with his entire program of economic recovery dangerously near failure.

Railroad rolling stock throughout Yugoslavia is in a state of critical disrepair, despite ingenious efforts to salvage it. Tito needs locomotives and freight cars. Even higher on his priority lists are light and heavy trucks, with plenty of spare parts and tires, to carry goods between ports and factories while the railroads are being rebuilt.

Medical supplies are shockingly short. Tito also wants machine tools, so that ultimately his factories can produce some of their own industrial equipment. His mines need safety appliances; accidents take too large a toll of Yugoslav miners. There's a desperate urgency about power-plant transformers, especially for the big hydroelectric station in Bosnia and Herzegovina, two thirds the size of the giant Russian installation at Dnepropetrovsk.

If Tito succeeds in moving a steady stream of supplies so that his planners can proceed with their ambitious projects on schedule, he can go far toward placating 16,000,000 people who wonder these days how much longer they can go on working with their bare hands from early morning to darkness. This is precisely what the Russians want to prevent if they can, and the Tito forces are fully aware of it.

Staring down from the heights overlooking Sarajevo to the factory and mining communities sprawled at the foothills of the Trebevic mountain range, I spotted blue-uniformed militiamen racing along the mountain trails. In half-platoon strength, they apparently were stalking khaki-clad soldiers maneuvering near a factory.

My guide Babic held up a map of Bosnia and Herzegovina filled with tiny-scale drawings of the factory settlements that lay below us.

"We want those factories in the spring—and we want them intact," he said as he folded up the map and handed it to an assistant to stow away.

Risky Work—for High Stakes

Sabotaging those plants, mines and factories would be very risky business. But the stakes are high. Demolition of these bulwarks of Tito's power would sap the morale of work-callused Yugoslavs as greatly as mechanized speed-up would lift it. Imagine popular feelings should a factory—the product of a year's sweat and backbreaking labor—be blown up in 30 seconds!

Moscow is counting on more than that. The men in the Kremlin figure that London and Washington would react unfavorably to Tito once they saw the results of a few sticks of well-placed Russian dynamite—that voices on Capitol Hill would question the wisdom of giving loans to Yugoslavia in the light of Tito's inability to prevent sabotage—that fears would be expressed that whatever might be salvaged would probably go to Moscow's hand-picked successor government. As Belgrade shivers in the first wintry blasts, a similar line of thought runs through the minds of Yugoslav officials.

So far, Tito has been able to command a tremendous amount of loyalty from his citizens. Part of it stems from the simple patriotism most men guard for their homeland, whatever its government. Part of it comes from the Socialist fervor of his zealots. And part of it comes from the purges that continually shake up the army, the universities and all government offices. Opposition is rooted out, and every suspect has several pairs of hard eyes following him around.

An Engineer Under Suspicion

Recently a team of workmen in blue denims lugged a warehouseful of desks into the already crowded offices of a government engineering section. As they tugged the furniture through doorways they chanted, "Tito, we are true to you." On one floor a startled engineer looked up to find four desks being pushed into his office. He had been very close to some members of a recently expelled Russian technical mission, and the government wasn't certain about his loyalties. Hardly had the desks scuffed the floor than four impassive men entered and sat down rigidly behind them.

A week later the workmen returned to haul away the four desks. The four impassive men were gone—and so was the engineer. A new man sat at his desk, and there were other new faces in all the other offices where extra desks had been placed. No one asked any questions. It's not a good idea, in Belgrade.

A little later, though, General Aleksander Ranković, Tito's tough, inscrutable Minister of Interior who watches over the security of Marshal Tito's dictatorship with a brotherly and passionate devotion, provided an answer to unspoken questions. At a meeting with his top-echelon commanders, Ranković spoke out harshly.

"We can no longer permit ourselves the dangerous luxury of even the most insignificant, anti-Socialist, pro-Cominform elements within our midst," he announced. "Before winter we must track them down and root them out."

Again the dread of winter. When I asked Ales Bebler, Tito's thin-faced, intent deputy Foreign Minister, about the government's sensitivity to the change of seasons, he smiled like a diplomat.

"Winter will be a most critical period economically," he replied blandly. "It may be one of increasing pressure."

Tito himself, relaxed and deeply tanned from a summer-long vacation, exhibited open preoccupation with winter as he entertained a foreign visitor a few weeks ago.

"By next spring we will show the progress of Socialism in Yugoslavia," Tito predicted. "Next spring our position is completely impregnable."

He strolled outdoors with his guest and squinted at the sky.

"I wonder," he thought aloud, "if we'll have early snow this year. Why don't you come back in the spring?"

The consensus of military men assigned to Belgrade is that once heavy snows mantle the Balkans, hit-and-run terrorists will knife across the frontiers in an effort to chop up border patrols and move gradually from smaller towns into the larger communities to try to liquidate Marshal Tito's mayors and party officials and police chiefs.

Frontiers Raided at Night

Tito's Chief of Staff, General Koča Popovic, has accused the Hungarians, Albanians, Bulgars and Rumanians of violating the Yugoslav frontiers on the north, south and east in the last few weeks. He said compact bands of men who seemed to know their way dashed in at night, tested the strength of frontier posts, fired some shots, and vanished in the darkness.

Such guerrilla tactics are the very methods that Yugoslav troops are themselves best trained to use. But Tito's officers know that defense against guerrilla warfare is the most difficult defense of all. Virtually impassable roads in the winter could make pursuit almost hopeless if the raiders are skilled in their objectives and are led by men who know the terrain. If these forays explode from several directions simultaneously, and

"Why so quiet? It's five A.M. and the folks were at a party last night! Let's get going!"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

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COLLIER'S "Don't whisper! They'll start to listen" CHARLES PEARSON

are repeated by forces striking again and again in rapid succession, they could cumulatively create disorder, panic and chaos.

Tito's most vulnerable frontiers are those touching Albania and Bulgaria.

The forbidding mountains that spill over from Albania can conceal enemy bands at ambush points where no search parties could risk exposing themselves in a hunt to track the raiders down. Moreover, a favor Tito once extended to Albania when he was trying to make that little country his own satellite may well become a boomerang. He helped build a fairly good road from northern Albania to his own border. Along this road the Cominform can now run fresh bands of Albanian guerrillas within raiding distance of Yugoslavia.

The long frontier with Bulgaria abounds in mountain heights marked mainly by tortuous goat trails. But on the Bulgarian side, Tito's toughest frontier problem may spring from Macedonia, traditional tinderbox of the Balkans. Moscow has indicated that the Soviet Union would like to see an "independent" Macedonian republic that would be composed of Bulgarian, Greek and Yugoslav Macedonia.

Prefers Defense in Depth

Rather than attempt to plug the innumerable holes along the Albanian and Bulgarian borders, Tito is concentrating on a defense in depth. Foreign military attachés who have talked with Yugoslav officers and visited areas near the potential trouble spots say that instead of spreading themselves thin, Yugoslav troops and police are deployed in small, fairly mobile detachments around towns that may offer tempting targets for raiders.

The northern frontiers, along Rumania and Hungary, have not even been strengthened. They are bounded by flat plains, perfect springboards for an armored invasion but comparatively easy to defend against raiding bands.

Last summer the Russians sent tanks climbing along these Rumanian and Hungarian frontiers. When the tank guns swung in a menacing arc at Tito's check posts, many Western diplomats promptly lost their heads. This was it. The Russians were going to invade. Frantic cables clogged Belgrade's telegraph office and one hysterical ambassador told his staff to pack its bags, grab its diplomatic passports and scatter for the country.

Tito calmly stripped his frontier garrisons and those troops turned up in the interior of the country as work brigades, building houses and roads. The striped-pants set in the embassies were dumfounded.

"The man has lost his reason," I heard a diplomatic groan over a Martini.

"There will be no opportunity for provocation," roared Tito's Politburo, the men who help him run Yugoslavia.

The Russians played around the frontier, their armor poked perilously close to Yugoslav soil. But no trigger-happy guard fired on them. And the tanks rumbled back to bases in Hungary and Rumania.

In his public speeches Tito persists in telling the world generally and Yugoslavia particularly of Red Army reinforcements, of Russian trenches within sight of his army's outposts. He repeatedly says the Russians are making threatening gestures with the Red Army but he just as insistently conveys word quietly to the British and American Embassies that he doesn't believe for one moment that a Russian army will kick off against him.

Tito's real belief seems to be that Stalin will stop short of war. Nevertheless, the Yugoslav leader is taking no chances. If the Cominform rulers go completely berserk and send in Soviet troops, they'll find Tito back in the hills waiting for them. There will be no dramatic but hopeless stands near the flat Rumanian-Hungarian frontiers or before exposed Belgrade.

Yugoslav troops have been maneuvering for months in the fastnesses of the Serbian, Montenegrin and Bosnian mountains. I saw them go through their paces, significantly enough right where Tito had one of his many hidden wartime headquarters. These hills, as gray and jagged as a buzz saw, are the soundest fortresses in Europe. Tito knows them like the back of his hand.

Samic Mohammed Begic, a veteran partisan commander, showed me around some of the places where he once mowed down German "punitive expeditions." They're utterly impassable to any mechanized equipment. In some places I had to travel on all fours. Begic, a dark-skinned, slender man, was openly scornful when I asked about the effectiveness of air bombardment on partisan strongholds. I mentioned the Russian atom bomb.

"Whoever our enemy might be," he said, "he will have to destroy every mountain. Are there that many atom bombs in the world?"

Stalin's Stooges Not Feared

Any suggestion that a combination of armies from the neighboring "Peoples' Democracies" might try an all-out invasion as stooges for the Russians evokes derision from the Yugoslavs as well as from Western military men. They have a good point. Next to the Soviet Union, the Yugoslavs have the most powerful land force in Europe. The army has between 450,000 and 500,000 soldiers, well-officered and trained in mountain fighting. Add to that 250,000 militia, who are handled as elite troops. Throw in the special secret police—the UDE—Tito's eyes and ears. That's another 100,000 or so. Top it off with the air force, the navy and the marshal's own tough, unflaggingly loyal palace guard.

In an emergency, Tito can muster at least 1,000,000 fighting men—not one of them haphazard soldiers in the old Balkan tradition.

Most of them saw action, even as youngsters, against the Germans. Trained in their own type of warfare, they could make mincemeat of any coalition of their spiritless neighbors.

Tito isn't leaving anything to luck as he approaches the most critical phase of his Communist career. When summer gave way to cold, late-autumn days he initiated something new in security unification—combined army-police exercises at possible danger points. These aren't maneuvers in the regular army sense of the word. The troops are training in small, swift-striking groups. Equipped with automatic fire power, they are learning how to surprise other groups, roughly their own size, in tens and twenties. They aren't using vehicles and, while some have horses, they're mostly on foot.

"When there's snow and ice you can throw away your big cars and your tanks," Vladimir Jovanovic, a hard-bitten police officer told me. "What counts is knowing the country and the easiest places where people try to hide, and knowing how you can get at them quickly."

As he spoke, I recalled the blunt prediction made by Stalin's international triggerman, flat-nosed, barrel-chested Vittorio Vidali, when we talked together in his Trieste Communist party office a couple of weeks earlier.

"Tito's head will roll in the snow," Vidali had declared, speaking excellent English. "Tito and his whole rotten system will collapse. He's on borrowed time now."

Vidali had learned American slang well. I wondered if he had learned as much about Tito. THE END

Next Week

KINGFISH OF THE DIXIECRATS • Nobody's Safe In Philadelphia

WHY won't it start?

Oil congeals in cold weather, gets stiff, ties up your motor so it can't start.

Casite retards congealing of oil, lets your motor spin over and start, no matter how cold the weather.

WHY does it jerk?

Chances are, your trouble is sticky valves.

Casite frees sticky valves and rings, retards the formation of sludge and gum, restores that old-time zip and power.

HOW can I save?

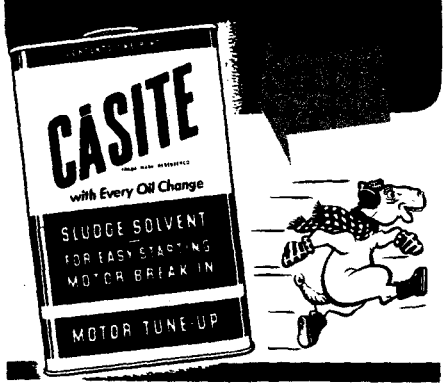
Many service bills can be prevented with Casite. Motorists can save a substantial amount yearly in maintenance costs.

Casite eliminates costly valve grinds, clean-outs . . . cuts start-up wear . . . saves gasoline money.

Get a Casite Treatment for your car today.

THE CASITE CORPORATION • HASTINGS, MICHIGAN
Casite Division, Hastings Ltd., Toronto

QUICK STARTING
IN COLDEST WEATHER
OR
DOUBLE-YOUR-MONEY-BACK



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Recipe for a welcome change

Rum 'n' Cider Punch...
so original, yet so easy!

Put imagination in your parties with a big help-yourself-bowl! *(as originated at the Waldorf-Astoria, N. Y.)*

This rum and cider punch is a welcome change from the same old routine, you'll hear your guests cheer this old-time drink with the distinctive new-time flavor of Puerto Rican rum. *Light* and *dry*, not heavy and sweet and so wonderfully smooth, it's a crowd-pleaser from the word GO! Don't delay, try Puerto Rican rum today — many fine brands to choose from.

Rum Cider Bowl for 8 Good Friends!

1 quart sweet cider
1 bottle golden Puerto Rican rum
1 quart bottle club soda
Juice 6 fresh lemons
Add ice and you're all set!

A favorite holiday drink in 1776 ...today it's smoother than ever with light, dry Puerto Rican rum. For variety, flavor and downright ease, you'll find it a wonderful party bowl. . . . A welcome holiday change for all!

Rum Egg Nog for Party of 8!

6 eggs
5 tbsps. sugar
1 bottle golden Puerto Rican rum
1 pint chilled milk
1 pint chilled cream

Separate eggs, beat yolks and whites separately. Stir sugar into yolks, add milk, cream and rum. Stir well. Add beaten whites over top. The most delicious egg nog you've ever tasted, thanks to Puerto Rican rum.

There are many fine brands
—these words on every bottle

Puerto Rican Rum

Light *and* Dry—
not heavy and sweet

PUERTO RICO INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, SAN JUAN, P. R.

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'We Like Corn—'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

magic slogan "Send No Money!!!"—three words which captivated the public and were responsible for much of the company's fantastic early growth.

"Send No Money" reassured the customer who might be leery of mail-order goods (as he had every right to be, at the time) and was a solace to the man who was temporarily broke, but wanted to buy. It meant that he could order without deposit or credit application, look over the goods when they arrived at the post office or express agency, accept them or not as he pleased, and pay more or less at his own convenience.

The "Send No Money" policy demanded a touching faith in the goodness of human nature, but like most Sears gambles it paid off handsomely.

Even today the customer sends very little money (10 per cent on most orders of $20 or more), but he must fill out a searching credit inquiry blank and is expected to make regular installment payments. Sears, Roebuck will honor anyone's check up to about $50, and its check and installment losses are infinitesimal.

"If most people weren't honest," says one officer, "we'd be out of business in a month."

Old Sears catalogues are full of surprises. For example, the book which went to press just 50 years ago offered a $5 artificial glass eye for horses. It was "guaranteed to fool anyone." If at first you feel a glow of admiration for the kindly old farmers who parted with that much money just to keep up the morale of their faithful old Dobbins, a closer reading of the text shows unmistakably that the real market for artificial eyes was among sharp horse traders trying to palm off one-eyed or totally sightless animals.

And if you cherish illusions of a sweet, sober and sinless America at the turn of the century, note the astonishing amount of catalogue space devoted to liquor and dope-addiction "cures." The catalogue righteously announces: "We want it understood not only that we do not deal in spirituous liquors, but we are not in sympathy with the traffic."

In those days Sears would sell you "delicious Kava-Kava, a nonalcoholic temperance wine" at 15 cents per gallon; and if you had fallen victim to the demon rum, it offered to put you on your feet with the "Genuine German Liquor Cure—12 Boxes, our $9 Lot, Will Cure Any Case, No Matter How Severe. We Guarantee a Complete Cure!"

Kayo Doses for Dope Addicts

A "complete cure" for opium or morphine addicts was much cheaper—a mere 75 cents for a "secret formula" which was "odorless, colorless and tasteless, (to) be introduced into coffee, tea or food. We absolutely, etc."

Like the liquor cures, the "secret formula" was simply a powerful knockout concoction.

Altogether, 1899 was a glorious year for medicine. For 60 cents anyone could buy "Dr. Rowland's Lung Restorer—the Greatest Vegetable Medicine of the Age," or "Dr. Worden's Female Pills, Acknowledged as One of the Greatest Remedies of the Age—A Sure Cure for All Female Complaints," or "Dr. Betz' Reliable Worm Syrup for Children (Fully Guaranteed)," or "Dr. Rose's Arsenic Complex Wafers" which were "Perfectly Harmless" and "Guaranteed to Give You a Radiant Complexion."

But the real bargain was "Dr. Pasteur's Death to Microbes." True, it cost 80 cents per bottle, but who would quibble over price when this remarkable preparation was "Absolutely Guaranteed" to cure tuberculosis, rheumatism, shingles, hives, malaria, blood poisoning and catarrh?

Then, as now, Sears, Roebuck probably was the biggest distributor of crutches, braces, wheel chairs, orthopedic supports and similar equipment, mainly because retail outlets for these things scarcely existed outside a few big cities.

When it came to artificial legs, the catalogue claims that the company's were the finest in the world; and "guaranteed" the customer a perfect fit. "Be sure to send for our Special Artificial Leg Pamphlet," it urges. "We can save you from $40 to $60 on the best artificial leg made."

Actually, compared to most patent-medicine advertising of the day, Sears claims and "guarantees" were on the conservative side. The company promptly withdrew any nostrum which was discredited or proved harmful, and after passage of the Pure Food and Drugs Act, it virtually eliminated patent medicines from the catalogue. This law, passed in 1906, came into being largely as a result of a series of patent-medicine exposés by Samuel Hopkins Adams which appeared in Collier's in 1905–'06.

"Specials" in Lethal Weapons

It was a quiet, peaceful land which the catalogue served in 1899—so peaceful that only six pages were given over to pistols and revolvers, from the "Young America Ladies' Revolver" at $1.75 ($2.65 with pearl handles) to the $20 "Cowboy Six-Shooter." In addition, of course, there were rifles and shotguns galore, and a splendid assortment of bowie knives, stilettos, and those wicked little concealed-blade weapons known as "chivs." For bloodless assaults, the catalogue provided nine-inch shot-filled leather billies ("Cannot be equaled") for 35 cents.

After 1915 the catalogues warned pistol buyers that Sears kept a record of their names, together with the serial numbers of the weapons, and it required them to name two character references before the order was filled. In 1924 pistols disappeared from the catalogue forever. This was due in part to new state and municipal regulations, and in part to fairly widespread bad publicity to the effect that "cheap mail-order pistols" were responsible for much of the post-war crime wave—a very dubious supposition.

But if life in 1899 was somewhat hazardous, living certainly was cheap. From the grocery department (discontinued after the first World War because of chain-store competition) one might order a 10-pound pail of salt brook trout for 85 cents, a gallon of prepared French mustard for 35 cents, or a pound of the best imported Mocha coffee for 21 cents.

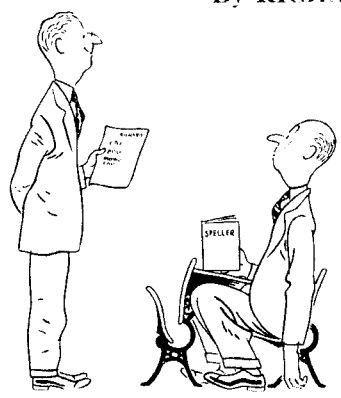
In Gents' Furnishings, a custom-tailored suit of imported English serge was $11 (extra pants, $3.60), while other suits were as low as $3.50, and a pair of "dress pants" was tagged at $1.25. Overcoats ranged from an "elegant" covert-cloth box model at $2.75 to a luxurious raccoon coat with oversize collar for $50. In between were buffalo-hide coats ($23.50), "Black Russian Dog" coats ($16), and black goat coats ($9).

The "latest fad" in men's blucher shoes was $3 a pair, while riding boots of top-grain Russian calf fetched $4.95. A gent's carryall satchel, made of genuine alligator lined with chamois, was priced at an incredible $3.50. A top-quality Sears derby hat cost 98 cents; ten-gallon Stetsons went for $4.50, while imported French silk toppers ("handmade by the leading Parisian hatters") were $4. The fanciest men's shirts were $1.19, while others were as low as 38 cents.

Ladies' furnishings were scaled accordingly: a dress "in the latest fashion"

There's No Place Like Your Home Town, Fortunately

By RICHARD ARMOUR



They still address me as Richard

IT'S fine to come back to your home town to live, back to the scenes of your boyhood, after having tried to make a living in other parts of the country for 20 years. It's fine to be back among the people who knew your father, and even your grandfather, and watched you go through grade school and join the Boy Scouts and act in the high-school play and go off to college. Or is it?

Well, I've been back in my home town three years now, after having been away for exactly 20, and I can testify that my ego has taken a hell of a beating. For one thing, I've discovered that some of my grammar-school teachers, whom I thought overdue for retirement back in 1916, are still on the job, and it's something of a shock now to have one of them, like old Mr. Peabody, come striding along the sidewalk, overtake me and slap me lustily on the back.

The conversation, if he pauses long enough to converse, is likely to be about some new development in science or world affairs that I haven't got around to finding out about. Anyhow, I had thought my onetime teachers and I would talk man to man. But after I had run into a few of them and found that they now look about the same age I do, except that they have more hair, I was sure we would get along famously as contemporaries. Nothing of the sort. They all still address me as Richard (with an inflection that seems to reduce it to the diminutive). And, much as I fight against it, I find myself replying with a meek "Yes, sir," precisely as if I were answering the roll. It's humiliating.

As for my mother's friends, the ones who knew me when I was teething, I walk around many a block, dodge into many an alley, to avoid them. Despite my numerous unmistakable signs of middle age, they have only to start their prattle about my infancy and I feel I must rush to a mirror to see if my diaper is showing.

One thing that kind of pulled me back to the old home town was the fact that Irma still lives there. Irma was a cute brunette with soft brown eyes who, during adolescence, didn't break out in pimples like the rest of us. I used to sit next to her in ancient history class, and every time our knees touched accidentally (or when I could manage it), I felt as if I had brushed up against a high-voltage wire, only it was a lot pleasanter.

All through the ups and downs of the Egyptians, Medes and Persians, I mooned about Irma and dreamt of the day when we would be married, of our honeymoon, and the little vine-covered cottage where she would light my pipe and bring me my slippers. In fact I dreamed of her so much that if she hadn't let me borrow her notes I'd probably have flunked the course. It was only because she sat so close to me, and wrote in such a large, clear hand, that I was able to squeeze through the final exam.

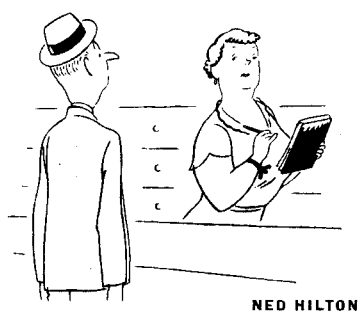
So I *did* want to see Irma and discover how she'd made out with Tom Bagby, who had beat me out largely because he was captain of the high-school football team and I was only the assistant cheerleader. Well, I happened to be buying a birthday present for my wife in the local emporium when the stout, middle-aged woman with graying hair who was waiting on me gave me a long look and said, "Say, didn't we go to high school together?"

Yes, it was Irma all right—and there's a lot more of her than there used to be. Of course I said she hadn't changed a bit, except maybe she looked prettier.

She said I had not changed much either but I could tell by the way she bit her lip and looked down at the floor that it was a damned lie and that she thought the way I had gone downhill was simply frightful. Anyhow, I got out of the store as soon as I gracefully could, and won't go back in there again, not even to get the birthday present I left behind me.

Then there's Horace Heffernan. He's the home-town boy who stayed home. I could hardly wait to get back to see Horace and show off my knowledge of the world—the far-off, exotic places he'd never seen (and most of which, to tell the truth, I hadn't either). Poor old Horace, plugging along in that same old bank all these years! I could just see him in his alpaca jacket and green eyeshade.

So I dropped in at the bank one day soon after I got back to the home



Irma said I had not changed much either

town. Thought I'd give him a chance to talk to someone who'd been places and seen things. Well, I came away with that letdown feeling I've been having so often lately. It seems Horace is the president of the bank now. That's his house, the big place with the formal garden and the lake with the swans.

As for Horace himself, I didn't get to see him just then. He was off at an international bankers' conference. In Paris.

Oh, yes, it's fine to come back to your home town to live—or so I used to think.

THE END

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the clogging, TRANSIENT kind!

Whenever undigested food clogs the intestines and causes constipation with its bad breath, lack of pep, sallow skin—take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They work so *gently* yet *thoroughly*, giving you such complete and more *natural-like* bowel movements.

For years, Dr. F. M. Edwards, a noted Ohio Doctor, relieved his constipated patients with his Olive Tablets—now sold by all drugstores. Olive Tablets are strictly all vegetable. They work on BOTH upper and lower bowels and clean waste from entire intestinal tract, giving you *complete satisfaction*. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are packed in 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢ sizes.

for 90 cents; a "vacuum bust developer" for $2; only $1.10 for a "nifty" hat trimmed with egret feathers.

Spotting other prices at random in the 1899 catalogue, one finds:

Five-piece parlor suite—$22.90. "Rococo" eight-foot upholstered couch—$7.95.

Complete sterling silver dinner service for six persons—$40.

Sears's best bicycle, with full equipment—$18.

Complete photographic outfit, including camera, darkroom apparatus, chemicals and printing paper—35 cents.

Master mechanic's tool kit, 77 precision instruments in a "handsome oak chest"—$25.70.

The "Concert Grand," a peculiar-looking gramophone with 11 rubber hearing tubes—$25. This is also described both as "A Bread Winner" and "A Mortgage Lifter," since the purchaser was expected to charge the people who dropped by to listen.

Ladies' ring—26 rose-cut diamonds, 20 genuine Burmese rubies, five opals, 14-carat gold band—$21.50.

Diamonds Run into Big Money

Today, with its own diamond-buying organization in Amsterdam, Sears insists that carat for carat its stones are equal to anything handled by America's most expensive jewelry firms, claims to undersell them by at least 25 per cent. Its most expensive catalogue item is a two-carat engagement ring for $3,069, and for new-rich customers it has bought diamonds worth as much as $25,000. Its latest commission of this sort was a $15,000 ring for the wife of a Texas farmer who struck oil. According to Sears, she still buys most of her clothes from the catalogue.

Regardless of changes in the price structure and in the kinds and styles of merchandise offered, the present catalogue is essentially the same, in character and philosophy, as the book of 50 years ago. Both catalogues (and all the intervening ones) are as simple and homely as an old tin Lizzie. Sears freely admits that today's book is not as handsome as it could be, but it has no inferiority complex about this.

"We like corn, on or off the cob; and, as we see it, the season for corn is 12 months long," says the general manager of mail-order sales. "The catalogue is simply a display case on paper. We show the goods and tell what they're made of, what they'll do, and what they cost. We invite the customers to buy, but we don't pressure them or palaver them. We don't tell them that such and such will make them the life of the party or help them get a husband.

"We operate on the theory that the customer is an important personage, not a necessary evil. We think copy digging—getting facts and more facts—is more important than fancy copy writing. We're as plain as a hedge fence, and we're going to stay that way."

Far from trying to glamorize anything, the relatively recent catalogues go out of their way to make sure that every word and picture tells the truth and nothing but the truth. For instance, the silk stockings which came into vogue during the early twenties had a way of bagging and sagging at the knee, and of wrinkling around the garter attachments. Conventional stocking ads of the period showed nothing but sleek, tight-fitting stockings on ravishing legs, but the corset and hosiery sections of the Sears catalogues faithfully reproduced every wrinkle and flaw.

Furthermore, the legs used to display them often were quite unravishing, since Sears is aware that not all of its customers can qualify as photographers' models. The obvious purpose of this high-fidelity reproduction is twofold: first, to protect Sears's reputation for

COLLIER'S

"I'm going to start weeding out, right after Christmas"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"absolute reliability"; second, to hold returns to the lowest possible minimum.

Another changeless feature of the catalogue is its conservatism. Space in the big book is so valuable (Sears at one time accepted outside advertising at $23,000 per page) that every square inch is allocated in miserly fashion, with tried-and-true sales leaders getting the preferred position on the outer top corner of each page. The catalogue never recklessly donates extra space to an item simply because the merchandising man in charge of it has an urgent hunch that it's going to go over big that season.

Decline of the Horse Section

Instead, the make-up of the book faithfully reflects the past volume not only of whole categories of goods, but of each item in the category. If an item falls below expectations, it will get correspondingly poorer space in the next catalogue and vice versa. This is demonstrated most forcefully by the decline of the horse department from 76 pages in 1899 to 20 in 1924 and to four pages today.

Furthermore, the catalogue never gives space to fad and novelty goods, no matter how popular they may seem to be. The first catalogues of each edition are off the presses six months before distribution, and Sears well knows that in that period of time most fads usually are dead and forgotten. Popular songs fall in the classification of "novelties" because radio playing usually finishes them in a few weeks; and the once-prominent sheet-music department has shrunk to a mere quarter-page listing of sacred music, cowboy and folk ballads, and a few standard classics.

The catalogue is moving very, very cautiously in the television field. Sets are on sale in a few of the biggest Sears stores, but it probably will be a good five years before they capture any real space in the book.

"We don't doubt that television is here to stay," says one of the catalogue men. "But right now it's city business, and we don't see any rural market for quite some time."

Even with its sterling virtues of thrift and veracity, the catalogue hasn't always been universally popular. It quite naturally stirred up the opposition of small-town storekeepers. Many of them doubled as postmasters, and it irked them sorely to hand out the big books which directly competed with their own little businesses.

The merchants were backed by the local newspaper editors who depended on their advertising. There was many a hot campaign to ban the catalogues and to brand catalogue customers as "traitors." In 1916 anticatalogue feeling was so great that Sears, on request, would mail both the catalogues and filled orders in plain wrappers.

Here and there fanatics collected all the books in town and burned them. More ingeniously, small-town theater owners held "catalogue Saturdays," when children were invited to come to the movies free of charge provided they surrendered a copy of the Sears book at the box office.

But such gestures were more pathetic than effective. The company grew bigger and richer with each passing year.

The Sears, Roebuck sales formula is no longer unique, as the company's rivals point out. What then is the "secret" of its success? Part 3 of this series, which appears in next week's Collier's, gives the answer

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The 60th All-America

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

of our All-America team's attack. If that sounds like a paradox, here is the explanation Lou Little advanced at the All-America board meeting.

"The essence of a successful passing attack," Little said, "is surprise. Your ends must be big enough to block effectively, so that the threat of your running attack is constant and the defense cannot concentrate against passes. Any time you insert a specialist-receiver whose blocking deficiencies are known, you lose the element of surprise.

"Hart at 245 pounds, and Williams at 197 pounds, are great blockers. They also have speed and agility to reach advantageous pass-receiving positions *after* carrying out their blocking assignments. Hart is six feet four, the rangy type of receiver especially effective on short, fast passes. Williams, shorter than Hart (at six feet) but faster going downfield, is a threat on long passes.

Line Impregnable on Offense

"Teamed together," Little concluded, 'Hart and Williams provide strong blocking for your ground attack and at the same time maintain the element of surprise in your long and short passing attack. What more could two ends do?"

Offensively, from tackle to tackle, the backfield would be operating behind big, fast blockers averaging 220 pounds. Defensively, these same men, anchored by Clayton Tonnemaker, Minnesota's 240-pound center, would be as impregnable as any front line can be in this era of lightning-fast, predominantly offensive football.

Tonnemaker, the best line-backer in college football, would take command and call plays on defense. Justice would be stationed at safety, where his elusiveness on punt returns and long-pass interceptions would be used to fullest advantage.

In kicking situations, this '49 All-America would require no outside help whatsoever. Justice is the longest and most consistent of collegiate punters. Williams has an automatic toe on extra points and can produce field goals under pressure (his 18-yard kick with 35 seconds to play beat Texas, 17 to 15).

* * *

That's the team. Now, let's look at these players as they stacked up individually when subjected to camera-eye analysis by the nation's leading coaches.

End Leon Hart of Notre Dame, 20 years old, 245 pounds, six feet four inches, senior from Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania: Against Indiana, Hart delivered the key block on Emil Sitko's scamper which started Notre Dame's 1949 touchdown parade. Against Washington, Hart scored Notre Dame's first touchdown on a 20-yard pass, churned six yards on an end-around for the second touchdown, and set up the third touchdown on a similar 18-yard end-around to the five-yard line.

Hart was equally devastating as a decoy. A scout viewing Notre Dame's four-touchdown first-quarter outburst against Tulane reported: "Tulane had two men on Hart on both of Williams' long passes to Wightkin—and nobody on Wightkin."

But it was Hart's solid mastery of blocking and tackling fundamentals which pleased the All-America board most. "Nobody got outside him," Tuss McLaughry declared. "Wherever Hart planted himself on defense, that was the side line for the other team."

End Jim (Froggy) Williams of Rice Institute, 21 years old, 197 pounds, six feet, senior from Waco, Texas: Against Southern Methodist, Williams caught two touchdown passes, set up two other touchdowns with spectacular catches inside the 10-yard line, and kicked five extra points. Matty Bell called it "the greatest offensive exhibition by an end I've ever seen."

Williams was a smart, aggressive end on defense, too. The turning point of the Texas game came when Williams—sensing a pass—dropped back and intercepted a potential Texas touchdown toss on the Rice goal line. Then, after Rice rallied for two touchdowns, Williams won the game with a dramatic last-minute field goal.

Like Hart, Williams was durable. With the exception of kickoffs, Froggy played the entire game in each of Rice's major battles with Louisiana State, Southern Methodist and Texas.

Tackle Leo Nomellini of Minnesota, 25 years old, six feet two inches, 255 pounds, senior from Minneapolis: After Minnesota's huge line smothered Northwestern, little Billy Bye, the Gophers' scatback, was asked, "How does it feel to run that ball behind a big blocker like Nomellini?"

Bye replied, "It's like traveling behind a souped-up bulldozer."

Nomellini is quick and tremendously strong. Coaches who viewed movies of Minnesota games were impressed by one fact: Opposing teams invariably ran their plays *away* from Nomellini.

Tackle Wade Walker of Oklahoma, 25 years old, six feet, 203 pounds, senior from Gastonia, North Carolina: The movies of the Oklahoma-Nebraska game demonstrated Walker's blocking effectiveness in Coach Bud Wilkinson's split line. Nebraska's line-backer opposite Walker was Tom Novak, one of the nation's top centers who was selected on Notre Dame's All-Opponent team in 1947 and '48.

Walker's assignment was to block Novak and open the secondary for Oklahoma's famous dive-tackle play which helped place right halfback George Thomas among the country's leading ball carriers. Walker handled Novak so effectively that Thomas gained 86 yards in the first half alone.

Thomas scored four touchdowns against Kansas—all four behind Walker's thumping blocks. Walker anchored Coach Wilkinson's rugged, iron-man line which scorned two-platoon maneuvers and consistently topped the nation in yards gained rushing, and in defense *against* rushing.

Guard Bernie Barkouskie of Pitt, 22 years old, five feet 10 inches, 197 pounds, senior from Kulpmont, Pennsylvania: After Pitt upset Northwestern, Coach Bob Voigts reported: "Barkouskie's hard charges disrupted our passing attack, and his blocking figured heavily in Pitt's successful reverses. He's smart and poised. The tougher the situation, the better he likes it."

Barkouskie is familiar with tough situations. As a freshman guard in '46, he started the opening game against Illinois' Rose Bowl champions-to-be. Over the next three years, he started all but one game as de-emphasized Pitt consistently and unsuccessfully battled such major opponents as Notre Dame, Michigan, Penn State, Minnesota and Southern Methodist. Barkouskie learned football, as he described it, "from the ground up."

A Pair of Great Guards

This year, when Pitt acquired some football muscles, Barkouskie was smart, poised, and ready for stardom. His opportunity came against Penn with Pitt trailing 20-21 in the last minute. Penn attempted to punt from the end zone, but Barkouskie—crashing straight through the middle—blocked the kick for a game-winning safety.

"You'd never have to worry about team spirit," Lou Little commented, "so long as you had a never-give-up kid like Barkouskie on the club."

Guard Rod Franz of California, 24 years old, six feet one inch, 205 pounds, senior from San Francisco: Probably the most important and exciting play of the '49 Pacific Coast season was Frank Brunk's 102-yard kick-off return for the touchdown which gave California a 16 to 10 upset victory over Southern California. Movies of that play reveal Brunk's run pivoted around a savage block by Franz which cut down two Trojan tacklers.

California Coach Lynn Waldorf calls Franz "the hardest-charging defensive guard I've seen in 24 years of coaching football." Franz hits so hard that California trainers tape extra padding across his shoulders *under* his shoulder pads to prevent recurrence of severe bruises which almost put him out of action midway through the '48 campaign.

"In our game with California," Southern Cal's Jeff Cravath told All-America board members, "we were down on their 10-yard line when our quarterback sent fullback Bill Martin through the middle. What a mistake that was! Martin hits hard. But Franz hit him so hard on that play that Martin bounced back to the 11—hardest tackle I saw all year."

Center Clayton Tonnemaker of Minnesota, 21 years old, six feet three inches, 240 pounds, senior from Minneapolis: It was Tonnemaker's speed, rather than his bulk, which impressed the All-America board. "In every Minnesota game movie," Ray Eliot observed, "you marveled at the way Tonnemaker moved out to the flanks from his backer-up position to meet end sweeps. Fre-

Watch for Collier's 60th All-America football team on television! A half-hour program, showing the great stars of the 1949 season in thrilling game movie high lights, will be telecast coast-to-coast during the week of December 2-9. Consult your local newspapers for time and station in the following cities:

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Binghamton, N.Y.	Fort Worth, Tex.	New Orleans, La.
Boston, Mass.	Grand Rapids, Mich.	New York, N.Y.
Bloomington, Ind.	Houston, Tex.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Buffalo, N.Y.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Charlotte, N.C.	Jacksonville, Fla.	San Antonio, Tex.
Cincinnati, O.	Johnstown, Pa.	St. Louis, Mo.
Chicago, Ill.	Lancaster, Pa.	Syracuse, N.Y.
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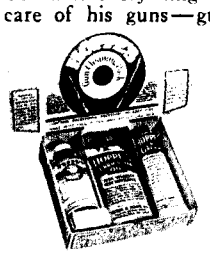

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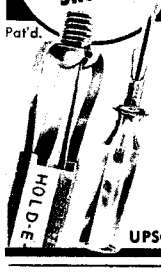

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quently he matched fast backs—fellows like Jerry Krall of Ohio State and Art Murakowski of Northwestern—stride for stride."

Coach Wes Fesler of Ohio State reported: "Knock him down? We couldn't even knock him off balance."

Quarterback Arnold Galiffa of Army, 22 years old, six feet two inches, 190 pounds, senior from Donora, Pennsylvania: He has won three letters at West Point in baseball (as a first baseman), three in basketball (as a forward), and three in football (as a quarterback). Obviously, Galiffa can throw a ball, whatever the shape or size, and he gave his greatest pitching performance against Michigan in early October.

Galiffa Perfect vs. Michigan

After analyzing the Army-Michigan movies, Tuss McLaughry remarked: "Galiffa's ball handling, play calling and passing in that game could serve as a textbook for T-formation quarterbacks. What's more, Galiffa had the size and drive to carry the ball himself on short-yardage plays for vital first downs. He didn't sneak through center like most T-quarterbacks. He drove off guard and hit hard for his yardage."

Michigan's Bennie Oosterbaan said: "We had chances to win against Army, but we made some mistakes. Galiffa didn't make any mistakes."

Halfback Lynn Chandnois of Michigan State, 24 years old, six feet two inches, 195 pounds, senior from Flint, Michigan: Although Michigan State was beaten by Michigan, 7 to 3, in the opening game of the '49 season, Chandnois was the game's outstanding player, offensively and defensively. He was in action 60 minutes. He was the top ground gainer with 54 yards in 14 attempts on slippery turf. He made the longest run of the day—15 yards.

Defensively, Chandnois smashed what appeared to be a certain Michigan touchdown by eluding three Wolverine blockers—guard Lloyd Heneveld, fullback Don Dufek and tackle Al Wistert—to tackle Leo Koceski.

There was no letdown in Chandnois' versatile offensive-defensive performances in succeeding games. He di everything a halfback could do. Ever report on Chandnois could be summai ized in six words: "Best halfback we sa all season."

Halfback Charlie Justice of Nort Carolina, 25 years old, five feet 1 inches, 167 pounds, senior from Ash ville, North Carolina: Statistically, Justic experienced the least spectacular of hi four brilliant years at North Carolina but statistics must be evaluated. South ern coaches, familiar with Justice's over all record, reported: "Justice was greate than ever, on a North Carolina tean which slumped approximately 40 pe cent below '48 effectiveness."

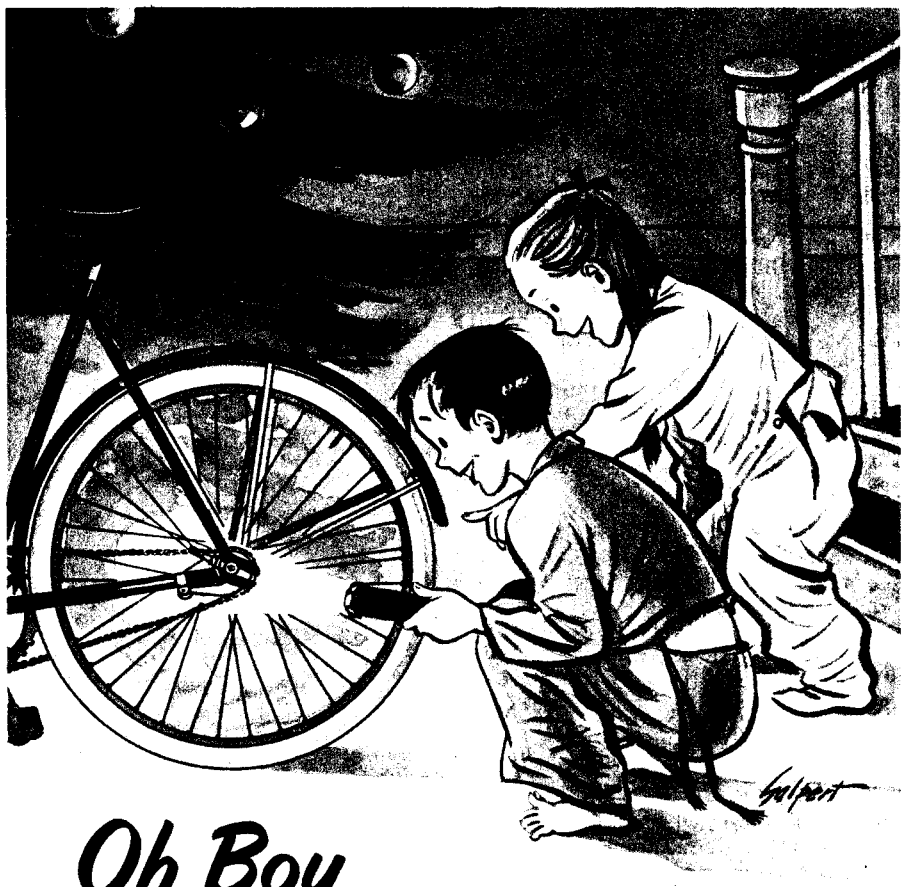
Justice broke loose from scrimmag less frequently this year than last be cause his blocking support was spas modic; he also located pass targets les frequently, especially when ace receive Art Weiner was side-lined by a leg in fection. But on punt returns, wheneve there was room to maneuver, he was th same old Justice, shifty and elusive.

"Whenever there was a yard to b made," Leahy declared, "Justice made it And you won't find a better punter."

Fullback Emil Sitko of Notre Dame 25 years old, five feet eight inches, 18(pounds, senior from Fort Wayne, Indi ana: Over four years, Sitko gained mor than one mile for Notre Dame an averaged six yards per carry. Lou Littl commented: "Sitko starts faster and get past the line faster than any back in col lege football. Equally important, he ha an instinct for hitting the slightest open ing in the line. He's through the hole s quickly, line-backers seldom get a good clean shot at him—and his stumpy powerful legs shake off everything ex cept a really solid tackle."

* * *

In selecting the 60th All-America team, Collier's board also had access t slow-motion movies of 110 outstandin major games photographed for televisio by cameramen under the direction o Bob Hall, adviser on films for the All-America board. Statistical information on the candidates was prepared by Homer Cooke, director of the National Collegiate Athletic Bureau. THE END



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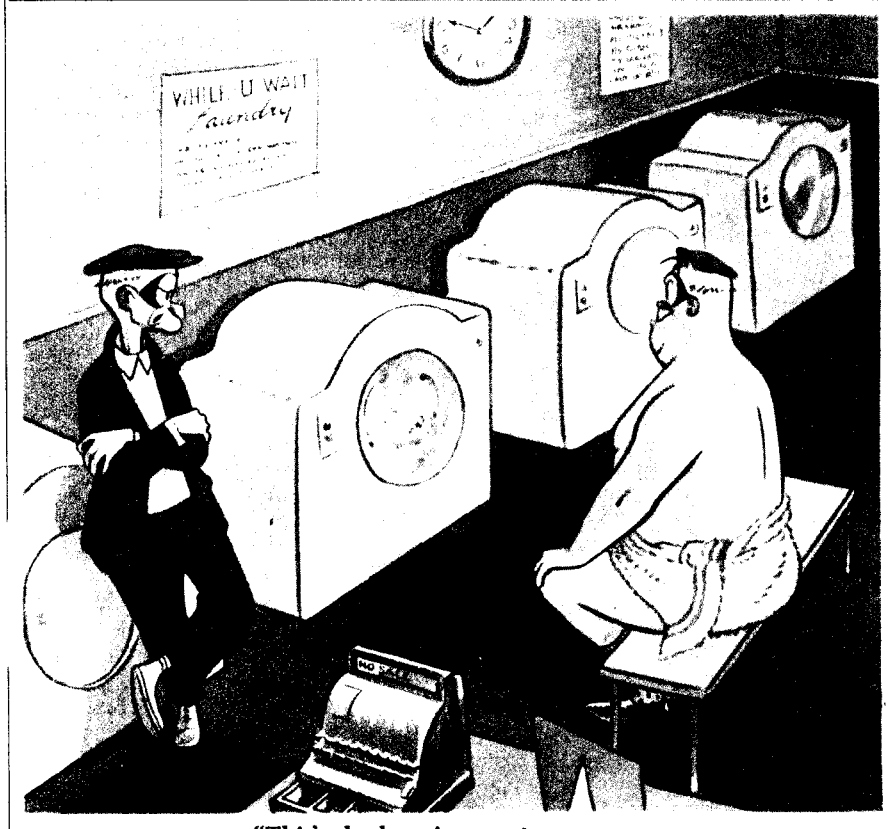

COLLIER'S

"This's the last time we break into one of these here jernts!"

LARRY REYNOLDS

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Treat Those Drumsticks Gently

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

ıat Norman—the man who couldn't ·nd a cold draft on the back of his eck—begins to feel shivers up and own his spine.

"You've got half a year's work and a ɔw thousand dollars tied up in the eggs," e explains. "You put them in the incuator and then you bite your fingernails ɔr four weeks until you can see whether ou've got poults or just a mess of overɹpe eggs."

One night a power failure put one of ıe huge $10,000 incubators out of acon and cost Norman $1,500 worth of oults. Since then, he's rigged up a sysɜm of alarms which sound when anyıing goes wrong—a bell that clangs in ıe Norman bedroom if the power goes ff and a siren that sounds if other trouıe develops.

"It's a terrible way to be awakened in he middle of the night," his wife admits, but it's better than losing poults."

It's necessary to turn the eggs in the ıcubator every four hours, except for n eight-hour span during the night. Mrs. Norman stays up to turn them at en o'clock, while her husband goes to ɔed early enough so he can get up for he 6:00 A.M. turning.

Mrs. Norman handles the clerical work in the office and is able to do almost ıny chore around the farm. Considerɔly more talkative than her husband, and nuch less intense about the work, she ɜees the humorous side of raising turkeys. She is particularly amused by the ıntics of the turkey poults which she ıandles in the hatchery.

It is necessary to put down soft muslin for the clumsy newly hatched birds to step on so that they will not slip and ınjure themselves.

The Norman hatchery has a capacity for 100,000 poults in a season. Out of each year's hatch, Norman will reserve for his own farm between 7,000 and 10,000 of them. Last spring he was paid 85 cents each for poults when they were only one day old; and that is about as much as chicken growers got for fryers they'd fed for three months.

Treated Like Newborn Babes

The rules of sanitation on the farm are as strict as those in some hospitals, because disease is a very serious menace in turkey raising. Only employees of the farm are allowed to walk on the turkey ranges. This writer said he would buy a pair of new tennis shoes and put on freshly laundered clothes in order to walk out on the range and meet the turkey face to face, but even then Norman wouldn't permit it. Feed trucks, which might have picked up a germ on someone else's farm, are not allowed to cross a certain line. Visitors to the hatchery ıust walk through a germicidal foot bath.

"We used to have signs up on the road saying 'Visitors Welcome,'" Norman says, "but I took them down. Every time someone would walk in, I'd wonder if he was carrying a germ. It was just too much of a worry."

Norman, who was once a Marine, goes over the entire place several times a day with the jaundiced eye of a first sergeant. He picks up bits of string—on which a bird could choke to death—and keeps a sharp lookout for loose paper, which might start a panic among the birds if it should be borne aloft by the wind. In the crush, dozens of turkeys might be badly injured.

As they grow, the birds consume prodigious amounts of food. It requires seventeen tons of mash and grain a week to keep them satisfied and they use 2,000 gallons of water a day.

Gobbler Gobbles a Diamond

Until a couple of years ago Mrs. Norman was in the habit of helping feed the turkeys. When she put grain in the hoppers, the birds would crowd around, pecking at the feed and sometimes at her fingers. One evening she discovered that the turkeys had pecked a diamond out of her engagement ring. It never turned up. Presumably one of the Norman turkeys was sold that fall with a diamond in its gizzard.

At night an armed watchman and three large dogs stand guard over the roosting turkey flock. A load of buckshot turned back the only human raider known to have approached the birds, but the score has not been so good this year against varmints. Behind Norman's farm is a brier patch where a considerable number of foxes have sought asylum from hunters. Here they are safe from dogs and within easy distance of a turkey dinner.

When one fox began making daylight raids on the flock, Norman posted his man Sid behind a tree in the field, gun in hand.

"Pretty soon," Norman relates, "Sid looked up and saw the fox with a turkey by the neck. He raised his gun, but before he could shoot, the rest of those fool birds started rushing up to the fox.

"They'll do that with any strange animal. One of them will cluck and then they'll all run up to see what's going on. So here's this fox, with one turkey by the neck and the rest of them come running up—trying to get him to take them, instead. Sid couldn't shoot, or he would have killed a dozen turkeys.

"So he lets out a yell to try to scare the birds away, but instead he scares the fox. The fox takes off, with the turkeys running along with him, and Sid never did get a shot at him.

"I tell you, there's nothing they won't do to get themselves killed."

In spite of the turkey's best efforts in this direction, about 90 per cent of the birds Norman starts in the spring survive until fall. At 28 weeks of age, the turkey is ready to market and Norman chooses his new breeding flock, then sends the others to his processing plant.

"Does it make you sad to kill them off?" he was asked.

"Heck, no! That's the happiest day of all. When I think of all the things they've done to me, and all the ways they've tried to get themselves killed, I get a positive pleasure out of it." THE END

Alfred Toombs is a former reporter on the Washington Star and other newspapers, and the author of the new book Raising a Riot, which grew out of several articles in Collier's

Perpetual Motion

Blue ribbon winners, do not sneer
As though we were a social blight.
Our dog has papers, too, you know
(We spread them on the floor at night!).

—BETTY ISLER

AS A GIFT—
TOPS IN 3 WAYS!

CHOOSE THE ONE BLENDED WHISKEY
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HARRY DEVLIN

AW COME ON, COACH, RELAX

THIS WEEK'S ISSUE, as you have already noted, contains the 1949 Collier's All-America. We have been publishing these expert selections of top college football players for 60 years, which makes our interest in football not only consistent but positively incurable. So we feel free to speak a critical word now and then without being afraid that somebody will accuse us of trying to undermine the game.

Right now we'd like to say something about the hopped-up importance that the loss of a football game has gradually assumed. This win-'em-all idea reached its ultimate expression, we should say, in a statement that Coach Paul Brown of the champion Cleveland Browns made this season.

Coach Brown has a great professional team with a great record. In the course of three seasons his boys were undefeated for 29 straight games. Then, of course, the inevitable happened. They got beat. The coach took it pretty hard. He informed press and public that there were going to be a lot of changes made. Unless those who "fell down on the job" bounced back before the next game, he warned, he was "going to sell some of these guys while I can still get something for them."

That is quite a drastic reaction to one defeat in 30 tries. But maybe it's the logical outcome of a trend which began, we suspect, when histrionic college coaches first started impressing their athletes with the importance of winning the Big Game. As time went on it became generally accepted by football teams and entire student bodies that losing the big one would dishonor the school's fair name, permanently injure the players' characters and probably break their poor old mothers' hearts.

Somebody always lost the Big Game, of course, without serious damage to our young manhood or our educational system. But the belief in the vital necessity of victory continued. Many collegians carried this belief into what commencement orators call the great outside world. As professional alumni and downtown quarterbacks, they began insisting that coaches win not only the Big Game, but every game. And since some of them were in a position to aid their alma mater financially, their criticism of a losing coach bore considerable weight.

Coaches continued to proclaim that their principal job was not to turn out winning teams but to mold boys into upright, fair-minded men. Yet it was noticeable that they began beating the bushes for character-molding material that could run fast, pass far and block hard. Colleges took to awarding generous subsidies to these gifted young men. For winning teams meant money in the bank for the schools and job security for the coaches.

It isn't surprising that Mr. Brown, a former high-school and college coach, carried the win-'em-all idea over into the professional game. But in doing so he seems to have forgotten the average, noncollegiate, dues-paying fan. This average fan can get just as bored with a consistent winner as with a consistent loser. He is inclined to root for the underdog. He may remember with distaste how Adolf Hitler publicly snubbed the losing German contestants in the 1936 Olympic games. And he doesn't think that a team's loss of one game after a remarkable winning streak is reason for the boss man's threatening to sell the culprits down the river.

Maybe the coaches would be wise to take a tip from the baseball people, who learned long since that most customers turn out in the hope of seeing a real contest of uncertain outcome. They don't storm the ball parks to witness a walkaway. Football, we believe, would be an even better game if some of the men who run it would learn the same lesson and stop regarding an occasional loss as a personal disgrace and a major catastrophe.

Arise, Men!

THE MALE ANIMAL, in case you hadn't noticed, is gradually being dispossessed of his sovereign territory. He has lost in succession the baseball park, the barbershop, the bowling alley and the barroom. And now, so help us, the women have invaded Brooks Brothers.

A great many men won't need to be told that Brooks Brothers is a New York clothing store which has been a fortress of conservative men's fashions for 131 years. There's nothing new about the Brooks Brothers Look. The Brooks "classic" shirt with the button-down collar can still be purchased in the old pull-over model, a style abandoned generally some 30 years ago.

But once, in a daring moment, Brooks Brothers offered that classic shirt in pink. Girls started filching the colorful garments from fathers and brothers and carrying them off to college. The males of the family balked, but the daughters persisted. You can guess what happened. Brooks put in a line of pink shirts for women.

It's little things like this which mark the changing trends in our social history. This corner ruefully expects to be around long enough to see the day when homo Americanus won't have one spot to call his exclusive own—except possibly the doghouse.

As Usual

THIS YEAR CHRISTMAS and New Year's fall on Sunday, but we don't expect it will make any difference. During the course of the holiday afternoons, in countless homes throughout the land, somebody is sure to rouse himself from his after-dinner torpor and remark, "Seems just like Sunday, doesn't it?"

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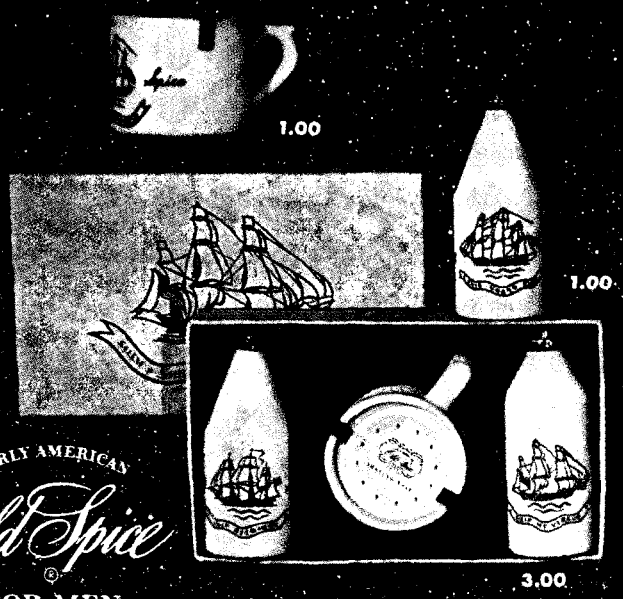
Shulton GIFT STARS



1.00

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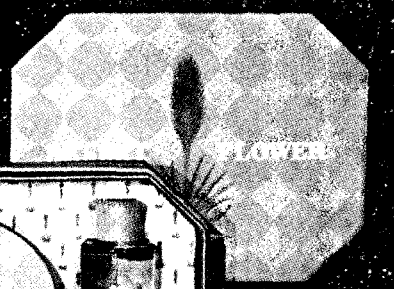

2.50

DESERT FLOWER

3.00

1.00

4.50

1.50

1.00

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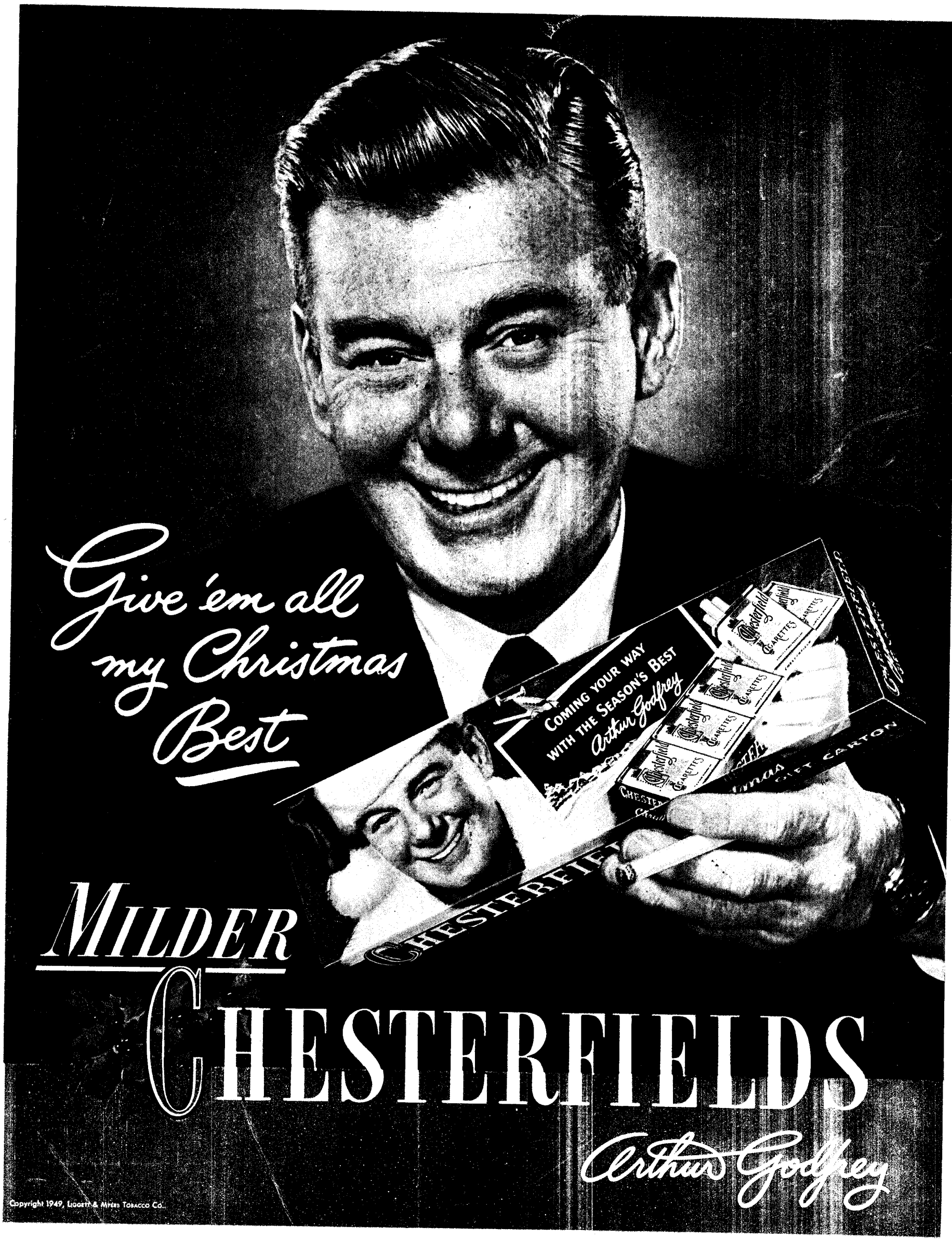

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